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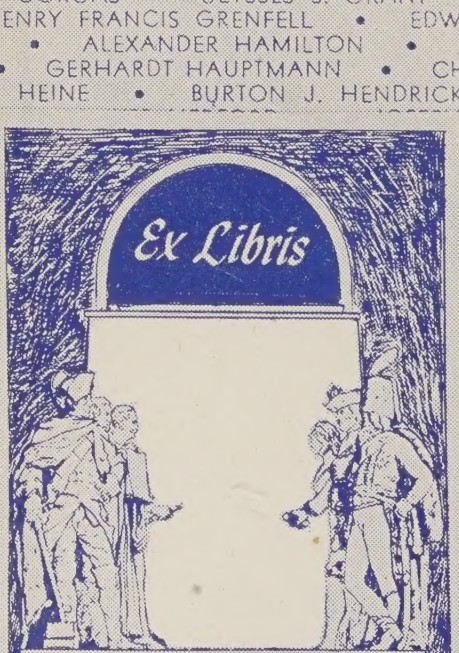

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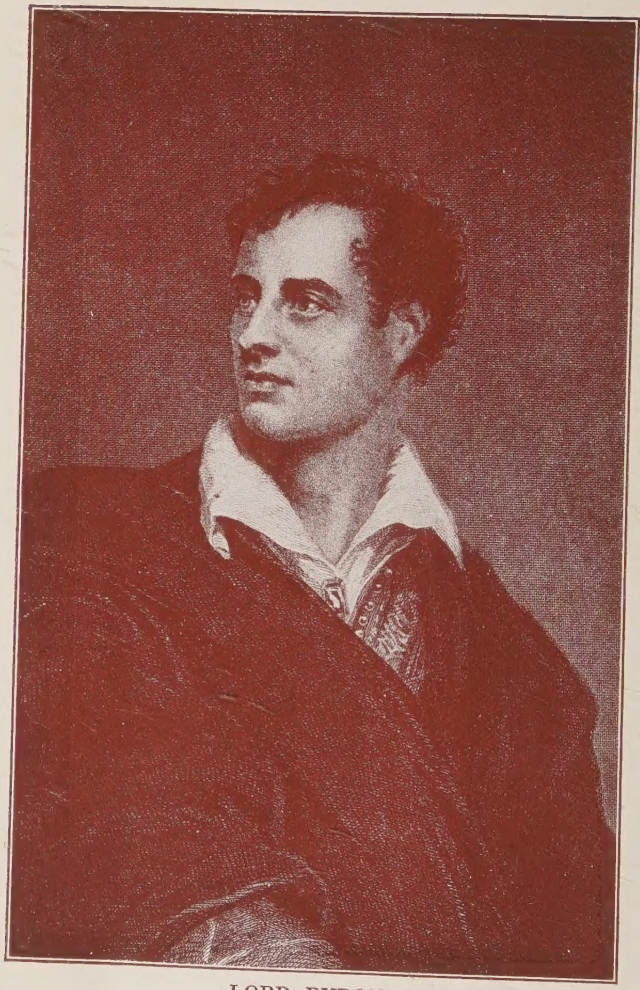

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VOLUME II

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INVICTUS

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find me, unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

THE genesis of the University Library lies in a compilation of "Little Masterpieces," the first of which were published more than twenty-five years ago. The material included in these volumes was selected by able editors and writers whose experience was great and whose taste was excellent. Out of the "Little Masterpieces" grew a course in liberal education which was known as the Pocket University, and out of the Pocket University grew, finally, the University Library.

The publishers most gratefully acknowledge their debt to the editors who compiled the original volumes: Bliss Perry, Henry van Dyke, Hardin Craig, Thomas L. Masson, Asa Don Dickinson, the late Hamilton W. Mabie, George Iles, the late Dr. Lyman Abbott, and others.

Some of the most important material contained in the Pocket University is, of course, included in the University Library but the sequence has been entirely changed and the scope of the work greatly broadened. Fully two thirds of the material is new and the literature of the world has been ransacked to find appropriate text to fit the basic educational needs of the modern public.

READERS' NOTE—2.

I WANT a good book." You have to be more specific. Good for what? Good for entertainment? Something to stimulate your mind, or something to put it to rest? To make you forget your troubles or show you how to meet them? To teach you or to inspire you? Emerson has declared himself for the book that brings on the "working mood," James Branch Cabell and others have declared for the one that gives pleasure. "Let us assume," says Cicero, "that entertainment is the sole end of reading; even so, I think you would hold that no mental employment is so broadening to the sympathies or so enlightening to the understanding." There is no way to determine the "good book"; it is the book that fits your particular need at a particular moment. This is one of the advantages of a collection like the UNIVERSITY LIBRARY. If you do not feel like reading James Barrie, you can turn to Thomas Hardy. If neither of these touches the right spot, you can turn to Horace or Smollett or Thoreau or Tolstoy, or any one of more than four hundred others. It would be difficult to miss out on all of them, no matter what you are after.

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VOLUME II

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PROTHALAMION

CALME was the day, and through the trembling ayre
Sweete-breathing Zephyrus did softly play
A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay
Hot Titans beames, which then did glyster fayre;
When I, (whom sullein care,
Through discontent of my long fruitlesse stay
In Princes Court, and expectation vayne
Of idle hopes, which still doe fly away,
Like empty shaddowes, did afflict my brayne,)
Walkt forth to ease my payne
Along the shoare of silver streaming Themmes;
Whose rutty Bancke, the which his River hemmes,
Was paynted all with variable flowers,
And all the meades adornd with daintie gemmes
Fit to decke maydens bowres,
And crowne their Paramours
Against the Brydale day, which is not long:
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song.

There, in a Meadow, by the Rivers side,
A Flocke of Nymphes I chauncèd to espy,
All lovely Daughters of the Flood thereby,
With goodly greenish locks, all loose untyde,
As each had bene a Bryde;
And each one had a little wicker basket,
Made of fine twigs, entraylèd curiously,
In which they gathered flowers to fill their flasket,
And with fine Fingers cropt full feateously
The tender stalkes on hye.
Of every sort, which in that Meadow grew,
They gathered some; the Violet, pallid blew,
The little Dazie, that at evening closes,
The virgin Lillie, and the Primrose trew,
With store of vermeil Roses,
To decke their Bridegromes posies
Against the Brydale day, which was not long:
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song.

With that I saw two Swannes of goodly hewe
Come softly swimming downe along the Lee;
Two fairer Birds I yet did never see;
The snow, which doth the top of Pindus strew,
Did never whiter shew,
Nor Jove himselfe, when he a Swan would be,
For love of Leda, whiter did appeare;
Yet Leda was (they say) as white as he,
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing neare;
So purely white they were,
That even the gentle streame, the which them bare,
Seem'd foule to them, and bad his billowes spare

To wet their silken feathers, least they might
Soyle their fayre plumes with water not so fayre,
And marre their beauties bright,
That shone as heavens light,
Against their Brydale day, which was not long:
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song.

Eftsoones the Nymphes, which now had Flowers their fill,
Ran all in haste to see that silver brood,
As they came floating on the Christal Flood;
Whom when they sawe, they stood amazèd still,
Their wondring eyes to fill;
Them seem'd they never saw a sight so fayre,
Of Fowles, so lovely, that they sure did deeme
Them heavenly borne, or to be that same payre
Which through the Skie draw Venus silver Teeme;
For sure they did not seeme
To be begot of any earthly Seede,
But rather Angels, or of Angels breede;
Yet were they bred of Somers-heat, they say,
In sweetest Season, when each Flower and weede
The earth did fresh aray;
So fresh they seem'd as day,
Even as their Brydale day, which was not long:
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song.

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew
Great store of Flowers, the honor of the field,
That to the sense did fragrant odors yield,
All which upon those goodly Birds they threw

And all the Waves did strew,
That like old Peneus Waters they did seeme,
When downe along by pleasant Tempes shore,
Scattred with Flowres, through Thessaly they streeme,
That they appeare, through Lillies plenteous store,
Like a Brydes Chamber flore.
Two of those Nymphes, meane while, two Garlands bound
Of freshest Flowres which in that Mead they found,
The which presenting all in trim Array,
Their snowie Foreheads therewithall they crownd,
Whil'st one did sing this Lay,
Prepar'd against that Day,
Against their Brydale day, which was not long:
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song.

'Ye gentle Birdes! the worlds faire ornament,
And heavens glorie, whom this happie hower
Doth leade unto your lovers blisfull bower,
Joy may you have, and gentle hearts content
Of your loves couplement;
And let faire Venus, that is Queene of love,
With her heart-quelling Sonne upon you smile,
Whose smile, they say, hath vertue to remove
All Loves dislike, and friendships faultie guile
For ever to assoile.
Let endlesse Peace your steadfast hearts accord,
And blessèd Plentie wait upon your bord;
And let your bed with pleasures chast abound,
That fruitfull issue may to you afford,

Which may your foes confound,
And make your joyes redound
Upon your Brydale day, which is not long:
Sweete Themmes! runne softlie, till I end my Song."

So ended she; and all the rest around
To her redoubled that her undersong,
Which said their brydale daye should not be long:
And gentle Eccho from the neighbor ground
Their accents did resound.
So forth those joyous Birdes did passe along,
Adowne the Lee, that to them murmurde low,
As he would speake, but that he lackt a tong,
Yet did by signes his glad affection show,
Making his streame run slow
And all the foule which in his flood did dwell
Gan flock about these twaine, that did excell
The rest, so far as Cynthia doth shend
The lesser starres. So they, enrangèd well,
Did on those two attend,
And their best service lend
Against their wedding day, which was not long;
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song.

At length they all to merry London came,
To merry London, my most kyndly Nurse,
That to me gave this Lifes first native sourse,
Though from another place I take my name,
An house of auncient fame:

There when they came, whereas those bricky towres
The which on Themmes brode agèd backe doe ryde,
Where now the studious Lawyers have their bowers,
There whylome wont the Templer Knights to byde,
Till they decayd through pride:
Next whereunto there standes a stately place,
Where oft I gaynèd giftes and goodly grace
Of that great Lord, which therein wont to dwell,
Whose want too well now feeles my freendles case;
But ah! here fits not well
Olde woes, but joyes, to tell
Against the bridale daye, which is not long:
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble Peer,
Great Englands glory, and the Worlds wide wonder,
Whose dreadfull name late through all Spaine did thunder,
And Hercules two pillors standing neere
Did make to quake and feare:
Faire branch of Honor, flower of Chevalrie!
That fillest England with thy triumphes fame,
Joy have thou of thy noble victorie,
And endlesse happinesse of thine owne name
That promiseth the same;

That through thy prowesse, and victorious armes,
Thy country may be freed from forraine harmes;
And great Elisaes glorious name may ring
Through al the world, fil'd with thy wide Alarmes,
Which some brave muse may sing
To ages following,
Upon the Brydale day, which is not long:
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song.

From those high Towers this noble Lord issuing,
Like Radiant Hesper, when his golden hayre
In th' Ocean billowes he hath bathèd fayre,
Descended to the Rivers open vewing,
With a great traine ensuing.
Above the rest were goodly to bee seene
Two gentle Knights of lovely face and feature,
Beseeming well the bower of anie Queene,
With gifts of wit, and ornaments of nature,
Fit for so goodly stature,
That like the twins of Jove they seem'd in sight,
Which decke the Bauldricke of the Heavens bright;
They two, forth pacing to the Rivers side,
Received those two faire Brides, their Loves delight;
Which, at th' appointed tyde,
Each one did make his Bryde
Against their Brydale day, which is not long:
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song.

EDMUND SPENSER.

EPITHALAMION

YE learnèd sisters, which have oftentimes
Beene to me ayding, others to adorne,
Whom ye thought worthy of your gracefull rymes,
That even the greatest did not greatly scorne
To heare theyr names sung in your simple layes,
But joyèd in theyr praise;
And when ye list your owne mishaps to mourne,
Which death, or love, or fortunes wreck did rayse,
Your string could soone to sadder tenor turne,
And teach the woods and waters to lament
Your dolefull dreriment:
Now lay those sorrowfull complaints aside;
And, having all your heads with girlands crownd,
Helpe me mine owne loves prayses to resound;
Ne let the same of any be envide:
So Orpheus did for his owne bride!
So I unto my selfe alone will sing;
The woods shall to me answer, and my eccho
ring.

Early, before the worlds light-giving lampe
His golden beame upon the hils doth spred,
Having disperst the nights unchearefull dampe,
Doe ye awake; and, with fresh lusty-hed,
Go to the bowre of my belovèd love,
My truest turtle dove;
Bid her awake; for Hymen is awake,
And long since ready forth his maske to move,
With his bright Tead that flames with many a
flake,

And many a bachelor to waite on him,
In theyr fresh garments trim.
Bid her awake therefore, and soone her dight,
For lo! the wishèd day is come at last,
That shall, for all the paynes and sorrowes past,
Pay to her usury of long delight:
And, whylest she doth her dight,
Doe ye to her of joy and solace sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Bring with you all the Nymphes that you can heare
Both of the rivers and the forrests greene,
And of the sea that neighbors to her neare:
Al with gay girlands goodly wel beseene.
And let them also with them bring in hand
Another gay girland
For my fayre love, of lillyes and of roses,
Bound truelove wize, with a blew silke riband.
And let them make great store of bridale poses,
And let them eeke bring store of other flowers,
To deck the bridale bowers.
And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread,
For feare the stones her tender foot should wrong,
Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along,
And diapred lyke the discolored mead.
Which done, doe at her chamber dore awayt,
For she will waken strayt;
The whiles doe ye this song unto her sing,
The woods shall to you answer, and your eccho ring.

Ye Nymphes of Mulla, which with carefull heed
The silver scaly trouts doe tend full well,
And greedy pikes which use therein to feed;
(Those trouts and pikes all others doo excell;)
And ye likewise, which keepe the rushy lake,
Where none doo fishes take;
Bynd up the locks the which hang scatterd light,
And in his waters, which your mirror make,
Behold your faces as the christall bright,
That when you come whereas my love doth lie,
No blemish she may spie.
And eke, ye lightfoot mayds, which keepe the deere,
That on the hoary mountayne used to towre;
And the wylde wolves, which seeke them to devoure,
With your steele darts doo chace from comming neer;
Be also present heere,
To helpe to decke her, and to help to sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Wake now, my love, awake! for it is time;
The Rosy Morne long since left Tithones bed,
All ready to her silver coche to clyme;
And Phœbus gins to shew his glorious hed.
Hark! how the cheerfull birds do chaunt theyr laies
And carroll of Loves praise.
The merry Larke hir mattins sings aloft;
The Thrush replyes; the Mavis descant playes;
The Ouzell shrills; the Ruddock warbles soft;

So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this dayes merriment.
Ah! my deere love, why doe ye sleepe thus long?
When meeter were that ye should now awake,
T' awayt the comming of your joyous make,
And hearken to the birds love-learnèd song,
The deawy leaves among!
Nor they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and theyr eccho ring.

My love is now awake out of her dreames,
And her fayre eyes, like stars that dimmèd were
With darksome cloud, now shew theyr goodly beams
More bright then Hesperus his head doth rere.
Come now, ye damzels, daughters of delight,
Helpe quickly her to dight:
But first come ye fayre houres, which were begot
In Joves sweet paradice of Day and Night;
Which doe the seasons of the yeare allot,
And al, that ever in this world is fayre,
Doe make and still repayre:
And ye three handmayds of the Cyprian Queene,
The which doe still adorne her beauties pride,
Helpe to addorne my beautifullest bride:
And, as ye her array, still throw betweene
Some graces to be seene;
And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shal answer, and your eccho ring.

Now is my love all ready forth to come:
Let all the virgins therefore well awayt:
And ye fresh boyes, that tend upon her groome,
Prepare your selves; for he is comming strayt.
Set all your things in seemely good aray,
Fit for so joyfull day:
The joyfulst day that ever sunne did see.
Faire Sun! shew forth thy favorable ray,
And let thy lifull heat not fervent be,
For feare of burning her sunshyny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.
O fayrest Phœbus! father of the Muse!
If ever I did honor thee aright,
Or sing the thing that mote thy mind delight,
Doe not thy servants simple boone refuse;
But let this day, let this one day, be myne;
Let all the rest be thine.
Then I thy soverayne prayses loud wil sing,
That all the woods shal answer, and theyr eccho ring.

Harke! how the Minstrils gin to shrill aloud
Their merry Musick that resounds from far,
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling Croud,
That well agree withouten breach or jar.
But, most of all, the Damzels doe delite
When they their tymbrels smyte,
And thereunto doe daunce and carrol sweet,
That all the sences they doe ravish quite;
The whyles the boyes run up and downe the street,

Crying aloud with strong confusèd noyce,
As if it were one voyce,
Hymen, iö Hymen, Hymen, they do shout;
That even to the heavens theyr shouting shrill
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill;
To which the people standing all about,
As in approvance, doe thereto applaud,
And loud advaunce her laud;
And evermore they Hymen, Hymen sing,
That al the woods them answer, and theyr eccho
ring.

Loe! where she comes along with portly pace,
Lyke Phœbe, from her chamber of the East,
Arysing forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seemes a virgin best.
So well it her beseemes, that ye would weene
Some angell she had beene.
Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden wyre,
Sprinckled with perle, and perling flowres atweene,
Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre;
And, being crownèd with a girland greene,
Seeme lyke some mayden Queene.
Her modest eyes, abashèd to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixèd are;
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to heare her prayses sung so loud,
So farre from being proud.
Nathlesse doe ye still loud her prayses sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho
ring.

Tell me, ye merchants daughters, did ye see
So fayre a creature in your towne before;
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adornd with beautyes grace and vertues store?
Her goodly eyes lyke Saphyres shining bright,
Her forehead yvory white,
Her cheekes lyke apples which the sun hath rudded,
Her lips lyke cherryes charming men to byte,
Her brest like to a bowle of creame uncrudded,
Her paps lyke lyllies budded,
Her snowie necke lyke to a marble towre;
And all her body like a pallace fayre,
Ascending up, with many a stately stayre,
To honors seat and chastities sweet bowre
Why stand ye still ye virgins in amaze,
Upon her so to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your eccho ring?

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively spright,
Garnisht with heavenly guifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonisht lyke to those which red
Medusaes mazeful hed.
There dwels sweet love, and constant chastity,
Unspotted fayth, and comely womanhood,
Regard of honor, and mild modesty;
There vertue raynes as Queene in royal throne,
And giveth lawes alone,

The which the base affections doe obay,
And yeeld theyr services unto her will;
Ne thought of thing uncomely ever may
Thereto approch to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seene these her celestial threasures,
And unrevealèd pleasures,
Then would ye wonder, and her prayses sing,
That al the woods should answer, and your eccho ring.

Open the temple gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the postes adorne as doth behove,
And all the pillours deck with girlands trim,
For to receyve this Saynt with honor dew,
That commeth in to you.
With trembling steps, and humble reverence,
She commeth in, before th' Almighties view;
Of her ye virgins learne obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces:
Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endlesse matrimony make;
And let the roring Organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes;
The whiles, with hollow throates,
The Choristers the joyous Antheme sing,
That al the woods may answere, and their eccho ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speakes,
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheekes,
And the pure snow, with goodly vermill stayne
Like crimsin dyde in grayne:
That even th' Angels, which continually
About the sacred Altare doe remaine,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Ofte peeping in her face, that seems more fayre,
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governèd with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one looke to glaunce awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsownd.
Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band!
Sing, ye sweet Angels, Alleluya sing,
That all the woods may answere and your eccho
ring.

Now al is done: bring home the bride againe;
Bring home the triumph of our victory:
Bring home with you the glory of her gaine;
With joyance bring her and with jollity.
Never had man more joyfull day then this,
Whom heaven would heape with blis,
Make feast therefore now all this live-long day;
This day for ever to me holy is.
Poure out the wine without restraint or stay,
Poure not by cups, but by the belly full,
Poure out to all that wull,

And sprinkle all the postes and wals with wine,
That they may sweat, and drunken be withall.
Crowne ye God Bacchus with a coronall,
And Hymen also crowne with wreathes of vine;
And let the Graces daunce unto the rest,
For they can doo it best:
The whiles the maydens doe theyr carroll sing,
To which the woods shall answer, and theyr eccho
ring.

Ring ye the bels, ye yong men of the towne,
And leave your wonted labors for this day:
This day is holy; doe ye write it downe,
That ye for ever it remember may.
This day the sunne is in his chiefest hight,
With Barnaby the bright,
From whence declining daily by degrees,
He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
When once the Crab behind his back he sees.
But for this time it ill ordainèd was,
To chose the longest day in all the yeare,
And shortest night, when longest fitter weare:
Yet never day so long, but late would passe.
Ring ye the bels, to make it weare away,
And bonefiers make all day;
And daunce about them, and about them sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho
ring.

Ah! when will this long weary day have end,
And lende me leave to come unto my love?
How slowly do the houres theyr numbers spend?
How slowly does sad Time his feathers move?

Hast thee, O fayrest Planet, to thy home,
Within the Westerne fome:
Thy tyrèd steedes long since have need of rest.
Long though it be, at last I see it gloome,
And the bright evening-star with golden creast
Appeare out of the East.
Fayre childe of beauty! glorious lampe of love!
That all the host of heaven in rankes doost lead,
And guydest lovers through the nights sad dread,
How chearefully thou lookest from above,
And seemst to laugh atweene thy twinkling light,
As joying in the sight
Of these glad many, which for joy doe sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their eccho
ring!

Now ceasse, ye damsels, your delights forepast;
Enough it is that all the day was youres:
Now day is doen, and night is nighing fast,
Now bring the Bryde into the brydall boures.
The night is come, now soon her disaray,
And in her bed her lay;
Lay her in lillies and in violets,
And silken courteins over her display,
And odored sheetes, and Arras coverlets.
Behold how goodly my faire love does ly,
In proud humility!
Like unto Maia, when as Jove her took
In Tempe, lying on the flowry gras,
Twixt sleepe and wake, after she weary was,
With bathing in the Acidalian brooke.

Now it is night, ye damsels may be gon,
And leave my love alone,
And leave likewise your former lay to sing:
The woods no more shall answere, nor your eccho
ring.

Now welcome, night! thou night so long expected,
That long daies labor doest at last defray,
And all my cares, which cruell Love collected,
Hast sumd in one, and cancellèd for aye:
Spread thy broad wing over my love and me,
That no man may us see;
And in thy sable mantle us enwrap,
From feare of perrill and foule horror free.
Let no false treason seeke us to entrap,
Nor any dread disquiet once annoy
The safety of our joy;
But let the night be calme, and quietsome,
Without tempestuous storms or sad afray:
Lyke as when Jove with fayre Alcmena lay,
When he begot the great Tirynthian groome:
Or lyke as when he with thy selfe did lie
And begot Majesty.
And let the mayds and yong men cease to sing;
Ne let the woods them answer nor theyr eccho
ring.

Let no lamenting cryes, nor dolefull teares,
Be heard all night within, nor yet without:
Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden feares,
Breake gentle sleepe with misconceivèd dout

Let no deluding dreames, nor dreadfull sights,
Make sudden sad affrights;
Ne let house-fyres, nor lightnings helpelesse harmes,
Ne let the Pouke, nor other evill sprights,
Ne let mischivous witches with theyr charmes,
Ne let hob Goblins, names whose sence we see not,
Fray us with things that be not:
Let not the shriech Oule nor the Storke be heard,
Nor the night Raven, that still deadly yels;
Nor damnèd ghosts, cald up with mighty spels,
Nor griesly vultures, make us once affeard:
Ne let th' unpleasant Quyre of Frogs still croking
Make us to wish theyr choking.
Let none of these theyr drery accents sing;
Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr eccho ring.

But let stil Silence trew night-watches keepe,
That sacred Peace may in assurance rayne,
And tymely Sleep, when it is tyme to sleepe,
May poure his limbs forth on your pleasant playne;
The whiles an hundred little wingèd loves,
Like divers-fethered doves,
Shall fly and flutter round about your bed,
And in the secret darke, that none reproves,
Their prety stealthes shal worke, and snares shal spread
To filch away sweet snatches of delight,
Conceald through covert night.

Ye sonnes of Venus, play your sports at will!
For greedy pleasure, carelesse of your toyes,
Thinks more upon her paradise of joyes,
Then what ye do, albe it good or ill.
All night therefore attend your merry play,
For it will soone be day:
Now none doth hinder you, that say or sing;
Ne will the woods now answer, nor your eccho ring.

Who is the same, which at my window peepes?
Or whose is that faire face that shines so bright?
Is it not Cinthia, she that never sleepes,
But walkes about high heaven al the night?
O! fayrest goddesse, do thou not envy
My love with me to spy:
For thou likewise didst love, though now unthought,
And for a fleece of wooll, which privily
The Latmian shepherd once unto thee brought,
His pleasures with thee wrought.
Therefore to us be favorable now;
And sith of wemens labors thou hast charge,
And generation goodly dost enlarge,
Encline thy will t' effect our wishfull vow,
And the chast wombe informe with timely seed,
That may our comfort breed:
Till which we cease our hopefull hap to sing;
Ne let the woods us answere, nor our eccho ring.

And thou, great Juno! which with awful might
The lawes of wedlock still dost patronize;
And the religion of the faith first plight
With sacred rites hast taught to solemnize;

And eeke for comfort often callèd art
Of women in their smart;
Eternally bind thou this lovely band,
And all thy blessings unto us impart.
And thou, glad Genius! in whose gentle hand
The bridale bowre and geniall bed remaine,
Without blemish or staine;
And the sweet pleasures of theyr loves delight
With secret ayde doest succor and supply,
Till they bring forth the fruitfull progeny;
Send us the timely fruit of this same night.
And thou, fayre Hebe! and thou, Hymen free!
Grant that it may so be.
Til which we cease your further prayse to sing;
Ne any woods shall answer, nor your eccho ring.

And ye high heavens, the temple of the gods,
In which a thousand torches flaming bright
Doe burne, that to us wretched earthly clods
In dreadful darknesse lend desirèd light;
And all ye powers which in the same remayne,
More then we men can fayne!
Poure out your blessing on us plentiously,
And happy influence upon us raine,
That we may raise a large posterity,
Which from the earth, which they may long possesse
With lasting happinesse,
Up to your haughty pallaces may mount;
And, for the guerdon of theyr glorious merit,
May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,
Of blessèd Saints for to increase the count.

So let us rest, sweet love, in hope of this,
And cease till then our tymely joyes to sing:
The woods no more us answer, nor our eccho ring!

Song! made in lieu of many ornaments,
With which my love should duly have been dect,
Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
Ye would not stay your dew time to expect,
But promist both to recompens;
Be unto her a goodly ornament,
And for short time an endlesse moniment.

EDMUND SPENSER.

EARLY LIFE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

MY FATHER, burdened with a numerous family, was unable, without inconvenience, to support the expense of a college education. Considering, moreover, as he said to one of his friends in my presence, the little encouragement that line of life afforded to those educated for it, he gave up his first intentions, took me from the grammar school, and sent me to a school for writing and arithmetic, kept by a then famous man, Mr. George Brownwell. He was a skillful master and succeeded in his profession, employing the mildest and most encouraging methods. Under him I learned to write a good hand pretty soon, but I failed entirely in arithmetic. At ten years old I was taken to help my father in his business, which was that of a tallow-chandler and soap-boiler; a business to which he was not bred, but had assumed on his arrival in New England, because he found that his dyeing trade, being in little request, would not maintain his family. Accordingly I was employed in cutting wicks for the candles, filling the molds for cast candles, attending the shop, going of errands, etc.

I disliked the trade and had a strong inclination to go to sea, but my father declared against it. But residing near the water I was much in it and on it. I learned to swim well and to manage boats, and when embarked with other boys I was commonly allowed to govern, especially in any case of difficulty, and upon other occasions I was generally the leader among the boys, and sometimes led them into scrapes, of which I will mention one instance, as it shows an early projecting public spirit, though not then justly conducted. There was a salt marsh which bounded part of the mill-pond on the edge of which, at high water, we used to stand to fish for minnows. By much trampling we had made it a mere quagmire. My proposal was to build a wharf there for us to stand upon, and I showed my comrades a large heap of stones which were intended for a new house near the marsh and which would very well suit our purpose. Accordingly in the evening, when the workmen were gone home, I assembled a number of my playfellows, and we worked diligently like so many emmets, sometimes two or three to a stone, till we brought them all to make our little wharf. The next morning the workmen were surprised at missing the stones, which had formed our wharf. Inquiry was made after the authors of this transfer; we were discovered, complained of, and corrected by our fathers; and though I demonstrated the utility of our work, mine convinced me that that which was not honest could not be truly useful.

I suppose you may like to know what kind of a man my father was. He had an excellent constitution, was of a middle stature, well set, and very strong. He could draw prettily and was skilled a little in music. His voice was sonorous and agreeable, so that when he played on his violin and sung withal, as he was accustomed to do after the business of the day was over, it was extremely agreeable to hear. He had some knowledge of mechanics, and on occasion was very handy with other tradesmen's tools. But his great excellence was his sound understanding and his solid judgment in prudential matters, both in private and public affairs. It is true he was never employed in the latter, the numerous family he had to educate and the straitness of his circumstances keeping him close to his trade, but I remember well his being frequently visited by leading men, who consulted him for his opinion in public affairs and those of the church he belonged to, showing a great respect for his judgment and advice.

He was also much consulted by private persons about their affairs when any difficulty occurred, and frequently chosen an arbitrator between contending parties. At his table he liked to have, as often as he could, some sensible friend or neighbor to converse with, and always took care to start some ingenious or useful topic for discourse which might tend to improve the minds of his children. By this means he turned our attention to what was good, just, and prudent in

the conduct of life, and little or no notice was ever taken of what related to the victuals on the table, whether it was well or ill dressed, in or out of season, of good or bad flavor, preferable or inferior to this or that other thing of the kind; so that I was brought up in such a perfect inattention to those matters as to be quite indifferent what kind of food was set before me. Indeed, I am so unobservant of it that to this day I can scarce tell a few hours after dinner of what dishes it consisted. This has been a great convenience to me in travelling, where my companions have been sometimes very unhappy for want of a suitable gratification of their more delicate, because better instructed, tastes and appetites.

My mother had likewise an excellent constitution; she suckled all her ten children. I never knew either my father or mother to have any sickness but that of which they died; he at eighty-nine and she at eighty-five years of age. They lie buried together at Boston, where I some years since placed a marble over their grave with this inscription:

JOSIAH FRANKLIN
and
ABIAH his wife,
Lie here interred.
They lived lovingly together in wedlock,
Fifty-five years;
And without an estate or any gainful employment
By constant labor, and honest industry,
(With God's blessing,)

Maintained a large family comfortably;
And brought up thirteen children and seven grandchildren
Reputably.
From this instance, Reader,
Be encouraged to diligence in thy calling,
And distrust not Providence.
He was a pious and prudent man,
She a discreet and virtuous woman.
Their youngest son,
In filial regard to their memory,
Places this stone.
J. F. born 1655; died 1744. Æt. 89.
A. F. born 1667; died 1752. Æt. 85.

By my rambling digressions I perceive myself to be grown old. I used to write more methodically. But one does not dress for private company as for a public ball. Perhaps it is only negligence.

To return: I continued thus employed in my father's business for two years, that is, till I was twelve years old; and my brother John, who was bred to that business, having left my father, married and set up for himself at Rhode Island, there was every appearance that I was destined to supply his place and become a tallow-chandler. But my dislike to the trade continuing, my father had apprehensions that if he did not put me to one more agreeable I should break loose and go to sea, as my brother Josiah had done, to his great vexation. In consequence. he took me to

walk with him and see joiners, bricklayers, turners, braziers, etc., at their work, that he might observe my inclination and endeavor to fix it on some trade or profession that would keep me on land. It has ever since been a pleasure to me to see good workmen handle their tools. And it has been often useful to me to have learned so much by it as to be able to do some trifling jobs in the house when a workman was not at hand, and to construct little machines for my experiments at the moment when the intention of making these was warm in my mind. My father determined at last for the cutler's trade, and placed me for some days on trial with Samuel, son to my Uncle Benjamin, who was bred to that trade in London and had just established himself in Boston. But the sum he exacted as a fee for my apprenticeship displeased my father, and I was taken home again.

From my infancy I was passionately fond of reading, and all the money that came into my hands was laid out in the purchasing of books. I was very fond of voyages. My first acquisition was Bunyan's works in separate little volumes. I afterward sold them to enable me to buy R. Burton's "Historical Collections." They were small chap-men's books, and cheap, forty volumes in all. My father's little library consisted chiefly of books in polemic divinity, most of which I read. I have often regretted that at a time when I had such a thirst for knowledge more proper books had not fallen in my way, since it was resolved I should not be bred to divinity. There was among them

Plutarch's "Lives," which I read abundantly, and I still think that time spent to great advantage. There was also a book of Defoe's, called "An Essay on Projects," and another of Dr. Mather's, called "An Essay to Do Good," which perhaps gave me a turn of thinking that had an influence on some of the principal future events of my life.

This bookish inclination at length determined my father to make me a printer, although he had already one son, James, of that profession. In 1717 my brother James returned from England, with a press and letters, to set up his business in Boston. I liked it much better than that of my father, but still had a hankering for the sea. To prevent the apprehended effect of such an inclination, my father was impatient to have me bound to my brother. I stood out some time, but at last was persuaded and signed the indenture when I was yet but twelve years old. I was to serve an apprenticeship till I was twenty-one years of age, only I was to be allowed journeyman's wages during the last year. In a little time I made a great progress in the business and became a useful hand to my brother. I now had access to better books. An acquaintance with the apprentices of booksellers enabled me sometimes to borrow a small one, which I was careful to return soon and clean. Often I sat up in my chamber reading the greatest part of the night when the book was borrowed in the evening and to be returned in the morning, lest it should be found missing.

After some time a merchant, an ingenious, sensible man, Mr. Matthew Adams, who had a pretty collection of books, frequented our printing-office, took notice of me, and invited me to see his library and very kindly proposed to loan me such books as I chose to read. I now took a strong inclination for poetry and wrote some little pieces. My brother, supposing it might turn to account, encouraged me and induced me to compose two occasional ballads. One was called "The Light-House Tragedy," and contained an account of the shipwreck of Captain Worthilake with his two daughters; the other was a sailor's song, on the taking of the famous Teach, or "Blackbeard," the pirate. They were wretched stuff, in street-ballad style; and when they were printed my brother sent me about the town to sell them. The first sold prodigiously, the event being recent and having made a great noise. This success flattered my vanity; but my father discouraged me by criticizing my performances and telling me verse-makers were generally beggars. Thus I escaped being a poet, and probably a very bad one; but as prose-writing had been of great use to me in the course of my life and was a principal means of my advancement, I shall tell you how in such a situation I acquired what little ability I may be supposed to have in that way.

There was another bookish lad in the town, John Collins by name, with whom I was intimately acquainted. We sometimes disputed, and very fond we were of argument and very desirous of

confuting one another; which disputatious turn, by the way, is apt to become a very bad habit, making people often extremely disagreeable in company by the contradiction that is necessary to bring it into practice, and thence, besides souring and spoiling the conversation, it is productive of disgusts, and perhaps enmities, with those who may have occasion for friendship. I had caught this by reading my father's books of dispute on religion. Persons of good sense, I have since observed, seldom fall into it, except lawyers, university men, and generally men of all sorts who have been bred at Edinburgh.

A question was once, somehow or other, started between Collins and me on the propriety of educating the female sex in learning and their abilities for study. He was of opinion that it was improper and that they were naturally unequal to it. I took the contrary side, perhaps a little for dispute's sake. He was naturally more eloquent, having a greater plenty of words, and sometimes, as I thought, I was vanquished more by his fluency than by the strength of his reasons. As we parted without settling the point and were not to see one another again for some time, I sat down to put my arguments in writing, which I copied fair and sent to him. He answered and I replied. Three or four letters on a side had passed, when my father happened to find my papers and read them. Without entering into the subject in dispute, he took occasion to talk to me about my manner of writing; observed that though I had the advantage

of my antagonist in correct spelling and pointing (which he attributed to the printing-house), I fell far short in elegance of expression, in method, and in perspicuity, of which he convinced me by several instances. I saw the justice of his remarks, and thence grew more attentive to my manner of writing and determined to endeavor to improve my style. At this time I met with an odd volume of the "Spectator." I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished if possible to imitate it. With that view I took some of the papers, and making short hints of the sentiments in each sentence, laid them by a few days, and then, without looking at the book, tried to complete the papers again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should occur to me. Then I compared my "Spectator" with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them. But I found I wanted a stock of words or a readiness in recollecting and using them, which I thought I should have acquired before that time if I had gone on making verses; since the continual search for words of the same import, but of different length to suit the measure or of different sound for the rhyme, would have laid me under a constant necessity of searching for variety, and also have tended to fix that variety in my mind and make me master of it. Therefore I took some of the

tales in the "Spectator" and turned them into verse; and after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again.

I also sometimes jumbled my collection of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavored to reduce them into the best order before I began to form the full sentences and complete the subject. This was to teach me method in the arrangement of the thoughts. By comparing my work with the original, I discovered many faults and corrected them; but I sometimes had the pleasure to fancy that in certain particulars of small consequence I had been fortunate enough to improve the method or the language, and this encouraged me to think that I might in time come to be a tolerable English writer, of which I was extremely ambitious. The time I allotted for writing exercises and for reading was at night, or before work began in the morning, or on Sundays, when I contrived to be in the printing-house, avoiding as much as I could the constant attendance at public worship which my father used to exact of me when I was under his care, and which I still continued to consider a duty, though I could not afford to practice it.

When about sixteen years of age I happened to meet with a book, written by one Tryon, recommending a vegetable diet. I determined to go into it. My brother being yet unmarried did not keep house, but boarded himself and his apprentices in another family. My refusing to eat flesh occasioned an inconvenience, and I was fre-

quently chid for my singularity. I made myself acquainted with Tryon's manner of preparing some of his dishes, such as boiling potatoes or rice, making hasty-pudding and a few others, and then proposed to my brother that if he would give me weekly half the money he paid for my board, I would board myself. He instantly agreed to it, and I presently found that I could save half what he paid me. This was an additional fund for buying of books; but I had another advantage in it. My brother and the rest going from the printing-house to their meals, I remained there alone, and dispatching presently my light repast (which was often no more than a biscuit or a slice of bread, a handful of raisins or a tart from the pastry-cook's, and a glass of water), had the rest of the time till their return for study; in which I made the greater progress from that greater clearness of head and quicker apprehension which generally attend temperance in eating and drinking. Now it was that (being on some occasion made ashamed of my ignorance in figures, which I had twice failed learning at school) I took Cocker's book on "Arithmetic," and went through the whole by myself with the greatest ease. I also read Seller's and Sturny's book on "Navigation," which made me acquainted with the little geometry it contains; but I never proceeded far in that science. I read about this time Locke "On Human Understanding" and "The Art of Thinking," by Messrs. de Port-Royal.

While I was intent on improving my language I

met with an English grammar (I think it was Greenwood's), having at the end of it two little sketches on the arts of rhetoric and logic, the latter finishing with a dispute in the Socratic method; and soon after I procured Xenophon's "Memorable Things of Socrates," wherein there are many examples of the same method. I was charmed with it, adopted it, dropped my abrupt contradictions and positive argumentation, and put on the humble inquirer. And being then, from reading Shaftesbury and Collins, made a doubter, as I already was in many points of our religious doctrines, I found this method the safest for myself and very embarrassing to those against whom I used it; therefore I took delight in it, practiced it continually, and grew very artful and expert in drawing people even of superior knowledge into concessions the consequence of which they did not foresee, entangling them in difficulties out of which they could not extricate themselves, and so obtaining victories that neither myself nor my cause always deserved.

I continued this method some few years, but gradually left it, retaining only the habit of expressing myself in terms of modest diffidence, never using, when I advanced anything that may possibly be disputed, the words *certainly, undoubtedly;* or any others that give the air of positiveness to an opinion; but rather say, *I conceive* or *apprehend* a thing to be so and so; *It appears to me,* or, *I should not think it, so or so, for such and such reasons;* or, *I imagine it to be so;* or, *It is so, if I am*

not mistaken. This habit, I believe, has been of great advantage to me when I have had occasion to inculcate my opinions and persuade men into measures that I have been from time to time engaged in promoting. And as the chief ends of conversation are to *inform* or to *be informed*, to *please*, or to *persuade*, I wish well-meaning and sensible men would not lessen their power of doing good by a positive assuming manner that seldom fails to disgust, tends to create opposition, and to defeat most of those purposes for which speech was given to us. In fact, if you wish to instruct others, a positive dogmatical manner in advancing your sentiments may occasion opposition and prevent a candid attention. If you desire instruction and improvement from others, you should not at the same time express yourself fixed in your present opinions. Modest and sensible men, who do not love disputation, will leave you undisturbed in the possession of your errors. In adopting such a manner, you can seldom expect to please your hearers or obtain the concurrence you desire. Pope judiciously observes—

"Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot."

He also commended it to us

"To speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence."

And he might have joined with this line that which he has coupled with another, I think, less properly—

"For want of modesty is want of sense."

If you ask, Why less properly? I must repeat the lines,

"Immodest words admit of no defense,
For want of modesty is want of sense."

Now, is not the *want of sense*, where a man is so unfortunate as to want it, some aplogy for his *want of modesty?* And would not the lines stand more justly thus?

"Immodest words admit *but* this defense,
That want of modesty is want of sense."

This, however, I should submit to better judgments.

My brother had, in 1720 or 1721, begun to print a newspaper. It was the second that appeared in America and was called the *New England Courant.* The only one before it was the Boston *News-Letter.* I remember his being dissuaded by some of his friends from the undertaking as not likely to succeed, one newspaper being in their judgment enough for America. At this time, 1771, there are not less than twenty-five. He went on, however, with the undertaking. I was employed to carry the papers to the customers after having worked in composing the types and printing off the sheets.

He had some ingenious men among his friends, who amused themselves by writing little pieces for this paper, which gained it credit and made it

more in demand, and these gentlemen often visited us. Hearing their conversations and their accounts of the approbation their papers were received with, I was excited to try my hand among them. But being still a boy, and suspecting that my brother would object to printing anything of mine in his paper if he knew it to be mine, I contrived to disguise my hand, and writing an anonymous paper, I put it at night under the door of the printing-house. It was found in the morning and communicated to his writing friends when they called in as usual. They read it, commented on it in my hearing, and I had the exquisite pleasure of finding it met with their approbation, and that in their different guesses at the author none were named but men of some character among us for learning and ingenuity. I suppose that I was rather lucky in my judges, and that they were not really so very good as I then believed them to be. Encouraged, however, by this attempt, I wrote and sent in the same way to the press several other pieces that were equally approved; and I kept my secret till all my fund of sense for such performances was exhausted, and then discovered it, when I began to be considered a little more by my brother's acquaintance.

However, that did not quite please him. as he thought it tended to make me too vain. This might be one occasion of the differences we began to have about this time. Though a brother, he considered himself as my master and me as his apprentice, and accordingly expected the same

services from me as he would from another, while I thought he degraded me too much in some he required of me, who from a brother expected more indulgence. Our disputes were often brought before our father, and I fancy I was either generally in the right or else a better pleader, because the judgment was generally in my favor. But my brother was passionate and had often beaten me, which I took extremely amiss; and thinking my apprenticeship very tedious, I was continually wishing for some opportunity of shortening it, which at length offered in a manner unexpected. Perhaps this harsh and tyrannical treatment of me might be a means of impressing me with the aversion to arbitrary power that has stuck to me through my whole life.

One of the pieces in our newspaper on some political point, which I have now forgotten, gave offense to the Assembly. He was taken up, censured, and imprisoned for a month by the Speaker's warrant, I suppose because he would not discover the author. I, too, was taken up and examined before the Council; but though I did not give them any satisfaction, they contented themselves with admonishing me, and dismissed me, considering me perhaps as an apprentice who was bound to keep his master's secrets. During my brother's confinement, which I resented a good deal, notwithstanding our private differences, I had the management of the paper; and I made bold to give our rulers some rubs in it, which my brother took very kindly, while others began to consider

me in an unfavorable light as a youth who had a turn for libeling and satire.

My brother's discharge was accompanied with an order, and a very odd one, that "James Franklin should no longer print the newspaper called the *New England Courant.*" On a consultation held in our printing-office among his friends what he should do in this conjuncture, it was proposed to elude the order by changing the name of the paper. But my brother, seeing inconveniences in this, came to a conclusion, as a better way, to let the paper in future be printed in the name of Benjamin Franklin; and in order to avoid the censure of the Assembly, that might fall on him as still printing it by his apprentice, he contrived and consented that my old indenture should be returned to me with a discharge on the back of it, to show in case of necessity; and in order to secure to him the benefit of my service, I should sign new indentures for the remainder of my time, which were to be kept private. A very flimsy scheme it was; however, it was immediately executed, and the paper was printed accordingly, under my name, for several months.

At length, a fresh difference arising between my brother and me, I took upon me to assert my freedom, presuming that he would not venture to produce the new indentures. It was not fair in me to take this advantage, and this I therefore reckon one of the first *errata* of my life; but the unfairness of it weighed little with me when under the impressions of resentment for the blows his

passion too often urged him to bestow upon me. Though he was otherwise not an ill-natured man; perhaps I was too saucy and provoking.

When he found I would leave him, he took care to prevent my getting employment in any other printing-house of the town by going round and speaking to every master, who accordingly refused to give me work. I then thought of going to New York, as the nearest place where there was a printer. And I was rather inclined to leave Boston when I reflected that I had already made myself a little obnoxious to the governing party, and from the arbitrary proceedings of the Assembly in my brother's case, it was likely I might, if I stayed, soon bring myself into scrapes; and further, that my indiscreet disputations about religion began to make me pointed at with horror by good people as an infidel and atheist. I concluded, therefore, to remove to New York; but my father now siding with my brother, I was sensible that if I attempted to go openly means would be used to prevent me. My friend Collins, therefore, undertook to manage my flight. He agreed with the captain of a New York sloop to take me, under pretense of my being a young man of his acquaintance that had an intrigue with a girl of bad character, whose parents would compel me to marry her, and that I could neither appear nor come away publicly. I sold my books to raise a little money, was taken on board the sloop privately, had a fair wind, and in three days found myself at New York, near three hundred miles from my home, at the age of seven-

teen (October, 1723), without the least recommendation or knowledge of any person in the place, and very little money in my pocket.

The inclination I had had for the sea was by this time done away, or I might now have gratified it. But having another profession and conceiving myself a pretty good workman, I offered my services to a printer of the place, old Mr. William Bradford, who had been the first printer in Pennsylvania, but had removed thence in consequence of a quarrel with the governor, George Keith. He could give me no employment, having little to do and hands enough already; but he said, "My son at Philadelphia has lately lost his principal hand, Aquila Rose, by death; if you go thither I believe he may employ you." Philadelphia was one hundred miles further. I set out, however, in a boat for Amboy, leaving my chest and things to follow me round by sea.

In crossing the bay we met with a squall that tore our rotten sails to pieces, preventing our getting into the Kill, and drove us upon Long Island. In our way a drunken Dutchman, who was a passenger, too, fell overboard; when he was sinking I reached through the water to his shock pate and drew him up, so that we got him in again. His ducking sobered him a little and he went to sleep, taking first out of his pocket a book, which he desired I would dry for him. It proved to be my old favorite author, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," in Dutch, finely printed on good paper,

copper cuts, a dress better than I had ever seen it wear in its own language. I have since found that it has been translated into most of the languages of Europe, and suppose it has been more generally read than any other book, except perhaps the Bible. Honest John was the first that I know of who mixed narration and dialogue: a method of writing very engaging to the reader, who in the most interesting parts finds himself, as it were, admitted into the company and present at the conversation. Defoe has imitated him successfully in his "Robinson Crusoe," in his "Moll Flanders," and other pieces; and Richardson has done the same in his "Pamela," etc.

On approaching the island we found it was in a place where there could be no landing, there being a great surge on the stony beach. So we dropped anchor and swung out our cable toward the shore. Some people came down to the shore and hallooed to us, as we did to them; but the wind was so high and the surge so loud that we could not understand each other. There were some small boats near the shore, and we made signs and called to them to fetch us; but they either did not comprehend us or it was impracticable, so they went off. Night approaching, we had no remedy but to have patience till the wind abated, and in the meantime the boatmen and myself concluded to sleep if we could; and so we crowded into the hatches, where we joined the Dutchman, who was still wet, and the spray, breaking over the head of our boat, leaked through to us, so that we

were soon almost as wet as he. In this manner we lay all night, with very little rest; but the wind abating the next day, we made a shift to reach Amboy before night, having been thirty hours on the water, without victuals or any drink but a bottle of filthy rum, the water we sailed on being salt.

In the evening I found myself very feverish and went to bed; but having read somewhere that cold water drunk plentifully was good for fever, I followed the prescription and sweat plentifully most of the night. My fever left me, and in the morning, crossing the ferry, I proceeded on my journey on foot, having fifty miles to go to Burlington, where I was told I should find boats that would carry me the rest of the way to Philadelphia.

It rained very hard all the day; I was thoroughly soaked, and by noon a good deal tired; so I stopped at a poor inn, where I stayed all night, beginning now to wish I had never left home. I made so miserable a figure, too, that I found, by the questions asked me, I was suspected to be some runaway indentured servant and in danger of being taken up on that suspicion. However, I proceeded next day and got in the evening to an inn within eight or ten miles of Burlington, kept by one Dr. Brown. He entered into conversation with me while I took some refreshment, and finding I had read a little, became very obliging and friendly. Our acquaintance continued all the rest of his life. He had been, I imagine, an ambulatory quack doctor, for there was no town in

England nor any country in Europe of which he could not give a very particular account. He had some letters, and was ingenious, but he was an infidel, and wickedly undertook, some years after, to turn the Bible into doggerel verse, as Cotton had formerly done with Virgil. By this means he set many facts in a ridiculous light, and might have done mischief with weak minds if his work had been published; but it never was.

At his house I lay that night, and arrived the next morning at Burlington, but had the mortification to find that the regular boats were gone a little before, and no other expected to go before Tuesday, this being Saturday. Wherefore I returned to an old woman in the town, of whom I had bought some ginger-bread to eat on the water, and asked her advice. She proposed to lodge me till a passage by some other boat occurred. I accepted her offer, being much fatigued by travelling on foot. Understanding I was a printer, she would have had me remain in that town and follow my business, being ignorant what stock was necessary to begin with. She was very hospitable, gave me a dinner of ox-cheek with great good-will, accepting only of a pot of ale in return; and I thought myself fixed till Tuesday should come. However, walking in the evening by the side of the river, a boat came by, which I found was going toward Philadelphia with several people in her. They took me in, and as there was no wind we rowed all the way; and about midnight, not having yet seen the city, some of the company

were confident that we must have passed it and would row no further; the others knew not where we were, so we put toward the shore, got into a creek, landed near an old fence, with the rails of which we made a fire, the night being cold, in October, and there we remained till daylight. Then one of the company knew the place to be Cooper's Creek, a little above Philadelphia, which we saw as soon as we got out of the creek, and arrived there about eight or nine o'clock on the Sunday morning and landed at Market Street wharf.

I have been the more particular in this description of my journey, and shall be so of my first entry into that city, that you may in your mind compare such unlikely beginnings with the figure I have since made there. I was in my working dress, my best clothes coming round by sea. I was dirty, from my being so long in the boat. My pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no one nor where to look for lodging. Fatigued with walking, rowing, and the want of sleep, I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted in a single dollar, and about a shilling in copper coin, which I gave to the boatmen for my passage. At first they refused it, on account of my having rowed; but I insisted on their taking it. Man is sometimes more generous when he has little money than when he has plenty; perhaps to prevent his being thought to have but little.

I walked toward the top of the street, gazing about till near Market Street, when I met a boy

with bread. I had often made a meal of dry bread, and inquiring where he had bought it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to. I asked for biscuits, meaning such as we had at Boston; that sort, it seems, was not made at Philadelphia. I then asked for a threepenny loaf and was told they had none. Not knowing the different prices nor the names of the different sorts of bread, I told him to give me threepenny worth of any sort. He gave me accordingly three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm and eating the other. Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut Street and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way; and coming round found myself again at Market Street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us and were waiting to go further.

Thus refreshed I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meeting-house of the Quakers, near the market.

I sat down among them, and after looking round a while and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy through labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep and continued so till the meeting broke up, when some one was kind enough to rouse me. This, therefore, was the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

I then walked down toward the river, and looking in the face of every one, I met a young Quaker man whose countenance pleased me, and accosting him requested he would tell me where a stranger could get a lodging. We were then near the sign of the Three Mariners. "Here," said he, "is a house where they receive strangers; but it is not a reputable one. If thee wilt walk with me I'll show thee a better one," and he conducted me to the Crooked Billet, in Water Street. There I got a dinner, and while I was eating, several questions were asked me, as from my youth and appearance I was suspected of being a runaway.

After dinner, my host having shown me to a bed, I laid myself on it without undressing and slept till six in the evening, when I was called to supper. I went to bed again very early and slept very soundly till next morning. Then I dressed myself as neat as I could and went to Andrew Bradford, the printer's. I found in the shop the old man his father, whom I had seen at New York, and who, travelling on horseback, had got to Philadelphia before me. He introduced me to his son, who received me civilly, gave me a breakfast, but told me he did not at present want

a hand, being lately supplied with one; but there was another printer in town, lately set up, one Keimer, who perhaps might employ me; if not, I should be welcome to lodge at his house, and he would give me a little work to do now and then till fuller business should offer.

The old gentleman said he would go with me to the new printer; and when we found him, "Neighbor," said Bradford, "I have brought to see you a young man of your business: perhaps you may want such a one." He asked me a few questions, put a composing-stick in my hand to see how I worked, and then said he would employ me soon, though he had just then nothing for me to do. And taking old Bradford, whom he had never seen before, to be one of the townspeople that had a good-will for him, entered into a conversation on his present undertaking and prospects; while Bradford, not discovering that he was the other printer's father, on Keimer's saying he expected soon to get the greatest part of the business in his own hands, drew him on, by artful questions and starting little doubts, to explain all his views, what influence he relied on, and in what manner he intended to proceed. I, who stood by and heard all, saw immediately that one was a crafty old sophister and the other a true novice. Bradford left me with Keimer, who was greatly surprised when I told him who the old man was.

The printing-house, I found, consisted of an old damaged press and a small, worn-out font of English types, which he was using himself,

composing an "Elegy" on Aquila Rose, . . . an ingenious young man, of excellent character, much respected in the town, secretary to the Assembly, and a pretty poet. Keimer made verses, too, but very indifferently. He could not be said to *write* them, for his method was to compose them in the types directly out of his head. There being no copy, but one pair of cases, and the "Elegy" probably requiring all the letter, no one could help him. I endeavored to put his press (which he had not yet used and of which he understood nothing) into order to be worked with; and promising to come and print off his "Elegy" as soon as he should have got it ready, I returned to Bradford's, who gave me a little job to do for the present, and there I lodged and dieted. A few days after Keimer sent for me to print off the "Elegy." And now had got another pair of cases and a pamphlet to reprint, on which he set me to work.

These two printers I found poorly qualified for their business. Bradford had not been bred to it and was very illiterate, and Keimer, though something of a scholar, was a mere compositor, knowing nothing of press-work. He had been one of the French prophets and could act their enthusiastic agitations. At this time he did not profess any particular religion, but something of all on occasion; was very ignorant of the world, and had, as I afterward found, a good deal of the knave in his composition. He did not like my lodging at Bradford's while I worked with him.

He had a house, indeed, but without furniture, so he could not lodge me; but he got me a lodging at Mr. Read's, before mentioned, who was the owner of his house; and my chest of clothes being come by this time, I made rather a more respectable appearance in the eyes of Miss Read than I had done when she first happened to see me eating my roll in the street.

I began now to have some acquaintance among the young people of the town that were lovers of reading, with whom I spent my evenings very pleasantly, and gained money by my industry and frugality. I lived very contented and forgot Boston as much as I could, and did not wish to be known where I resided except to my friend Collins, who was in the secret and kept it faithfully. At length, however, an accident happened that occasioned my return home much sooner than I had intended. I had a brother-in-law, Robert Holmes, master of a sloop that traded between Boston and Delaware. He being at Newcastle, forty miles below Philadelphia, and hearing of me, wrote me a letter mentioning the grief of my relations and friends in Boston at my abrupt departure, assuring me of their good-will to me, and that everything would be accommodated to my mind if I would return, to which he entreated me earnestly. I wrote an answer to his letter, thanked him for his advice, but stated my reasons for quitting Boston so fully and in such a light as to convince him that I was not so much in the wrong as he had apprehended.

Sir William Keith, governor of the province, was then at Newcastle, and Captain Holmes, happening to be in company with him when my letter came to hand, spoke to him of me and showed him the letter. The governor read it and seemed surprised when he was told my age. He said I appeared a young man of promising parts and therefore should be encouraged; the printers at Philadelphia were wretched ones, and if I would set up there he made no doubt I should succeed; for his part he would procure me the public business and do me every other service in his power. This my brother-in-law Holmes afterward told me in Boston, but I knew as yet nothing of it; when one day Keimer and I, being at work together near the window, we saw the governor and another gentleman (who proved to be Colonel French, of Newcastle, in the province of Delaware) finely dressed, come directly across the street to our house and heard them at the door.

Keimer ran down immediately, thinking it a visit to him; but the governor inquired for me, came up, and with a condescension and politeness I had been quite unused to made him many compliments, desired to be acquainted with me, blamed me kindly for not having made myself known to him when I first came to the place, and would have me away with him to the tavern, where he was going with Colonel French to taste, as he said, some excellent Madeira. I was not a little surprised and Keimer stared with astonishment. I went, however, with the gover-

nor and Colonel French to a tavern at the corner of Third Street and over the Madeira he proposed my setting up my business. He stated the probabilities of my success, and both he and Colonel French assured me I should have their interest and influence to obtain for me the public business of both governments. And as I expressed doubts that my father would assist me in it, Sir William said he would give me a letter to him, in which he would set forth the advantages, and he did not doubt he should determine him to comply. So it was concluded I should return to Boston by the first vessel, with the governor's letter, to my father. In the meantime it was to be kept a secret, and I went on working with Keimer as usual. The governor sent for me now and then to dine with him, which I considered a great honor, more particularly as he conversed with me in a most affable, familiar, and friendly manner.

About the end of April, 1724, a little vessel offered for Boston. I took leave of Keimer as going to see my friends. The governor gave me an ample letter, saying many flattering things of me to my father and strongly recommending the project of my setting up at Philadelphia as a thing that would make my fortune. We struck on a shoal in going down the bay and sprung a leak; we had a blustering time at sea and were obliged to pump almost continually, at which I took my turn. We arrived safe, however, at Boston in about a fortnight. I had been absent

seven months, and my friends had heard nothing of me, for my brother James was not yet returned and had not written about me. My unexpected appearance surprised the family; all were, however, very glad to see me and made me welcome except my brother. I went to see him at his printing-house. I was better dressed than ever while in his service, having a genteel new suit from head to foot, a watch, and my pockets lined with near five pounds sterling in silver. He received me not very frankly, looked me all over, and turned to his work again.

The journeymen were inquisitive where I had been, what sort of a country it was, and how I liked it. I praised it much and the happy life I led in it, expressing strongly my intention of returning to it; and one of them asking what kind of money we had there, I produced a handful of silver and spread it before them, which was a kind of *raree-show* they had not been used to, paper being the money of Boston. Then I took an opportunity of letting them see my watch; and lastly (my brother still grum and sullen) gave them a dollar to drink and took my leave. This visit of mine offended him extremely. For when my mother some time after spoke to him of a reconciliation and of her wish to see us on good terms together, and that we might live for the future as brothers, he said I had insulted him in such a manner before his people that he could never forget or forgive it. In this, however, he was mistaken.

My father received the governor's letter with some surprise, but said little of it to me for some time. Captain Holmes returning, he showed it to him and asked him if he knew Sir William Keith, and what kind of a man he was; adding that he must be of small discretion to think of setting a youth up in business who wanted three years to arrive at man's estate. Holmes said what he could in favor of the project, but my father was decidedly against it and at last gave a flat denial. He wrote a civil letter to Sir William, thanking him for the patronage he had so kindly offered me, and declined to assist me as yet in setting up, I being, in his opinion, too young to be trusted with the management of an undertaking so important and for which the preparation required a considerable expenditure.

My *old* companion Collins, who was a clerk in the post-office, pleased with the account I gave him of my new country, determined to go thither also; and while I waited for my father's determination, he set out before me by land to Rhode Island, leaving his books, which were a pretty collection in mathematics and natural philosophy, to come with mine and me to New York, where he proposed to wait for me.

My father, though he did not approve Sir William's proposition, was yet pleased that I had been able to obtain so advantageous a character from a person of such note where I had resided, and that I had been so industrious and careful as to equip myself so handsomely in so

short a time; therefore, seeing no prospect of an accommodation between my brother and me, he gave his consent to my returning again to Philadelphia, advised me to behave respectfully to the people there, endeavor to obtain the general esteem and avoid lampooning and libeling, to which he thought I had too much inclination; telling me that by steady industry and prudent parsimony I might save enough by the time I was twenty-one to set me up, and that if I came near the matter he would help me out with the rest. This was all I could obtain, except some small gifts as tokens of his and my mother's love, when I embarked again for New York, now with their approbation and their blessing.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

ADAMS AND JEFFERSON*

NEITHER of these great men, fellow-citizens, could have died, at any time, without leaving an immense void in our American society. They have been so intimately, and for so long a time, blended with the history of the country, and especially so united, in our thoughts and recollections, with the events of the Revolution, that the death of either would have touched the chords of public sympathy. We should have felt that one great link, connecting us with former times, was broken; that we had lost something more, as it were, of the presence of the Revolution itself, and of the act of independence, and were driven on, by another great remove from the days of our country's early distinction, to meet posterity, and to mix with the future. Like the mariner, whom the currents of the ocean and the winds carry along, till he sees the stars which have directed his course and lighted his pathless way descend, one by one, beneath the rising horizon, we should have felt

*A Discourse in Commemoration of the Lives and Services of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, who both died on July 4, 1826, delivered in Faneuil Hall, Boston, on the 2d of August, 1826.

that the stream of time had borne us onward till another great luminary, whose light had cheered us and whose guidance we had followed, had sunk away from our sight.

But the concurrence of their death on the anniversary of Independence has naturally awakened stronger emotions. Both had been Presidents, both had lived to great age, both were early patriots, and both were distinguished and ever honored by their immediate agency in the act of independence. It cannot but seem striking and extraordinary, that these two should live to see the fiftieth year from the date of that act; that they should complete that year; and that then, on the day which had fast linked for ever their own fame with their country's glory, the heavens should open to receive them both at once. As their lives themselves were the gifts of Providence, who is not willing to recognize in their happy termination, as well as in their long continuance, proofs that our country and its benefactors are objects of His care?

ADAMS and JEFFERSON, I have said, are no more. As human beings, indeed, they are no more. They are no more, as in 1776, bold and fearless advocates of independence; no more, as at subsequent periods, the head of the Government; no more, as we have recently seen them, aged and venerable objects of admiration and regard. They are no more. They are dead. But how little is there of the great and good which can die! To their country they yet live, and live for ever. They

live in all that perpetuates the remembrance of men on earth; in the recorded proofs of their own great actions, in the offspring of their intellect, in the deep-engraved lines of public gratitude, and in the respect and homage of mankind. They live in their example; and they live, emphatically, and will live, in the influence which their lives and efforts, their principles and opinions, now exercise, and will continue to exercise, on the affairs of men, not only in their own country, but throughout the civilized world. A superior and commanding human intellect, a truly great man, when Heaven vouchsafes so rare a gift, is not a temporary flame, burning brightly for a while, and then giving place to returning darkness. It is rather a spark of fervent heat, as well as radiant light, with power to enkindle the common mass of human mind; so that when it glimmers in its own decay, and finally goes out in death, no night follows, but it leaves the world all light, all on fire, from the potent contact of its own spirit. Bacon died; but the human understanding, roused by the touch of his miraculous wand to a perception of the true philosophy and the just mode of inquiring after truth, has kept on its course successfully and gloriously. Newton died; yet the courses of the spheres are still known, and they yet move on by the laws which he discovered, and in the orbits which he saw, and described for them, in the infinity of space.

No two men now live, fellow-citizens, perhaps it may be doubted whether any two men have

ever lived in one age, who, more than those we now commemorate, have impressed on mankind their own sentiments in regard to politics and government, infused their own opinions more deeply into the opinions of others, or given a more lasting direction to the current of human thought. Their work doth not perish with them. The tree which they assisted to plant will flourish, although they water it and protect it no longer; for it has struck its roots deep, it has sent them to the very centre; no storm, not of force to burst the orb, can overturn it; its branches spread wide; they stretch their protecting arms broader and broader, and its top is destined to reach the heavens. We are not deceived. There is no delusion here. No age will come in which the American Revolution will appear less than it is, one of the greatest events in human history. No age will come in which it shall cease to be seen and felt, on either continent, that a mighty step, a great advance, not only in American affairs, but in human affairs, was made on the 4th of July, 1776. And no age will come, we trust, so ignorant or so unjust as not to see and acknowledge the efficient agency of those we now honor in producing that momentous event.

We are not assembled, therefore, fellow-citizens, as men overwhelmed with calamity by the sudden disruption of the ties of friendship or affection, or as in despair for the republic by the untimely blighting of its hopes. Death has not surprised us by an unseasonable blow. We have, indeed,

seen the tomb close, but it has closed only over mature years, over long-protracted public service, over the weakness of age, and over life itself only when the ends of living had been fulfilled. These suns, as they rose slowly and steadily, amidst clouds and storms, in their ascendant, so they have not rushed from their meridian to sink suddenly in the west. Like the mildness, the serenity, the continuing benignity of a summer's day, they have gone down with slow-descending, grateful, long-lingering light; and now that they are beyond the visible margin of the world, good omens cheer us from "the bright track of their fiery car"!

There were many points of similarity in the lives and fortunes of these great men. They belonged to the same profession, and had pursued its studies and its practice, for unequal lengths of time indeed, but with diligence and effect. Both were learned and able lawyers. They were natives and inhabitants, respectively, of those two of the Colonies which at the Revolution were the largest and most powerful, and which naturally had a lead in the political affairs of the times. When the Colonies became in some degree united, by the assembling of a general Congress, they were brought to act together in its deliberations, not indeed at the same time, but both at early periods. Each had already manifested his attachment to the cause of the country, as well as his ability to maintain it, by printed addresses, public speeches, extensive correspondence, and whatever other

mode could be adopted for the purpose of exposing the encroachments of the British Parliament, and animating the people to a manly resistance. Both were not only decided, but early, friends of Independence. While others yet doubted, they were resolved; where others hesitated, they pressed forward. They were both members of the committee for preparing the Declaration of Independence, and they constituted the sub-committee appointed by the other members to make the draft. They left their seats in Congress, being called to other public employments, at periods not remote from each other, although one of them returned to it afterward for a short time. Neither of them was of the assembly of great men which formed the present Constitution, and neither was at any time a member of Congress under its provisions. Both have been public ministers abroad, both Vice-Presidents and both Presidents of the United States. These coincidences are now singularly crowned and completed. They have died together; and they died on the anniversary of liberty.

When many of us were last in this place, fellow-citizens, it was on the day of that anniversary. We were met to enjoy the festivities belonging to the occasion, and to manifest our grateful homage to our political fathers. We did not, we could not here, forget our venerable neighbor of Quincy. We knew that we were standing, at a time of high and palmy prosperity, where he had stood in the hour of utmost peril; that we saw nothing but

liberty and security, where he had met the frown of power; that we were enjoying every thing, where he had hazarded every thing; and just and sincere plaudits rose to his name, from the crowds which filled this area, and hung over these galleries. He whose grateful duty it was to speak to us,[1] on that day, of the virtues of our fathers, had, indeed, admonished us that time and years were about to level his venerable frame with the dust. But he bade us hope that "the sound of a nation's joy, rushing from our cities, ringing from our valleys, echoing from our hills, might yet break the silence of his aged ear; that the rising blessings of grateful millions might yet visit with glad light his decaying vision." Alas! that vision was then closing for ever. Alas! the silence which was then settling on that aged ear was an everlasting silence! For, lo! in the very moment of our festivities, his freed spirit ascended to God who gave it! Human aid and human solace terminate at the grave; or we would gladly have borne him upward, on a nation's outspread hands; we would have accompanied him, and with the blessings of millions and the prayers of millions, commended him to the Divine favor.

While still indulging our thoughts, on the coincidence of the death of this venerable man with the anniversary of Independence, we learn that Jefferson, too, has fallen; and that these aged patriots, these illustrious fellow-laborers, have left our world together. May not such events

[1]Hon. Josiah Quincy.

raise the suggestion that they are not undesigned, and that Heaven does so order things, as sometimes to attract strongly the attention and excite the thoughts of men? The occurrence has added a new interest to our anniversary, and will be remembered in all time to come.

. . . Let us turn our attention to the most prominent act of their lives, their participation in the DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

Preparatory to the introduction of that important measure, a committee, at the head of which was Mr. Adams, had reported a resolution, which Congress adopted on the 10th of May, recommending, in substance, to all the Colonies which had not already established governments suited to the exigencies of their affairs, *to adopt such government as would, in the opinion of the representatives of the people, best conduce to the happiness and safety of their constituents in particular, and America in general.*

This significant vote was soon followed by the direct proposition which Richard Henry Lee had the honor to submit to Congress, by resolution, on the 7th day of June. The published journal does not expressly state it, but there is no doubt, I suppose, that this resolution was in the same words, when originally submitted by Mr. Lee, as when finally passed. Having been discussed on Saturday, the 8th, and Monday, the 10th of June, this resolution was on the last mentioned day postponed for further consideration to the first day of July, and at the same time it

was voted, that a committee be appointed to prepare a Declaration to the effect of the resolution. This committee was elected by ballot, on the following day, and consisted of Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, and Robert R. Livingston.

It is usual, when committees are selected by ballot, that their members should be arranged in order, according to the number of votes which each has received. Mr. Jefferson, therefore, had received the highest number of votes. The difference is said to have been but of a single vote. Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Adams, standing thus at the head of the committee, were requested by the other members to act as a sub-committee to prepare the draft; and Mr. Jefferson drew up the paper. The original draft, as brought by him from his study, and submitted to the other members of the committee, with interlineations in the handwriting of Dr. Franklin, and others in that of Mr. Adams, was in Mr. Jefferson's possession at the time of his death. The merit of this paper is Mr. Jefferson's. Some changes were made in it at the suggestion of other members of the committee, and others by Congress while it was under discussion. But none of them altered the tone, the frame, the arrangement, or the general character of the instrument. As a composition, the Declaration is Mr. Jefferson's. It is the production of his mind, and the high honor of it belongs to him, clearly and absolutely.

It has sometimes been said, as if it were a

derogation from the merits of this paper, that it contains nothing new; that it only states grounds of proceeding, and presses topics of argument, which had often been stated and pressed before. But it was not the object of the Declaration to produce anything new. It was not to invent reasons for independence, but to state those which governed the Congress. For great and sufficient causes, it was proposed to declare independence; and the proper business of the paper to be drawn was to set forth those causes, and justify the authors of the measure, in any event of fortune, to the country and to posterity. The cause of American independence, moreover, was now to be presented to the world in such manner, if it might so be, as to engage its sympathy, to command its respect, to attract its admiration; and in an assembly of most able and distinguished men, THOMAS JEFFERSON had the high honor of being the selected advocate of this cause. To say that he performed his great work well, would be doing him injustice. To say that he did excellently well, admirably well, would be inadequate and halting praise. Let us rather say, that he so discharged the duty assigned him, that all Americans may well rejoice that the work of drawing the title-deed of their liberties devolved upon him.

With all its merits, there are those who have thought that there was one thing in the Declaration to be regretted; and that is, the asperity and apparent anger with which it speaks of the person of the king; the industrious ability with which it

accumulates and charges upon him all the injuries which the Colonies had suffered from the mother country. Possibly some degree of injustice, now or hereafter, at home or abroad, may be done to the character of Mr. Jefferson, if this part of the Declaration be not placed in its proper light. Anger or resentment, certainly much less personal reproach and invective, could not properly find place in a composition of such high dignity, and of such lofty and permanent character.

A single reflection on the original ground of dispute between England and the Colonies is sufficient to remove any unfavorable impression in this respect.

The inhabitants of all the Colonies, while Colonies, admitted themselves bound by their allegiance to the king; but they disclaimed altogether the authority of Parliament; holding themselves, in this respect, to resemble the condition of Scotland and Ireland before the respective unions of those kingdoms with England, when they acknowledged allegiance to the same king, but had each its separate legislature. The tie, therefore, which our Revolution was to break did not subsist between us and the British Parliament, or between us and the British government in the aggregate, but directly between us and the king himself. The Colonies had never admitted themselves subject to Parliament. That was precisely the point of the original controversy. They had uniformly denied that Parliament had authority to make laws for them. There was, therefore,

no subjection to Parliament to be thrown off. But allegiance to the king did exist, and had been uniformly acknowledged; and down to 1775 the most solemn assurances had been given that it was not intended to break that allegiance or to throw it off. Therefore, as the direct object and only effect of the Declaration, according to the principles on which the controversy had been maintained on our part, were to sever the tie of allegiance which bound us to the king, it was properly and necessarily founded on acts of the crown itself, as its justifying causes. Parliament is not so much as mentioned in the whole instrument. When odious and oppressive acts are referred to, it is done by charging the king with confederating with others "in pretended acts of legislation"; the object being constantly to hold the king himself directly responsible for those measures which were the grounds of separation. Even the precedent of the English Revolution was not overlooked, and in this case, as well as in that, occasion was found to say that the king had *abdicated* the government. Consistency with the principles upon which resistance began, and with all the previous state papers issued by Congress, required that the Declaration should be bottomed on the misgovernment of the king; and therefore it was properly framed with that aim and to that end. The king was known, indeed, to have acted, as in other cases, by his ministers, and with his Parliament; but as our ancestors had never admitted themselves subject either to ministers or to

Parliament, there were no reasons to be given for now refusing obedience to their authority. This clear and obvious necessity of founding the Declaration on the misconduct of the king himself, gives to that instrument its personal application, and its character of direct and pointed accusation.

The Declaration having been reported to Congress by the committee, the resolution itself was taken up and debated on the first day of July, and again on the second, on which last day it was agreed to and adopted, in these words:

"*Resolved,* That these united Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

Having thus passed the main resolution, Congress proceeded to consider the reported draught of the Declaration. It was discussed on the second, and third, and FOURTH days of the month, in committee of the whole; and on the last of those days, being reported from that committee, it received the final approbation and sanction of Congress. It was ordered, at the same time, that copies be sent to the several States, and that it be proclaimed at the head of the army. The Declaration thus published did not bear the names of the members, for as yet it had not been signed by them. It was authenticated, like other papers of the Congress, by the signatures of the President and Secretary. On the 19th of July,

as appears by the secret journal, Congress "*Resolved*, That the Declaration, passed on the fourth, be fairly engrossed on parchment, with the title and style of 'THE UNANIMOUS DECLARATION OF THE THIRTEEN UNITED STATES OF AMERICA'; and that the same, when engrossed, be signed by every member of Congress." And on the SECOND DAY OF AUGUST following, "the Declaration, being engrossed and compared at the table, was signed by the members." So that it happens, fellow-citizens, that we pay these honors to their memory on the anniversary of that day (2d of August) on which these great men actually signed their names to the Declaration. The Declaration was thus made, that is, it passed and was adopted as an act of Congress, on the fourth of July; it was then signed, and certified by the President and Secretary, like other acts. The FOURTH OF JULY, therefore, is the ANNIVERSARY OF THE DECLARATION. But the signatures of the members present were made to it, being then engrossed on parchment, on the second day of August. Absent members afterwards signed, as they came in; and indeed it bears the names of some who were not chosen members of Congress until after the fourth of July. The interest belonging to the subject will be sufficient, I hope, to justify these details.

The Congress of the Revolution, fellow-citizens, sat with closed doors, and no report of its debates was ever made. The discussion, therefore, which accompanied this great measure, has never been preserved, except in memory and by tradition.

But it is, I believe, doing no injustice to others to say, that the general opinion was, and uniformly has been, that in debate, on the side of independence, JOHN ADAMS had no equal. The great author of the Declaration himself has expressed that opinion uniformly and strongly. "JOHN ADAMS," said he, in the hearing of him who has now the honor to address you, "JOHN ADAMS was our colossus on the floor. Not graceful, not elegant, not always fluent, in his public addresses, he yet came out with a power, both of thought and of expression, which moved us from our seats."

For the part which he was here to perform, Mr. Adams doubtless was eminently fitted. He possessed a bold spirit, which disregarded danger, and a sanguine reliance on the goodness of the cause, and the virtues of the people, which led him to overlook all obstacles. His character, too, had been formed in troubled times. He had been rocked in the early storms of the controversy, and had acquired a decision and a hardihood proportioned to the severity of the discipline which he had undergone.

He not only loved the American cause devoutly, but had studied and understood it. It was all familiar to him. He had tried his powers on the questions which it involved, often and in various ways; and had brought to their consideration whatever of argument or illustration the history of his own country, the history of England, or the stores of ancient or of legal learning could furnish.

Every grievance enumerated in the long catalogue of the Declaration had been the subject of his discussion, and the object of his remonstrance and reprobation. From 1760, the Colonies, the rights of the Colonies, the liberties of the Colonies, and the wrongs inflicted on the Colonies, had engaged his constant attention; and it has surprised those who have had the opportunity of witnessing it with what full remembrance and with what prompt recollection he could refer, in his extreme old age, to every act of Parliament affecting the Colonies, distinguishing and stating their respective titles, sections, and provisions; and to all the Colonial memorials, remonstrances, and petitions, with whatever else belonged to the intimate and exact history of the times from that year to 1775. It was, in his own judgment, between these years that the American people came to a full understanding and thorough knowledge of their rights, and to a fixed resolution of maintaining them; and bearing himself an active part in all important transactions, the controversy with England being then in effect the business of his life, facts, dates, and particulars made an impression which was never effaced. He was prepared, therefore, by education and discipline, as well as by natural talent and natural temperament, for the part which he was now to act.

The eloquence of Mr. Adams resembled his general character, and formed, indeed, a part of it. It was bold, manly, and energetic; and such the crisis required. When public bodies are to be

addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech farther than as it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire to it; they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then patriotism is eloquent; then self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the

whole man onward, right onward to his object—this, this is eloquence; or rather it is something greater and higher than all eloquence, it is action, noble, sublime, godlike action.

In July, 1776, the controversy had passed the stage of argument. An appeal had been made to force, and opposing armies were in the field. Congress, then, was to decide whether the tie which had so long bound us to the parent state was to be severed at once, and severed for ever. All the Colonies had signified their resolution to abide by this decision, and the people looked for it with the most intense anxiety. And surely, fellow-citizens, never, never were men called to a more important political deliberation. If we contemplate it from the point where they then stood, no question could be more full of interest; if we look at it now, and judge of its importance by its effects, it appears of still greater magnitude.

Let us, then, bring before us the assembly, which was about to decide a question thus big with the fate of empire. Let us open their doors and look in upon their deliberations. Let us survey the anxious and care-worn countenances, let us hear the firm-toned voices, of this band of patriots.

HANCOCK presides over the solemn sitting; and one of those not yet prepared to pronounce for absolute independence is on the floor, and is urging his reasons for dissenting from the declaration.

"Let us pause! This step, once taken, cannot

be retraced. This resolution, once passed, will cut off all hope of reconciliation. If success attend the arms of England, we shall then be no longer Colonies, with charters and with privileges; these will all be forfeited by this act; and we shall be in the condition of other conquered people, at the mercy of the conquerors. For ourselves, we may be ready to run the hazard; but are we ready to carry the country to that length? Is success so probable as to justify it? Where is the military, where the naval power, by which we are to resist the whole strength of the arm of England, for she will exert that strength to the utmost? Can we rely on the constancy and perseverance of the people? or will they not act as the people of other countries have acted, and, wearied with a long war, submit, in the end, to a worse oppression? While we stand on our old ground, and insist on redress of grievances, we know we are right, and are not answerable for consequences. Nothing, then, can be imputed to us. But if we now change our object, carry our pretensions farther, and set up for absolute independence, we shall lose the sympathy of mankind. We shall no longer be defending what we possess, but struggling for something which we never did possess, and which we have solemnly and uniformly disclaimed all intention of pursuing, from the very outset of the troubles. Abandoning thus our old ground of resistance only to arbitrary acts of oppression, the nations will believe the whole to have been mere pretence, and they will look on us,

not as injured, but as ambitious subjects. I shudder before this responsibility. It will be on us, if, relinquishing the ground on which we have stood so long, and stood so safely, we now proclaim independence, and carry on the war for that object, while these cities burn, these pleasant fields whiten and bleach with the bones of their owners, and these streams run blood. It will be upon us, it will be upon us, if, failing to maintain this unseasonable and ill-judged declaration, a sterner despotism, maintained by military power, shall be established over our posterity, when we ourselves, given up by an exhausted, a harassed, a misled people, shall have expiated our rashness and atoned for our presumption on the scaffold."

It was for Mr. Adams to reply to arguments like these. We know his opinions, and we know his character. He would commence with his accustomed directness and earnestness.

"Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there's a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the Declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life

and his own honor? Are not you, Sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague near you, are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws? If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up, the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston Port Bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

"The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects, in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct towards us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why, then, why, then, Sir, do we not as soon as possible change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

"If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously, through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these Colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts and cannot be

eradicated. Every Colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the Declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for the restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this Declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

"Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly, through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this Declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But,

while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

"But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured that this Declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I begun, that live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment, Independence, *now* and INDEPENDENCE FOR EVER."

And so that day shall be honored, illustrious prophet and patriot! so that day shall be honored, and as often as it returns, thy renown shall come along with it, and the glory of thy life, like the day of thy death, shall not fail from the remembrance of men.

It would be unjust, fellow-citizens, on this oc-

casion, while we express our veneration for him who is the immediate subject of these remarks, were we to omit a most respectful, affectionate, and grateful mention of those other great men, his colleagues, who stood with him, and with the same spirit, the same devotion, took part in the interesting transaction. HANCOCK, the proscribed HANCOCK, exiled from his home by a military governor, cut off by proclamation from the mercy of the crown—Heaven reserved for him the distinguished honor of putting this great question to the vote, and of writing his own name first, and most conspicuously, on that parchment which spoke defiance to the power of the crown of England. There, too, is the name of that other proscribed patriot, SAMUEL ADAMS, a man who hungered and thirsted for the independence of his country; who thought the Declaration halted and lingered, being himself not only ready, but eager, for it, long before it was proposed; a man of the deepest sagacity, the clearest foresight, and the profoundest judgment in men. And there is GERRY, himself among the earliest and the foremost of the patriots, found, when the battle of Lexington summoned them to common counsels, by the side of WARREN; a man who lived to serve his country at home and abroad, and to die in the second place in the government. There, too, is the inflexible, the upright, the Spartan character, ROBERT TREAT PAINE. He also lived to serve his country through the struggle, and then withdrew from her councils, only

that he might give his labors and his life to his native State, in another relation. These names, fellow-citizens, are the treasures of the Commonwealth; and they are treasures which grow brighter by time.

. . . And now, fellow-citizens, let us not retire from this occasion without a deep and solemn conviction of the duties which have devolved upon us. This lovely land, this glorious liberty, these benign institutions, the dear purchase of our fathers, are ours; ours to enjoy, ours to preserve, ours to transmit. Generations past and generations to come hold us responsible for this sacred trust. Our fathers, from behind, admonish us, with their anxious paternal voices; posterity calls out to us, from the bosom of the future; the world turns hither its solicitous eyes; all, all conjure us to act wisely, and faithfully, in the relation which we sustain. We can never, indeed, pay the debt which is upon us; but by virtue, by morality, by religion, by the cultivation of every good principle and every good habit, we may hope to enjoy the blessing, through our day, and to leave it unimpaired to our children. Let us feel deeply how much of what we are and of what we possess we owe to this liberty, and to these institutions of government. Nature has, indeed, given us a soil which yields bounteously to the hand of industry, the mighty and fruitful ocean is before us, and the skies over our heads shed health and vigor. But what are lands, and seas, and skies,

to civilized man, without society, without knowledge, without morals, without religious culture; and how can these be enjoyed, in all their extent and all their excellence, but under the protection of wise institutions and a free government? Fellow-citizens, there is not one of us, there is not one of us here present, who does not, at this moment, and at every moment, experience, in his own condition, and in the condition of those most near and dear to him, the influence and the benefits of this liberty and these institutions. Let us then acknowledge the blessing, let us feel it deeply and powerfully, let us cherish a strong affection for it, and resolve to maintain and perpetuate it. The blood of our fathers, let it not have been shed in vain; the great hope of posterity, let it not be blasted.

The striking attitude, too, in which we stand to the world around us, a topic to which, I fear, I advert too often, and dwell on too long, cannot be altogether omitted here. Neither individuals nor nations can perform their part well, until they understand and feel its importance, and comprehend and justly appreciate all the duties belonging to it. It is not to inflate national vanity, nor to swell a light and empty feeling of self-importance, but it is that we may judge justly of our situation, and of our own duties, that I earnestly urge upon you this consideration of our position and our character among the nations of the earth. It cannot be denied, but by those who would dispute against the sun, that with

America, and in America, a new era commences in human affairs. This era is distinguished by free representative governments, by entire religious liberty, by improved systems of national intercourse, by a newly awakened and an unconquerable spirit of free inquiry, and by a diffusion of knowledge through the community, such as has been before altogether unknown and unheard of. America, America, our country, fellow-citizens, our own dear and native land, is inseparably connected, fast bound up, in fortune and by fate, with these great interests. If they fall, we fall with them; if they stand, it will be because we have maintained them. Let us contemplate, then, this connection, which binds the prosperity of others to our own; and let us manfully discharge all the duties which it imposes. If we cherish the virtues and the principles of our fathers, Heaven will assist us to carry on the work of human liberty and human happiness. Auspicious omens cheer us. Great examples are before us. Our own firmament now shines brightly upon our path. WASHINGTON is in the clear, upper sky. These other stars have now joined the American constellation; they circle round their centre, and the heavens beam with new light. Beneath this illumination let us walk the course of life, and at its close devoutly commend our beloved country, the common parent of us all, to the Divine Benignity.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Autobiography of Robert E. Lee*

To His Daughter Annie

West Point, February 25, 1853.

My Precious Annie:

I take advantage of your gracious permission to write to you, and there is no telling how far my feelings might carry me were I not limited by the conveyance furnished by the Mim's (your mother's) letter, which lies before me, and which must, the Mim says so, go in this morning's mail. But my limited time does not diminish my affection for you, Annie, nor prevent my thinking of you and wishing for you. I long to see you through the dilatory nights. At dawn when I rise, and all day, my thoughts revert to you in expressions that you cannot hear or I repeat. I hope you will always appear to me as you are now painted on my heart, and that you will endeavor to improve and so conduct yourself as to make you happy and me joyful all our lives. Diligent and earnest attention to *all* your duties can only ac-

*"Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee," by his son Captain Robert E. Lee, with photogravure portraits, copyright, 1904, by Doubleday, Page & Company, afford the pages which follow.

complish this. I am told you are growing very tall, and I hope very straight. I do not know what the Cadets will say if the Superintendent's *children* do not practise what he demands of them. They will naturally say he had better attend to his own before he corrects other people's children, and as he permits his to stoop it is hard he will not allow them. You and Agnes [his third daughter] must not, therefore, bring me into discredit with my young friends, or give them reason to think that I require more of them than of my own. I presume your mother has told all about us, our neighbors, and our affairs. And indeed she may have done that and not said much either, so far as I know. But we are all well and have much to be grateful for. To-morrow we anticipate the pleasure of your brother's [Custis's] company, which is always a source of pleasure to us. It is the only time we see him, except when the Corps come under my view at some of their exercises, when my eye is sure to distinguish him among his comrades and follow him over the plain. Give much love to your dear grandmother, grandfather, Agnes, Miss Sue, Lucretia, and all friends, including the servants. Write sometimes, and think always of your affectionate father, R. E. Lee.

Resigns from the United States Army

To General Winfield Scott:

Arlington, Virginia, April 20, 1861.

General: Since my interview with you on the 18th inst., I have felt that I ought no longer to

retain my commission in the army. I therefore tender my resignation, which I request you will recommend for acceptance. It would have been presented at once but for the struggle it has cost me to separate myself from a service to which I have devoted the best years of my life, and all the ability I possessed.

During the whole of that time—more than a quarter of a century—I have experienced nothing but kindness from my superiors and a most cordial friendship from my comrades. To no one, General, have I been as much indebted as to yourself for uniform kindness and consideration, and it has always been my ardent desire to merit your approbation. I shall carry to the grave the most grateful recollections of your kind consideration, and your name and fame shall always be dear to me.

Save in the defence of my native state, I never desire again to draw my sword.

Be pleased to accept my most earnest wishes for the continuance of your happiness and prosperity, and believe me most truly yours,

R. E. Lee.

To His Wife, on the Enlistment of His Son, Robert

Richmond, March 15, 1862.

My Dear Mary: I wrote you yesterday by mail. On returning to my quarters last night after 11 p. m. Custis informed me Robert had arrived and had made up his mind to go into the

army. He stayed at the Spottswood, and this morning I went with him to get his overcoat, blankets, etc. There is great difficulty in procuring what is good. They all have to be made, and he has gone to the office of the adjutant-general of Virginia to engage in the service. God grant it may be for his good as He has permitted it. I must be resigned. I told him of the exemption granted by the Secretary of War to the professors and students of the university, but he expressed no desire to take advantage of it. It would be useless for him to go, if he did not improve himself, nor would I wish him to go merely for exemption. As I have done all in the matter that seems proper and right, I must now leave the rest in the hands of our merciful God. I hope our son will do his duty and make a good soldier. Very truly yours, R. E. LEE.

TO HIS WIFE FROM THE SEAT OF WAR

Camp Fredericksburg, Christmas Day, 1862.

. . . I will commence this holy day by writing to you. My heart is filled with gratitude to Almighty God for His unspeakable mercies with which He has blessed us in this day, for those He has granted us from the beginning of life, and particularly for those He has vouchsafed us during the past year. What should have become of us without His crowning help and protection? Oh, if our people would only recognize it and cease from vain self-boasting and adulation, how strong would be my belief in final success and happiness

to our country! But what a cruel thing is war; to separate and destroy families and friends, and mar the purest joys and happiness God has granted us in this world; to fill our hearts with hatred instead of love for our neighbors, and to devastate the fair face of this beautiful world! I pray that, on this day when only peace and good-will are preached to mankind, better thoughts may fill the hearts of our enemies and turn them to peace. Our army was never in such good health and condition since I have been attached to it. I believe they share with me my disappointment that the enemy did not renew the combat on the 13th. I was holding back all day and husbanding our strength and ammunition for the great struggle, for which I thought I was preparing. Had I divined that was to have been his only effort, he would have had more of it. My heart bleeds at the death of every one of our gallant men.

On the Eve of Surrender

[Captain Robert E. Lee, a son of General Lee, and his biographer, says:]

No one can tell what he suffered. He did in all things what he considered right. Self he absolutely abandoned. As he said, so he believed, that "human virtue should equal human calamity." A day or two before the surrender, he said to General Pendleton:

"I have never believed we could, against the gigantic combination for our subjugation, make good in the long run our independence unless

foreign powers should, directly or indirectly, assist us. . . . But such considerations really made with me no difference. We had, I was satisfied, sacred principles to maintain and rights to defend, for which we were in duty bound to do our best, even if we perished in the endeavor."

After his last attempt was made with Gordon and Fitz Lee to break through the lines of the enemy in the early morning of April 9th, 1865, and Colonel Venable informed him that it was not possible, he said:

"Then there is nothing left me but to go and see General Grant." When some one near him, hearing this, said:

"Oh, General, what will history say of the surrender of the army in the field?" replied he:

"Yes, I know they will say hard things of us; they will not understand how we were overwhelmed by numbers; but that is not the question, Colonel; the question is, is it right to surrender this army? If it is right, then I will take all the responsibility."

There had been some correspondence with Grant, just before the conversation with General Pendleton. After Gordon's attack failed, a flag of truce was sent out, and, about eleven o'clock, General Lee went to meet General Grant. The terms of surrender were agreed upon, and then General Lee called attention to the pressing needs of his men. He said:

"I have a thousand or more of your men and officers, whom we have required to march along

with us for several days. I shall be glad to send them to your lines as soon as it can be arranged, for I have no provisions for them. My own men have been living for the last few days principally upon parched corn, and we are badly in need of both rations and forage."

Grant said he would at once send him 25,000 rations. General Lee told him that amount would be ample and would be a great relief. He then rode back to his troops. The rations issued then to our army were the supplies destined for us but captured at Amelia Court House. Had they reached us in time, they would have given the half-starved troops that were left strength enough to make a further struggle.

Farewell to His Soldiers

Headquarters, Army of Northern Virginia,
April 10, 1865.

After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources. I need not tell the survivors of so many hard-fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them; but, feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would have attended the continuation of the contest, I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen.

By the terms of the agreement, officers and men can return to their homes and remain there until exchanged. You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed; and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you His blessing and protection. With an increasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

R. E. LEE, General.

THE FATHER OF A CARELESS STUDENT

As president of Washington College, General Lee had the utmost patience and forbearance with students who neglected their work. To the father of such a youth he wrote:]

WASHINGTON COLLEGE,
Lexington, Virginia, April 20, 1868.

MY DEAR SIR: I regret to see, from your letter of the 29th ult., to the clerk of the faculty, that you have misunderstood their action in reference to your son. He was not dismissed, as you suppose, from college, but every means having been tried by the faculty to induce him to attend faithfully and regularly to his studies, without effect, and great forbearance having been practised, it was thought best for him, and just to you, that he should return home. The action of the faculty was purposely designed, not to prevent his being received into any other college, or to return to this, should you so desire. The monthly reports

are intended to advise parents of the progress of their sons, and it was supposed you would have seen the little advancement made by yours in his studies, and that no further notice was required. The action of the faculty was caused by no immorality on his part, but by a systematic neglect of his duties, which no counsel on the part of his professors, or my own, could correct. In compliance, however, with your wishes, and on the positive promise of amendment on the part of your son, he has been received into college, and I sincerely hope that he will apply himself diligently to his studies, and make an earnest effort to retrieve the time he has lost. With great respect, your obedient servant, R. E. LEE.

TO MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS IN SYMPATHY

Lexington, Virginia, February 23. 1866.

MY DEAR MRS. DAVIS:

Your letter of the 12th inst. reached Lexington during my absence at Washington. I have never seen Mr. Colfax's speech, and am, therefore, ignorant of the statements it contained. Had it, however, come under my notice, I doubt whether I should have thought it proper to reply. *I have thought, from the time of the cessation of hostilities, that silence and patience on the part of the South was the true course;* and I think so still. *Controversy of all kinds* will, in my opinion, only serve to continue excitement and passion, and will prevent the public mind from the acknowledgment and acceptance of the truth. These con-

siderations have kept me from replying to accusations made against myself, and induced me to recommend the same to others. As regards the treatment of the Andersonville prisoners, to which you allude, I know nothing and can say nothing of my own knowledge. I never had anything to do with any prisoners, except to send those taken on the fields, where I was engaged, to the Provost Marshal General at Richmond. I have felt most keenly the sufferings and imprisonment of your husband, and have earnestly consulted with friends as to any possible mode of affording him relief and consolation. He enjoys the sympathy and respect of all good men; and if, as you state, his trial is now near, the exhibition of the whole truth in his case will, I trust, prove his defence and justification. With sincere prayers for his health and speedy restoration to liberty, and earnest supplications to God that He may take you and yours under His guidance and protection, I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee.

THE CONQUERED BANNER

FURL that Banner, for 'tis weary;
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
Furl it, fold it, it is best:
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it

In the blood which heroes gave it;
And its foes now scorn and brave it;
Furl it, hide it—let it rest.

Take that Banner down, 'tis tattered;
Broken is its staff and shattered;
And the valiant hosts are scattered,
Over whom it floated high.
Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it;
Hard to think there's none to hold it;
Hard that those, who once unrolled it,
Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that Banner—furl it sadly;
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands, wildly, madly,
Swore it should forever wave;
Swore that foeman's sword should never
Hearts like theirs entwined dissever,
Till that flag should float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave!

Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low;
And that Banner—it is trailing!
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.

For, though conquered, they adore it!
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it!
Weep for those who fell before it!

Pardon those who trailed and tore it!
But, oh! wildly they deplore it,
Now who furl and fold it so.

Furl that Banner! True, 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust:
For its fame on brightest pages
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages—
Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly,
Treat it gently—it is holy—
For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not—unfold it never,
Let it droop there, furled forever,
For its people's hopes are dead!

ABRAM J. RYAN.
[*Father Ryan.*]

THE SWORD OF ROBERT LEE

FORTH from its scabbard pure and bright,
Flashed the sword of Lee!
Far in the front of the deadly fight
High o'er the brave in the cause of right
Its stainless sheen like a beacon light
Led us to Victory.

Out of its scabbard where full long
It slumbered peacefully,—
Roused from its rest by the battle's song

Shielding the feeble, smiting the strong
Guarding the right, avenging the wrong
Gleamed the sword of Lee.

Forth from its scabbard high in air
Beneath Virginia's sky—
And they who saw it gleaming there
And knew who bore it knelt to swear,
That where the sword led they would dare
To follow and to die.

Out of its scabbard!—never hand
Waved sword from stain as free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for brighter land,
Nor brighter land had a Cause so grand,
Nor cause a chief like Lee.

Forth from its scabbard! how we prayed
That sword might victor be;—
And when our triumph was delayed,
And many a heart grew sore afraid,
We still hoped on while gleamed the blade
Of noble Robert Lee.

Forth from its scabbard! all in vain
Bright flashed the sword of Lee;—
'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again,
It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain;
Defeated yet without a stain,
Proudly and peacefully.

ABRAM J. RYAN.
[*Father Ryan.*]

THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY

YE HIGHLANDS and ye Lawlands,
O where hae ye been?
They hae slain the Earl of Murray,
And they laid him on the green.

Now wae be to thee, Huntley!
And wherefore did ye sae?
I bade you bring him wi' you,
But forbade you him to slay.

He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh he might have been a king!

He was a braw gallant,
And he play'd at the ba';
And the bonny Earl of Murray
Was the flower amang them a'!

He was a braw gallant,
And he play'd at the glove;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh he was the Queen's love!

Oh lang will his Lady
Look o'er the Castle Down,
Ere she see the Earl of Murray
Come sounding thro' the town!

CHILD, POP. BAL., No. 181A.

THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE

COME hither, Evan Cameron!
Come, stand behind my knee—
I hear the river roaring down
Towards the wintry sea.
There's shouting on the mountain-side,
There's war within the blast—
Old faces look upon me,
Old forms go trooping past:
I hear the pibroch wailing
Amidst the din of fight,
And my dim spirit wakes again
Upon the verge of night.

'T was I that led the Highland host
Through wild Lochaber's snows,
What time the plaided clans came down
To battle with Montrose.
I've told thee how the Southrons fell
Beneath the broad claymore,
And how we smote the Campbell clan
By Inverlochy's shore.
I've told thee how we swept Dundee,
And tamed the Lindsays' pride;
But never have I told thee yet
How the great Marquis died.

A traitor sold him to his foes;
O deed of deathless shame!
I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet
With one of Assynt's name—
Be it upon the mountain's side,
Or yet within the glen,
Stand he in martial gear alone,
Or backed by armèd men—
Face him, as thou wouldst face the man
Who wronged thy sire's renown;
Remember of what blood thou art,
And strike the caitiff down!

They brought him to the Watergate,
Hard bound with hempen span,
As though they held a lion there,
And not a fenceless man.
They set him high upon a cart—
The hangman rode below—
They drew his hands behind his back,
And bared his noble brow.
Then, as a hound is slipped from leash,
They cheered the common throng,
And blew the note with yell and shout,
And bade him pass along.

It would have made a brave man's heart
Grow sad and sick that day,
To watch the keen malignant eyes
Bent down on that array.

There stood the Whig west-country lords,
In balcony and bow;
There sat their gaunt and withered dames,
And their daughters all a-row.
And every open window
Was full as full might be
With black-robed Covenanting carles,
That goodly sport to see!

But when he came, though pale and wan,
He looked so great and high,
So noble was his manly front,
So calm his steadfast eye;—
The rabble rout forbore to shout,
And each man held his breath,
For well they knew the hero's soul
Was face to face with death.
And then a mournful shudder
Through all the people crept.
And some that came to scoff at him
Now turned aside and wept.

But onward—always onward,
In silence and in gloom,
The dreary pageant labored,
Till it reached the house of doom.
Then first a woman's voice was heard
In jeer and laughter loud,
And an angry cry and a hiss arose
From the heart of the tossing crowd:

Then as the Græme looked upward,
He saw the ugly smile
Of him who sold his king for gold—
The master-fiend Argyle!

The Marquis gazed a moment,
And nothing did he say,
But the cheek of Argyle grew ghastly pale,
And he turned his eyes away.
The painted harlot by his side,
She shook through every limb,
For a roar like thunder swept the street,
And hands were clenched at him;
And a Saxon soldier cried aloud,
"Back, coward, from thy place!
For seven long years thou hast not dared
To look him in the face."

Had I been there with sword in hand,
And fifty Camerons by,
That day through high Dunedin's streets
Had pealed the slogan-cry.
Not all their troops of trampling horse,
Nor might of mailèd men—
Not all the rebels in the south
Had borne us backwards then!
Once more his foot on Highland heath
Had trod as free as air,
Or I, and all who bore my name,
Been laid around him there!

It might not be. They placed him next
Within the solemn hall,
Where once the Scottish kings were throned
Amidst their nobles all.
But there was dust of vulgar feet
On that polluted floor,
And perjured traitors filled the place
Where good men sate before.
With savage glee came Warristoun
To read the murderous doom;
And then uprose the great Montrose
In the middle of the room.

"Now, by my faith as belted knight,
And by the name I bear,
And by the bright Saint Andrew's cross
That waves above us there—
Yea, by a greater, mightier oath—
And Oh, that such should be!—
By that dark stream of royal blood
That lies 'twixt you and me—
I have not sought in battle-field
A wreath of such renown,
Nor dared I hope on my dying day
To win the martyr's crown!

"There is a chamber far away
Where sleep the good and brave,
But a better place ye have named for me
Than by my father's grave.

For truth and right, 'gainst treason's might,
  This hand hath always striven,
And ye raise it up for a witness still
  In the eye of earth and heaven.
Then nail my head on yonder tower—
  Give every town a limb—
And God who made shall gather them:
  I go from you to Him!"

A beam of light fell o'er him,
  Like a glory round the shriven,
And he climbed the lofty ladder
  As it were the path to heaven.
Then came a flash from out the cloud,
  And a stunning thunder-roll;
And no man dared to look aloft,
  For fear was on every soul.
There was another heavy sound,
  A hush and then a groan;
And darkness swept across the sky—
  The work of death was done!

WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN.

BONNY DUNDEE

TO THE Lords of Convention 't was Claver'se who spoke,
"Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns to be broke;
So let each Cavalier who loves honor and me,
Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
  Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
  Come saddle your horses and call up your men;

Come open the West Port and let me gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!"

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat;
But the Provost, douce man, said, "Just e'en let him be,
The Gude Town is weel quit of that Deil of Dundee."

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow;
But the young plants of grace they looked couthie and slee,
Thinking, luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonny Dundee!

With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket was crammed,
As if half the West had set tryst to be hanged;
There was spite in each look, there was fear in each e'e.
As they watched for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
And lang-hafted gullies to kill Cavaliers;
But they shrunk to close-heads and the causeway was free,
At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

He spurred to the foot of the proud Castle rock,
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke;
"Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa
words or three,
For the love of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee."

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes—
"Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!
Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

"There are hills beyond Pentland and lands be-
yond Forth.
If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in
the North;
There are wild Dunie wassals three thousand
times three,
Will cry *hoigh!* for the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

"There's brass on the target of barkened bull-
hide;
There's steel in the scabbard that dangles be-
side;
The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall
flash free,
At a toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

"Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks—
Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the fox;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your
glee,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and
me!"

He waved his proud hand and the trumpets were
blown,
The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen rode
on,
Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lee
Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle the horses and call up the men;
Come open your gates and let me gae free,
For it's up with the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A LAMENT FOR FLODDEN

I'VE heard the lilting at our ewe-milking,
Lasses a-lilting before the dawn of day;
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At bughts, in the morning, nae blithe lads are
scorning,
Lasses are lonely and dowie and wae;
Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing and sab-
bing,
Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her away.

In hairst, at the shearing, nae youths now are
jeering,
Bandsters are lyart, and runkled, and gray:
At fair or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleech-
ing—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, at the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming,
'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dool and wae for the order sent our lads to the Border!
The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;
The Flowers of the Forest, that fought aye the foremost,
The prime o' our land, are cauld in the clay.

We hear nae mair lilting at our ewe-milking;
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

JEAN ELLIOT.

LORD BYRON, THE MAN*

THE pretty fable by which the Duchess of Orleans illustrates the character of her son the regent might, with little change, be applied to Byron. All the fairies, save one, had been bidden to his cradle. All the gossips had been profuse of their gifts. One had bestowed nobility, another genius, a third beauty. The malignant elf who had been uninvited came last, and, unable to reverse what her sisters had done for their favorite, had mixed up a curse with every blessing. In the rank of Lord Byron, in his understanding, in his character, in his very person, there was a strange union of opposite extremes. He was born to all that men covet and admire. But in every one of those eminent advantages which he possessed over others, there was mingled something of misery and debasement. He was sprung from a house, ancient indeed and noble, but degraded and impoverished by a series of crimes and follies, which had attained a scandalous publicity. The kinsman whom he succeeded had died poor,

*From the essay on Moore's Life of Lord Byron, *Edinburgh Review*, June, 1831.

and, but for merciful judges, would have died upon the gallows. The young peer had great intellectual powers; yet there was an unsound part in his mind. He had naturally a generous and tender heart; but his temper was wayward and irritable. He had a head which statuaries loved to copy, and a foot the deformity of which the beggars in the streets mimicked. Distinguished at once by the strength and by the weakness of his intellect, affectionate yet perverse, a poor lord, and a handsome cripple, he required, if ever man required, the firmest and the most judicious training. But, capriciously as nature had dealt with him, the relative to whom the office of forming his character was intrusted was more capricious still. She passed from paroxysms of rage to paroxysms of fondness. At one time she stifled him with her caresses, at another time she insulted his deformity. He came into the world, and the world treated him as his mother treated him—sometimes with kindness, sometimes with severity, never with justice. It indulged him without discrimination, and punished him without discrimination. He was truly a spoiled child; not merely the spoiled child of his parents, but the spoiled child of nature, the spoiled child of fortune, the spoiled child of fame, the spoiled child of society. His first poems were received with a contempt which, feeble as they were, they did not absolutely deserve. The poem which he published on his return from his travels was, on the other hand, extolled far above its merits. At twenty-

four, he found himself on the highest pinnacle of literary fame, with Scott, Wordsworth, Southey, and a crowd of other distinguished writers, beneath his feet. There is scarcely an instance in history of so sudden a rise to so dizzy an eminence.

Everything that could stimulate and everything that could gratify the strongest propensities of our nature—the gaze of a hundred drawing-rooms, the acclamations of the whole nation, the applause of applauded men, the love of the loveliest of women—all this world, and all the glory of it, were at once offered to a young man, to whom nature had given violent passions, and whom education had never taught to control them. He lived as many men live who have no similar excuses to plead for their faults. But his countrymen and his countrywomen would love him and admire him. They were resolved to see in his excesses only the flash and outbreak of that same fiery mind which glowed in his poetry. He attacked religion; yet in religious circles his name was mentioned with fondness, and in many religious publications his works were censured with singular tenderness. He lampooned the Prince Regent; yet he could not alienate the Tories. Everything, it seemed, was to be forgiven to youth, rank, and genius.

Then came the reaction. Society, capricious in its indignation, as it had been capricious in its fondness, flew into a rage with its froward and

petted darling. He had been worshiped with an irrational idolatry. He was persecuted with an irrational fury. Much has been written about those unhappy domestic occurrences which decided the fate of his life. Yet nothing ever was positively known to the public, but this—that he quarreled with his lady, and that she refused to live with him. There have been hints in abundance, and shrugs and shakings of the head, and "Well, well, we know," and "We could an if we would," and "If we list to speak," and "There be that might an they list." But we are not aware that there is before the world, substantiated by credible or even by tangible evidence, a single fact indicating that Lord Byron was more to blame than any other man who is on bad terms with his wife. The professional men whom Lady Byron consulted were undoubtedly of opinion that she ought not to live with her husband. But it is to be remembered that they formed that opinion without hearing both sides. We do not say, we do not mean to insinuate that Lady Byron was in any respect to blame. We think that those who condemn her on the evidence which is now before the public are as rash as those who condemn her husband. We will not pronounce any judgment; we cannot, even in our own minds, form any judgment on a transaction which is so imperfectly known to us. It would have been well if, at the time of the separation, all those who knew as little about the matter then as we

know about it now, had shown that forbearance, which, under such circumstances, is but common justice.

We know no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality. In general, elopements, divorces, and family quarrels pass with little notice. We read the scandal, talk about it for a day, and forget it. But once in six or seven years, our virtue becomes outrageous. We cannot suffer the laws of religion and decency to be violated. We must make a stand against vice. We must teach libertines that the English people appreciate the importance of domestic ties. Accordingly, some unfortunate man, in no respect more depraved than hundreds whose offences have been treated with lenity, is singled out as an expiatory sacrifice. If he has children, they are to be taken from him. If he has a profession, he is to be driven from it. He is cut by the higher orders, and hissed by the lower. He is, in truth, a sort of whipping-boy, by whose vicarious agonies all the other transgressors of the same class are, it is supposed, sufficiently chastised. We reflect very complacently on our own severity, and compare with great pride the high standard of morals established in England with the Parisian laxity. At length our anger is satiated. Our victim is ruined and heartbroken, and our virtue goes quietly to sleep for seven years more.

It is clear that those vices which destroy domestic happiness ought to be as much as possible repressed. It is equally clear that they cannot be

repressed by penal legislation. It is therefore right and desirable that public opinion should be directed against them. But it should be directed against them uniformly, steadily, and temperately, not by sudden fits and starts. There should be one weight and one measure. Decimation is always an objectionable mode of punishment. It is the resource of judges too indolent and hasty to investigate facts and to discriminate nicely between shades of guilt. It is an irrational practice, even when adopted by military tribunals. When adopted by the tribunal of public opinion, it is infinitely more irrational. It is good that a certain portion of disgrace should constantly attend on certain bad actions; but it is not good that the offenders merely have to stand the risk of a lottery of infamy; that ninety-nine out of every hundred should escape, and that the hundredth, perhaps the most innocent of the hundred, should pay for all. We remember to have seen a mob assembled in Lincoln's Inn to hoot a gentleman, against whom the most oppressive proceeding known to the English law was then in progress. He was hooted because he had been an indifferent and unfaithful husband, as if some of the most popular men of the age, Lord Nelson, for example, had not been indifferent and unfaithful husbands. We remember a still stronger case. Will posterity believe, that in an age in which men, whose gallantries were universally known, and had been legally proved, filled some of the highest offices in the state and in the

army, presided at the meetings of religious and benevolent institutions, were the delight of every society and the favorites of the multitude, a crowd of moralists went to the theater, in order to pelt a poor actor for disturbing the conjugal felicity of an alderman? What there was in the circumstances, either of the offender, or of the sufferer, to vindicate the zeal of the audience, we could never conceive. It has never been supposed that the situation of an actor is peculiarly favorable to the rigid virtues, or that an alderman enjoys any special immunity from injuries such as that which on this occasion roused the anger of the public. But such is the justice of mankind.

In these cases, the punishment was excessive; but the offence was known and proved. The case of Lord Byron was harder. True Jedwood justice was dealt out to him. First came the execution, then the investigation, and last of all, or rather not at all, the accusation. The public, without knowing anything whatever about the transactions in his family, flew into a violent passion with him, and proceeded to invent stories which might justify its anger. Ten or twenty different accounts of the separation, inconsistent with each other, with themselves, and with common sense, circulated at the same time. What evidence there might be for any one of these, the virtuous people who repeated them neither knew nor cared. For in fact these stories were not the causes, but the effects of the public indignation. They resembled those loathsome slanders which Goldsmith and

other abject libelers of the same class were in the habit of publishing about Bonaparte—how he poisoned a girl with arsenic, when he was at the military school—how he hired a grenadier to shoot Dessaix at Marengo—how he filled St. Cloud with all the pollutions of Capreæ. There was a time when anecdotes like these obtained some credence from persons, who, hating the French Emperor, without knowing why, were eager to believe anything which might justify their hatred. Lord Byron fared in the same way. His countrymen were in a bad humor with him. His writings and his character had lost the charm of novelty. He had been guilty of the offence which, of all offences, is punished most severely; he had been over-praised; he had excited too warm an interest: and the public, with its usual justice, chastised him for its own folly. The attachments of the multitude bear no small resemblance to those of the wanton enchantress in the Arabian Tales, who, when the forty days of her fondness were over, was not content with dismissing her lovers, but condemned them to expiate, in loathsome shapes, and under severe punishments, the crime of having once pleased her too well.

The obloquy which Byron had to endure was such as might well have shaken a more constant mind. The newspapers were filled with lampoons. The theaters shook with execrations. He was excluded from circles where he had lately been the observed of all observers. All those creeping things, that riot in the decay of nobler natures,

hastened to their repast; and they were right; they did after their kind. It is not every day that the savage envy of aspiring dunces is gratified by the agonies of such a spirit and the degradation of such a name.

The unhappy man left his country for ever. The howl of contumely followed him across the sea, up the Rhine, over the Alps; it gradually waxed fainter; it died away. Those who had raised it began to ask each other, what, after all, was the matter about which they had been so clamorous; and wished to invite back the criminal whom they had just chased from them. His poetry became more popular than it ever had been; and his complaints were read with tears by thousands and tens of thousands who had never seen his face.

He had fixed his home on the shores of the Adriatic, in the most picturesque and interesting of cities, beneath the brightest of skies, and by the brightest of seas. Censoriousness was not the vice of the neighbors whom he had chosen. They were a race corrupted by a bad government and a bad religion; long renowned for skill in the arts of voluptuousness, and tolerant of all the caprices of sensuality. From the public opinion of the country of his adoption he had nothing to dread. With the public opinion of the country of his birth he was at open war. He plunged into wild and desperate excesses, ennobled by no generous or tender sentiment. From his Venetian harem, he sent forth volume after volume, full

of eloquence, of wit, of pathos, of ribaldry, and of bitter disdain. His health sank under the effects of his intemperance. His hair turned gray. His food ceased to nourish him. A hectic fever withered him up. It seemed that his body and mind were about to perish together.

From this wretched degradation he was in some measure rescued by an attachment, culpable indeed, yet such as, judged by the standard of morality established in the country where he lived, might be called virtuous. But an imagination polluted by vice, a temper imbittered by misfortune, and a frame habituated to the fatal excitement of intoxication, prevented him from fully enjoying the happiness which he might have derived from the purest and most tranquil of his many attachments. Midnight draughts of ardent spirits and Rhenish wines had begun to work the ruin of his fine intellect. His verse lost much of the energy and condensation which had distinguished it. But he would not resign, without a struggle, the empire which he had exercised over the men of his generation. A new dream of ambition arose before him, to be the center of a literary party; the great mover of an intellectual revolution; to guide the public mind of England from his Italian retreat, as Voltaire had guided the public mind of France from the villa of Ferney. With this hope, as it should seem, he established *The Liberal*. But, powerfully as he had affected the imaginations of his contemporaries, he mistook his own powers, if he hoped to

direct their opinions: and he still more grossly mistook his own disposition, if he thought that he could long act in concert with other men of letters. The plan failed, and failed ignominiously. Angry with himself, angry with his coadjutors, he relinquished it; and turned to another project, the last and the noblest of his life.

A nation, once the first among the nations, pre-eminent in knowledge, pre-eminent in military glory, the cradle of philosophy, of eloquence, and of the fine arts, had been for ages bowed down under a cruel yoke. All the vices which tyranny generates—the abject vices which it generates in those who submit to it, the ferocious vices which it generates in those who struggle against it—had deformed the character of that miserable race. The valor which had won the great battle of human civilization, which had saved Europe, and subjugated Asia, lingered only among pirates and robbers. The ingenuity, once so conspicuously displayed in every department of physical and moral science, had been depraved into a timid and servile cunning. On a sudden, this degraded people had risen on their oppressors. Discountenanced or betrayed by the surrounding potentates, they had found in themselves something of that which might well supply the place of all foreign assistance—something of the energy of their fathers.

As a man of letters, Lord Byron could not but be interested in the event of this contest. His political opinions, though, like all his opinions,

unsettled, leaned strongly toward the side of liberty. He had assisted the Italian insurgents with his purse; and if their struggle against the Austrian government had been prolonged, would probably have assisted them with his sword. But to Greece he was attached by peculiar ties. He had, when young, resided in that country. Much of his most splendid and popular poetry had been inspired by its scenery and by its history. Sick of inaction, degraded in his own eyes by his private vices and by his literary failures, pining for untried excitement and honorable distinction, he carried his exhausted body and his wounded spirit to the Grecian camp.

His conduct in his new situation showed so much vigor and good sense as to justify us in believing, that, if his life had been prolonged, he might have distinguished himself as a soldier and a politician. But pleasure and sorrow had done the work of seventy years upon his delicate frame. The hand of death was on him; he knew it; and the only wish which he uttered was that he might die sword in hand.

This was denied to him. Anxiety, exertion, exposure, and those fatal stimulants which had become indispensable to him, soon stretched him on a sick-bed, in a strange land, amidst strange faces, without one human being that he loved near him. There, at thirty-six, the most celebrated Englishman of the nineteenth century closed his brilliant and miserable career.

THOMAS B. MACAULAY.

ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR

'TIS time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it hath ceased to move:
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not *thus*—and 'tis not *here*—
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now*,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece, around me see!
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece—she *is* awake!)
Awake, my spirit! Think through *whom*
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood!—unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be,

If thou regrett'st thy youth, *why live?*
The land of honorable death
Is here:—up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

LORD BYRON.

THE OATH OF HIPPOCRATES[1]

I SWEAR by Apollo the physician and Æsculapius, and Health, and All-heal and all the gods and goddesses, that, according to my ability and judgment, I will keep this Oath and this stipulation—to reckon him who taught me this Art equally dear to me as my parents, to share my substance with him, and relieve his necessities if required; to look upon his offspring in the same footing as my own brothers, and to teach them this Art, if they shall wish to learn it, without fee or stipulation; and that by precept, lecture, and every other mode of instruction, I will impart a knowledge of the Art to my own sons, and those of my teachers, and to disciples bound by a stipulation and cath according to the law of medicine, but to none others. I will follow that system of regimen which, according to my ability and judgment, I consider for the benefit of my patients, and abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous. I will give no deadly medicine to anyone if asked, nor suggest any such counsel;

[1]Hippocrates was a celebrated greek physician, contemporary of Herodotus, the historian. His famous *Oath* and *Law* embody the professional ideals of the physicians of his time.

and in like manner I will not give to a woman a pessary to produce abortion. With purity and with holiness I will pass my life and practise my Art. I will not cut persons laboring under the stone, but will leave this to be done by men who are practitioners of this work. Into whatever houses I enter, I will go into them for the benefit of the sick, and will abstain from every voluntary act of mischief and corruption; and, further, from the seduction of females or males, of freemen and slaves. Whatever, in connection with my professional practice, or not in connection with it, I see or hear, in the life of men, which ought not to be spoken of abroad, I will not divulge, as reckoning that all such should be kept secret. While I continue to keep this Oath unviolated, may it be granted to me to enjoy life and the practise of the art, respected by all men, in all times. But should I trespass and violate this Oath, may the reverse be my lot.

THE LAW OF HIPPOCRATES

1. Medicine is of all the arts the most noble; but, owing to the ignorance of those who practise it, and of those who, inconsiderately, form a judgment of them, it is at present far behind all the other arts. Their mistake appears to me to arise principally from this, that in the cities there is no punishment connected with the practise of medicine (and with it alone) except disgrace, and that does not hurt those who are familiar with it. Such persons are like the figures which are intro-

duced in tragedies, for as they have the shape, and dress, and personal appearance of an actor, but are not actors, so also physicians are many in title but very few in reality.

2. Whoever is to acquire a competent knowledge of medicine, ought to be possessed of the following advantages: a natural disposition; instruction; a favorable position for the study; early tuition; love of labor; leisure. First of all, a natural talent is required; for, when Nature leads the way to what is most excellent, instruction in the art takes place, which the student must try to appropriate to himself by reflection, becoming an early pupil in a place well adapted for instruction. He must also bring to the task a love of labor and perseverance, so that the instruction taking root may bring forth proper and abundant fruits.

3. Instruction in medicine is like the culture of the productions of the earth. For our natural disposition, is, as it were, the soil; the tenets of our teacher are, as it were, the seed; instruction in youth is like the planting of the seed in the ground at the proper season; the place where the instruction is communicated is like the food imparted to vegetables by the atmosphere; diligent study is like the cultivation of the fields, and it is time which imparts strength to all things and brings them to maturity.

4. Having brought all these requisites to the study of medicine, and having acquired a true knowledge of it, we shall thus, in travelling through

the cities, be esteemed physicians not only in name but in reality. But inexperience is a bad treasure, and a bad fund to those who possess it, whether in opinion or reality, being devoid of self-reliance and contentedness, and the nurse both of timidity and audacity. For timidity betrays a want of power, and audacity a lack of skill. They are, indeed, two things, knowledge and opinion, of which the one makes its possessor really to know, the other to be ignorant.

5. Those things which are sacred, are to be imparted only to sacred persons; and it is not lawful to impart them to the profane until they have been initiated in the mysteries of the science.

EXPERIMENTS AND INVENTIONS OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

IN 1746, being at Boston, I met there with a Dr. Spence, who was lately arrived from Scotland, and showed me some electric experiments. They were imperfectly performed, as he was not very expert, but, being on a subject quite new to me, they equally surprised and pleased me. Soon after my return to Philadelphia, our library company received from Mr. P. Collinson, Fellow of the Royal Society of London, a present of a glass tube, with some account of the use of it in making such experiments. I eagerly seized the opportunity of repeating what I had seen at Boston; and, by much practice, acquired great readiness in performing those, also, which we had an account

of from England, adding a number of new ones. I say much practice, for my house was continually full, for some time, with people who came to see these new wonders.

To divide a little this incumbrance among my friends, I caused a number of similar tubes to be blown at our glass-house, with which they furnished themselves, so that we had at length several performers. Among these, the principal was Mr. Kinnersley, an ingenious neighbor, who, being out of business, I encouraged to undertake showing the experiments for money, and drew up for him two lectures, in which the experiments were ranged in such order and accompanied with such explanations in such method as that the foregoing should assist in comprehending the following. He procured an elegant apparatus for the purpose, in which all the little machines that I had roughly made for myself were nicely formed by instrument-makers. His lectures were well attended, and gave great satisfaction; and after some time he went through the colonies, exhibiting them in every capital town, and picked up some money. In the West India Islands, indeed, it was with difficulty the experiments could be made, from the general moisture of the air.

Obliged as we were to Mr. Collinson for his present of the tube, etc., I thought it right he should be informed of our success in using it, and wrote him several letters containing accounts of our experiments. He got them read in the Royal Society, where they were not at first thought

worth so much notice as to be printed in their "Transactions." One paper which I wrote for Mr. Kinnersley, on the sameness of lightning with electricity, I sent to Dr. Mitchel, an acquaintance of mine, and one of the members also of that society, who wrote me word that it had been read, but was laughed at by the connoisseurs. The papers, however, being shown to Dr. Fothergill, he thought them of too much value to be stifled, and advised the printing of them. Mr. Collinson then gave them to Cavé for publication in his *Gentleman's Magazine;* but he chose to print them separately in a pamphlet, and Dr. Fothergill wrote the preface. Cavé, it seems, judged rightly for his profit, for by the additions that arrived afterward, they swelled to a quarto volume, which has had five editions, and cost him nothing for copy-money.

It was, however, some time before those papers were much taken notice of in England. A copy of them happening to fall into the hands of the Count de Buffon, a philosopher deservedly of great reputation in France, and, indeed, all over Europe, he prevailed with M. Dalibard to translate them into French, and they were printed at Paris. The publication offended the Abbé Nollet, preceptor in natural philosophy to the royal family, and an able experimenter, who had formed and published a theory of electricity which then had the general vogue. He could not at first believe that such a work came from America, and said it must have been fabricated by his enemies

at Paris, to decry his system. Afterward, having been assured that there really existed such a person as Franklin at Philadelphia, which he had doubted, he wrote and published a volume of "Letters," chiefly addressed to me, defending his theory, and denying the verity of my experiments and of the positions deduced from them.

I once purposed answering the abbé, and actually began the answer; but, on consideration that my writings contained a description of experiments which any one might repeat and verify, and if not to be verified, could not be defended; or of observations offered as conjectures, and not delivered dogmatically, therefore not laying me under any obligation to defend them; and reflecting that a dispute between two persons, writing in different languages, might be lengthened greatly by mistranslations, and thence misconceptions of one another's meaning, much of one of the abbé's letters being founded on an error in the translation, I concluded to let my papers shift for themselves, believing it was better to spend what time I could spare from public business in making new experiments, than in disputing about those already made. I therefore never answered M. Nollet, and the event gave me no cause to repent my silence; for my friend M. Le Roy, of the Royal Academy of Sciences, took up my cause and refuted him; my book was translated into the Italian, German, and Latin languages; and the doctrine it contained was by degrees universally adopted by the philosophers of Europe, in prefer-

ence to that of the abbé; so that he lived to see himself the last of his sect, except Monsieur B. of Paris, his *élève* and immediate disciple.

What gave my book the more sudden and general celebrity was the success of one of its proposed experiments, made by Messrs. Dalibard and De Lor at Marly, for drawing lightning from the clouds. This engaged the public attention everywhere. M. de Lor, who had an apparatus for experimental philosophy, and lectured in that branch of science, undertook to repeat what he called the *Philadelphia Experiments;* and, after they were performed before the king and court, all the curious of Paris flocked to see them. I will not swell this narrative with an account of that capital experiment, nor of the infinite pleasure I received in the success of a similar one I made soon after with a kite at Philadelphia, as both are to be found in the histories of electricity.

. . . In order of time, I should have mentioned before that having, in 1742, invented an open stove for the better warming of rooms, and at the same time saving fuel, as the fresh air admitted was warmed in entering, I made a present of the model to Mr. Robert Grace, one of my early friends, who, having an iron-furnace, found the casting of the plates for these stoves a profitable thing, as they were growing in demand. To promote that demand, I wrote and published a pamphlet, entitled "*An account of the new-invented Pennsylvania Fireplaces; wherein their Construction and Manner of Operation is particularly*

explained; their Advantages above every other Method of warming Rooms demonstrated; and all Objections that have been raised against the Use of them answered and obviated," etc. This pamphlet had a good effect. Governor Thomas was so pleased with the construction of this stove, as described in it, that he offered to give me a patent for the sole vending of them for a term of years; but I declined it from a principle which has ever weighed with me on such occasions, viz., *That, as we enjoy great advantages from the inventions of others, we should be glad of an opportunity to serve others by any invention of ours; and this we should do freely and generously.*

An ironmonger in London, however, assuming a good deal of my pamphlet, and working it up into his own, and making some small changes in the machine, which rather hurt its operation, got a patent for it there, and made, as I was told, a little fortune by it. And this is not the only instance of patents taken out for my inventions by others, though not always with the same success, which I never contested, as having no desire of profiting by patents myself, and hating disputes. The use of these fireplaces in very many houses, both of this and the neighboring colonies, has been, and is, a great saving of wood to the inhabitants.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

THE THREE STRANGERS*

AMONG the few features of agricultural England which retain an appearance but little modified by the lapse of centuries may be reckoned the high, grassy, and furzy downs, coombs, or ewe-leases, as they are indifferently called, that fill a large area of certain counties in the south and southwest. If any mark of human occupation is met with hereon it usually takes the form of the solitary cottage of some shepherd.

Fifty years ago such a lonely cottage stood on such a down, and may possibly be standing there now. In spite of its loneliness, however, the spot, by actual measurement, was not more than five miles from a county town. Yet, what of that? Five miles of irregular upland, during the long inimical seasons, with their sleets, snows, rains, and mists, afford withdrawing space enough to isolate a Timon or a Nebuchadnezzar; much less, in fair weather, to please that less repellent tribe, the poets, philosophers, artists, and others who "conceive and meditate of pleasant things."

Some old earthen camp or barrow, some clump of trees, at least some starved fragment of ancient

*Reprinted from "Wessex Tales" by permission of Harper and Brothers.

hedge, is usually taken advantage of in the erection of these forlorn dwellings. But, in the present case, such a kind of shelter had been disregarded. Higher Crowstairs, as the house was called, stood quite detached and undefended. The only reason for its precise situation seemed to be the crossing of two footpaths at right angles hard by, which may have crossed there and thus for a good five hundred years. The house was thus exposed to the elements on all sides. But, though the wind up here blew unmistakably, when it did blow, and the rain hit hard whenever it fell, the various weathers of the winter season were not quite so formidable on the coomb as they were imagined to be by dwellers on low ground. The raw rimes were not so pernicious as in the hollows, and the frosts were scarcely so severe. When the shepherd and his family who tenanted the house were pitied for their sufferings from the exposure, they said that upon the whole they were less inconvenienced by "wuzzes and flames" (hoarses and phlegms) than when they had lived by the stream of a snug neighboring valley.

The night of March 28, 182–, was precisely one of the nights that were wont to call forth these expressions of commiseration. The level rainstorm smote walls, slopes, and hedges like the clothyard shafts of Senlac and Crécy. Such sheep and outdoor animals as had no shelter stood with their buttocks to the wind; while the tails of little birds trying to roost on some scraggy thorn were blown inside out like umbrellas. The

gable-end of the cottage was stained with wet, and the eaves-droppings flapped against the wall. Yet never was commiseration for the shepherd more misplaced. For that cheerful rustic was entertaining a large party in glorification of the christening of his second girl.

The guests had arrived before the rain began to fall, and they were all now assembled in the chief or living-room of the dwelling. A glance into the apartment at eight o'clock on this eventful evening would have resulted in the opinion that it was as cosy and comfortable a nook as could be wished for in boisterous weather. The calling of its inhabitant was proclaimed by a number of highly polished sheep-crooks without stems that were hung ornamentally over the fireplace, the curl of each shining crook varying from the antiquated type engraved in the patriarchal pictures of old family Bibles to the most approved fashion of the last local sheep-fair. The room was lighted by half-a-dozen candles, having wicks only a trifle smaller than the grease which enveloped them, in candlesticks that were never used but at high-days, holy-days, and family feasts. The lights were scattered about the room, two of them standing on the chimneypiece. This position of candles was in itself significant. Candles on the chimneypiece always meant a party.

On the hearth, in front of a back-brand to give substance, blazed a fire of thorns, that crackled "like the laughter of the fool."

Nineteen persons were gathered here. Of these,

five women, wearing gowns of various bright hues, sat in chairs along the wall; girls shy and not shy filled the window-bench; four men, including Charley Jake the hedge-carpenter, Elijah New the parish-clerk, and John Pitcher, a neighboring dairyman, the shepherd's father-in-law, lolled in the settle; a young man and maid, who were blushing over tentative *pourparlers* on a life-companionship, sat beneath the corner-cupboard; and an elderly engaged man of fifty or upward moved restlessly about from spots where his betrothed was not to the spot where she was. Enjoyment was pretty general, and so much the more prevailed in being unhampered by conventional restrictions. Absolute confidence in each other's good opinion begat perfect ease, while the finishing stroke of manner, amounting to a truly princely serenity, was lent to the majority by the absence of any expression or trait denoting that they wished to get on in the world, enlarge their minds, or do any eclipsing thing whatever—which nowadays so generally nips the bloom and *bonhomie* of all except the two extremes of the social scale.

Shepherd Fennel had married well, his wife being a dairyman's daughter from the valley below, who brought fifty guineas in her pocket—and kept them there, till they should be required for ministering to the needs of a coming family. This frugal woman had been somewhat exercised as to the character that should be given to the gathering. A sit-still party had its advantages; but an

undisturbed position of ease in chairs and settles was apt to lead on the men to such an unconscionable deal of toping that they would sometimes fairly drink the house dry. A dancing-party was the alternative; but this, while avoiding the foregoing objection on the score of good drink, had a counterbalancing disadvantage in the matter of good victuals, the ravenous appetites engendered by the exercise causing immense havoc in the buttery. Shepherdess Fennel fell back upon the intermediate plan of mingling short dances with short periods of talk and singing, so as to hinder any ungovernable rage in either. But this scheme was entirely confined to her own gentle mind: the shepherd himself was in the mood to exhibit the most reckless phases of hospitality.

The fiddler was a boy of those parts, about twelve years of age, who had a wonderful dexterity in jigs and reels, though his fingers were so small and short as to necessitate a constant shifting for the high notes, from which he scrambled back to the first position with sounds not of unmixed purity of tone. At seven the shrill tweedle-dee of this youngster had begun, accompanied by a booming ground-bass from Elijah New, the parish-clerk, who had thoughtfully brought with him his favorite musical instrument, the serpent. Dancing was instantaneous, Mrs. Fennel privately enjoining the players on no account to let the dance exceed the length of a quarter of an hour.

But Elijah and the boy, in the excitement of

their position, quite forgot the injunction. Moreover, Oliver Giles, a man of seventeen, one of the dancers, who was enamored of his partner, a fair girl of thirty-three rolling years, had recklessly handed a new crown-piece to the musicians, as a bribe to keep going as long as they had muscle and wind. Mrs. Fennel, seeing the steam begin to generate on the countenances of her guests, crossed over and touched the fiddler's elbow and put her hand on the serpent's mouth. But they took no notice, and fearing she might lose her character of genial hostess if she were to interfere too markedly, she retired and sat down helpless. And so the dance whizzed on with cumulative fury, the performers moving in their planet-like courses, direct and retrograde, from apogee to perigee, till the hand of the well-kicked clock at the bottom of the room had travelled over the circumference of an hour.

While those cheerful events were in course of enactment within Fennel's pastoral dwelling, an incident having considerable bearing on the party had occurred in the gloomy night without. Mrs. Fennel's concern about the growing fierceness of the dance corresponded in point of time with the ascent of a human figure to the solitary hill of Higher Crowstairs from the direction of the distant town. This personage strode on through the rain without a pause, following the little-worn path which, further on in its course, skirted the shepherd's cottage.

It was nearly the time of full moon, and on this

account, though the sky was lined with a uniform sheet of dripping cloud, ordinary objects out-of-doors were readily visible. The sad wan light revealed the lonely pedestrian to be a man of supple frame; his gait suggested that he had somewhat passed the period of perfect and instinctive agility, though not so far as to be otherwise than rapid of motion when occasion required. In point of fact he might have been about forty years of age. He appeared tall, but a recruiting sergeant, or other person accustomed to the judging of men's heights by the eye, would have discerned that this was chiefly owing to his gauntness, and that he was not more than five feet eight or nine.

Notwithstanding the regularity of his tread, there was caution in it, as in that of one who mentally feels his way; and despite the fact that it was not a black coat nor a dark garment of any sort that he wore, there was something about him which suggested that he naturally belonged to the black-coated tribes of men. His clothes were of fustian, and his boots hobnailed, yet in his progress he showed not the mud-accustomed bearing of hobnailed and fustianed peasantry.

By the time that he had arrived abreast of the shepherd's premises the rain came down, or rather came along, with yet more determined violence. The outskirts of the little homestead partially broke the force of wind and rain, and this induced him to stand still. The most salient of the shepherd's domestic erections was an empty sty at the forward corner of his hedgeless garden, for in

these latitudes the principle of masking the homelier features of your establishment by a conventional frontage was unknown. The traveller's eye was attracted to this small building by the pallid shine of the wet slates that covered it. He turned aside, and, finding it empty, stood under the pent-roof for shelter.

While he stood, the boom of the serpent within, and the lesser strains of the fiddler, reached the spot as an accompaniment to the surging hiss of the flying rain on the sod, its louder beating on the cabbage-leaves of the garden, on the eight or ten bee-hives just discernible by the path, and its dripping from the eaves into a row of buckets and pans that had been placed under the walls of the cottage. For at Higher Crowstairs, as at all such elevated domiciles, the grand difficulty of housekeeping was an insufficiency of water; and a casual rainfall was utilized by turning out, as catchers, every utensil that the house contained. Some queer stories might be told of the contrivances for economy in suds and dish-waters that are absolutely necessitated in upland habitations during the droughts of summer. But at this season there were no such exigencies: a mere acceptance of what the skies bestowed was sufficient for an abundant store.

At last the notes of the serpent ceased and the house was silent. This cessation of activity aroused the solitary pedestrian from the reverie into which he had lapsed, and, emerging from the

shed, with an apparently new intention, he walked up the path to the house-door. Arrived here, his first act was to kneel down on a large stone beside the row of vessels, and to drink a copious draught from one of them. Having quenched his thirst, he rose and lifted his hand to knock, but paused with his eye upon the panel. Since the dark surface of the wood revealed absolutely nothing, it was evident that he must be mentally looking through the door, as if he wished to measure thereby all the possibilities that a house of this sort might include, and how they might bear upon the question of his entry.

In his indecision he turned and surveyed the scene around. Not a soul was anywhere visible. The garden-path stretched downward from his feet, gleaming like the track of a snail; the roof of the little well (mostly dry), the well cover, the top rail of the garden gate, were varnished with the same dull liquid glaze; while, far away in the vale, a faint whiteness of more than usual extent showed that the rivers were high in the meads. Beyond all this winked a few bleared lamplights through the beating drops, lights that denoted the situation of the county-town from which he had appeared to come. The absence of all notes of life in that direction seemed to clinch his intentions, and he knocked at the door.

Within, a desultory chat had taken the place of movement and musical sound. The hedge-carpenter was suggesting a song to the company,

which nobody just then was inclined to undertake, so that the knock afforded a not unwelcome diversion.

"Walk in!" said the shepherd promptly.

The latch clicked upward, and out of the night our pedestrian appeared upon the door-mat. The shepherd arose, snuffed two of the nearest candles, and turned to look at him.

Their light disclosed that the stranger was dark in complexion, and not unprepossessing as to feature. His hat, which for a moment he did not remove, hung low over his eyes, without concealing that they were large, open, and determined, moving with a flash rather than a glance round the room. He seemed pleased with the survey, and, baring his shaggy head, said, in a rich deep voice, "The rain is so heavy, friends, that I ask leave to come in and rest awhile."

"To be sure, stranger," said the shepherd. "And faith, you've been lucky in choosing your time, for we are having a bit of a fling for a glad cause—though to be sure a man could hardly wish that glad cause to happen more than once a year."

"Nor less," spoke up a woman. "For 'tis best to get your family over and done with, as soon as you can, so as to be all the earlier out of the fag o't."

"And what may be this glad cause?" asked the stranger.

"A birth and christening," said the shepherd.

The stranger hoped his host might not be made unhappy either by too many or too few of such epi-

sodes, and being invited by a gesture to a pull at the mug, he readily acquiesced. His manner, which before entering had been so dubious, was now altogether that of a careless and candid man.

"Late to be traipsing athwart this coomb—hey?" said the engaged man of fifty.

"Late it is, master, as you say.—I'll take a seat in the chimney-corner, if you have nothing to urge against it, ma'am; for I am a little moist on the side that was next the rain."

Mrs. Shepherd Fennel assented, and made room for the self-invited comer, who, having got completely inside the chimney-corner, stretched out his legs and his arms with the expansiveness of a person quite at home.

"Yes, I am rather thin in the vamp," he said freely, seeing that the eyes of Shepherd's wife fell upon his boots, "and I am not well-fitted, either. I have had some rough times lately, and have been forced to pick up what I can get in the way of wearing, but I must find a suit better fit for working-days when I reach home."

"One of hereabouts?" she inquired.

"Not quite that—further up the country."

"I thought so. And so am I; and by your tongue you come from my neighborhood."

"But you would hardly have heard of me," he said quickly. "My time would be long before yours, ma'am, you see."

This testimony to the youthfulness of his hostess had the effect of stopping her cross-examination.

"There is only one thing more wanted to make me happy," continued the newcomer. "And that is a little baccy, which I am sorry to say I am out of."

"I'll fill your pipe," said the shepherd.

"I must ask you to lend me a pipe likewise."

"A smoker, and no pipe about ye?"

"I have dropped it somewhere on the road."

The shepherd filled and handed him a new clay pipe, saying, as he did so, "Hand me your baccy-box—I'll fill that, too, now I am about it."

The man went through the movement of searching his pockets.

"Lost that, too?" said his entertainer, with some surprise.

"I am afraid so," said the man with some confusion. "Give it to me in a screw of paper." Lighting his pipe at the candle with a suction that drew the whole flame into the bowl, he resettled himself in the corner, and bent his looks upon the faint steam from his damp legs, as if he wished to say no more.

Meanwhile the general body of guests had been taking little notice of this visitor by reason of an absorbing discussion in which they were engaged with the band about a tune for the next dance. The matter being settled, they were about to stand up when an interruption came in the shape of another knock at the door.

At sound of the same the man in the chimney-corner took up the poker and began stirring the fire as if doing it thoroughly were the one aim of

his existence; and a second time the shepherd said "Walk in!" In a moment another man stood upon the straw-woven door-mat. He, too, was a stranger.

This individual was one of a type radically different from the first. There was more of the commonplace in his manner, and a certain jovial cosmopolitanism sat upon his features. He was several years older than the first arrival, his hair being slightly frosted, his eyebrows bristly, and his whiskers cut back from his cheeks. His face was rather full and flabby, and yet it was not altogether a face without power. A few grog-blossoms marked the neighborhood of his nose. He flung back his long drab greatcoat, revealing that beneath it he wore a suit of cinder-gray shade throughout, large heavy seals, of some metal or other that would take a polish, dangling from his fob as his only personal ornament. Shaking the water-drops from his low-crowned glazed hat, he said, "I must ask for a few minutes' shelter, comrades, or I shall be wetted to my skin before I get to Casterbridge."

"Make yerself at home, master," said the shepherd, perhaps a trifle less heartily than on the first occasion. Not that Fennel had the least tinge of niggardliness in his composition; but the room was far from large, spare chairs were not numerous, and damp companions were not altogether comfortable at close quarters for the women and girls in their bright-colored gowns.

However, the second comer, after taking off his

greatcoat, and hanging his hat on a nail in one of the ceiling-beams as if he had been specially invited to put it there, advanced and sat down at the table. This had been pushed so closely into the chimney-corner, to give all available room to the dancers, that its inner edge grazed the elbow of the man who had ensconced himself by the fire; and thus the two strangers were brought into close companionship. They nodded to each other by way of breaking the ice of unacquaintance, and the first stranger handed his neighbor the large mug—a huge vessel of brown ware, having its upper edge worn away like a threshold by the rub of whole genealogies of thirsty lips that had gone the way of all flesh, and bearing the following inscription burnt upon its rotund side in yellow letters:—

THERE IS NO FUN
UNTILL I CUM.

The other man, nothing loth, raised the mug to his lips, and drank on, and on, and on—till a curious blueness overspread the countenance of the shepherd's wife, who had regarded with no little surprise the first stranger's free offer to the second of what did not belong to him to dispense.

"I knew it!" said the toper to the shepherd with much satisfaction. "When I walked up your garden afore coming in, and saw the hives all of a row, I said to myself, 'Where there's bees there's honey, and where there's honey there's mead.' But mead of such a truly comfortable

sort as this I really didn't expect to meet in my older days." He took yet another pull at the mug, till it assumed an ominous horizontality.

"Glad you enjoy it!" said the shepherd warmly.

"It is goodish mead," assented Mrs. Fennel with an absence of enthusiasm, which seemed to say that it was possible to buy praise for one's cellar at too heavy a price. "It is trouble enough to make—and really I hardly think we shall make any more. For honey sells well, and we can make shift with a drop o' small mead and metheglin for common use from the comb-washings."

"Oh, but you'll never have the heart!" reproachfully cried the stranger in cinder-gray, after taking up the mug a third time and setting it down empty. "I love mead, when 'tis old like this, as I love to go to church o' Sundays, or to relieve the needy any day of the week."

"Ha, ha, ha!" said the man in the chimney-corner, who, in spite of the taciturnity induced by the pipe of tobacco, could not or would not refrain from this slight testimony to his comrade's humor.

Now the old mead of those days, brewed of the purest first-year or maiden honey, four pounds to the gallon—with its due complement of whites of eggs, cinnamon, ginger, cloves, mace, rosemary, yeast, and processes of working, bottling, and cellaring—tasted remarkably strong; but it did not taste so strong as it actually was. Hence, presently, the stranger in cinder-gray at the table, moved by its creeping influence, unbuttoned his

waistcoat, threw himself back in his chair, spread his legs, and made his presence felt in various ways.

"Well, well, as I say," he resumed, "I am going to Casterbridge, and to Casterbridge I must go. I should have been almost there by this time, but the rain drove me into ye; and I'm not sorry for it."

"You don't live in Casterbridge?" said the shepherd.

"Not as yet; though I shortly mean to move there."

"Going to set up in trade, perhaps?"

"No, no," said the shepherd's wife. "It is easy to see that the gentleman is rich, and don't want to work at anything."

The cinder-gray stranger paused, as if to consider whether he would accept that definition of himself. He presently rejected it by answering, "Rich is not quite the word for me, dame. I do work, and I must work. And even if I only get to Casterbridge by midnight I must begin work there at eight to-morrow morning. Yes, het or wet, blow or snow, famine or sword, my day's work to-morrow must be done."

"Poor man! Then, in spite o' seeming, you be worse off than we?" replied the shepherd's wife.

"'Tis the nature of my trade, men and maidens. 'Tis the nature of my trade more than my poverty. . . . But really and truly I must up and off, or I sha'n't get a lodging in the town." However, the speaker did not move, and directly added, "There's time for one more draught of

friendship before I go; and I'd perform it at once if the mug were not dry."

"Here's a mug o' small," said Mrs. Fennel. "Small, we call it, though to be sure 'tis only the first wash o' the combs."

"No," said the stranger disdainfully. "I won't spoil your first kindness by partaking o' your second."

"Certainly not," broke in Fennel. "We don't increase and multiply every day, and I'll fill the mug again." He went away to the dark place under the stairs where the barrel stood. The shepherdess followed him.

"Why should you do this?" she said reproachfully, as soon as they were alone. "He's emptied it once, though it held enough for ten people; and now he's not contented wi' the small, but must needs call for more o' the strong! And a stranger unbeknown to any of us. For my part I don't like the look o' the man at all."

"But he's in the house, my honey; and 'tis a wet night, and a christening. Daze it, what's a cup of mead more or less? There'll be plenty more next bee-burning."

"Very well—this time, then," she answered, looking wistfully at the barrel. "But what is the man's calling, and where is he one of, that he should come in and join us like this?"

"I don't know. I'll ask him again."

The catastrophe of having the mug drained dry at one pull by the stranger in cinder-gray was effectually guarded against this time by Mrs

Fennel. She poured out his allowance in a small cup, keeping the large one at a discreet distance from him. When he had tossed off his portion the shepherd renewed his inquiry about the stranger's occupation.

The latter did not immediately reply, and the man in the chimney-corner, with sudden demonstrativeness, said, "Anybody may know my trade —I'm a wheelwright."

"A very good trade for these parts," said the shepherd.

"And anybody may know mine—if they've the sense to find it out," said the stranger in cinder-gray.

"You may generally tell what a man is by his claws," observed the hedge-carpenter, looking at his hands. "My fingers be as full of thorns as an old pincushion is of pins."

The hands of the man in the chimney-corner instinctively sought the shade, and he gazed into the fire as he resumed his pipe. The man at the table took up the hedge-carpenter's remark, and added smartly, "True; but the oddity of my trade is that, instead of setting a mark upon me, it sets a mark upon my customers."

No observation being offered by anybody in elucidation of this enigma, the shepherd's wife once more called for a song. The same obstacles presented themselves as at the former time—one had no voice, another had forgotten the first verse. The stranger at the table, whose soul had now risen to a good working temperature, relieved

the difficulty by exclaiming that, to start the company, he would sing himself. Thrusting one thumb into the arm-hole of his waistcoat, he waved the other hand in the air, and, with an extemporizing gaze at the shining sheep-crooks above the mantelpiece, began:

Oh my trade it is the rarest one,
Simple shepherds all—
My trade is a sight to see;
For my customers I tie, and take them up on high,
And waft 'em to a far countree.

The room was silent when he had finished the verse—with one exception, that of the man in the chimney-corner, who, at the singer's word, "Chorus!" joined him in a deep bass voice of musical relish—

And waft 'em to a far countree.

Oliver Giles, John Pitcher the dairyman, the parish-clerk, the engaged man of fifty, the row of young women against the wall seemed lost in thought not of the gayest kind. The shepherd looked meditatively on the ground, the shepherdess gazed keenly at the singer, and with some suspicion; she was doubting whether this stranger were merely singing an old song from recollection or was composing one there and then for the occasion. All were as perplexed at the obscure revelation as the guests at Belshazzar's Feast, except the man in the chimney-corner, who quietly said, "Second verse, stranger," and smoked on.

The singer thoroughly moistened himself from his lips inward, and went on with the next stanza as requested:—

My tools are but common ones,
Simple shepherds all,
My tools are no sight to see:
A little hempen string, and a post whereon to swing,
Are implements enough for me.

Shepherd Fennel glanced round. There was no longer any doubt that the stranger was answering his question rhythmically. The guests one and all started back with suppressed exclamations. The young woman engaged to the man of fifty fainted halfway, and would have proceeded, but finding him wanting in alacrity for catching her she sat down trembling.

"Oh, he's the——!" whispered the people in the background, mentioning the name of an ominous public officer. "He's come to do it. 'Tis to be at Casterbridge gaol to-morrow—the man for sheep-stealing—the poor clock-maker we heard of, who used to live away at Anglebury and had no work to do—Timothy Sommers, whose family were a-starving, and so he went out of Anglebury by the high-road, and took a sheep in open daylight, defying the farmer and the farmer's wife and the farmer's man, and every man jack among 'em. He" (and they nodded toward the stranger of the terrible trade) "is come from up the country to do it because there's not enough to do in his own county-town, and he's got the place here

now our own county man's dead; he's going to live in the same cottage under the prison wall."

The stranger in cinder-gray took no notice of this whispered string of observations, but again wetted his lips. Seeing that his friend in the chimney-corner was the only one who reciprocated his joviality in any way, he held out his cup toward that appreciative comrade, who also held out his own. They clinked together, the eyes of the rest of the room hanging upon the singer's actions. He parted his lips for the third verse; but at that moment another knock was audible upon the door. This time the knock was faint and hesitating.

The company seemed scared; the shepherd looked with consternation toward the entrance, and it was with some effort that he resisted his alarmed wife's deprecatory glance, and uttered for the third time the welcoming words, "Walk in!"

The door was gently opened, and another man stood upon the mat. He, like those who had preceded him, was a stranger. This time it was a short, small personage, of fair complexion, and dressed in a decent suit of dark clothes.

"Can you tell me the way to——?" he began; when, gazing round the room to observe the nature of the company amongst whom he had fallen, his eyes lighted on the stranger in cinder-gray. It was just at the instant when the latter, who had thrown his mind into his song with such a will that he scarcely heeded the interruption, silenced

all whispers and inquiries by bursting into his third verse:—

To-morrow is my working day,
Simple shepherds all—
To-morrow is a working day for me:
For the farmer's sheep is slain, and the lad who did it ta'en,
And on his soul may God ha' merc-y!

The stranger in the chimney-corner, waving cups with the singer so heartily that his mead splashed over on the hearth, repeated in his bass voice as before:—

And on his soul may God ha' merc-y!

All this time the third stranger had been standing in the doorway. Finding now that he did not come forward or go on speaking, the guests particularly regarded him. They noticed to their surprise that he stood before them the picture of abject terror—his knees trembling, his hand shaking so violently that the door-latch by which he supported himself rattled audibly; his white lips were parted, and his eyes fixed on the merry officer of justice in the middle of the room. A moment more and he had turned, closed the door, and fled.

"What a man can it be?" said the shepherd.

The rest, between the awfulness of their late discovery and the odd conduct of this third visitor, looked as if they knew not what to think, and said nothing. Instinctively they withdrew

further and further from the grim gentleman in their midst, whom some of them seemed to take for the Prince of Darkness himself, till they formed a remote circle, an empty space of floor being left between them and him—

——circulus, cujus centrum diabolus.

The room was so silent—though there were more than twenty people in it—that nothing could be heard but the patter of the rain against the window-shutters, accompanied by the occasional hiss of a stray drop that fell down the chimney into the fire, and the steady puffing of the man in the corner, who had now resumed his pipe of long clay.

The stillness was unexpectedly broken. The distant sound of a gun reverberated through the air—apparently from the direction of the county-town.

"Be jiggered!" cried the stranger who had sung the song, jumping up.

"What does that mean?" asked several.

"A prisoner escaped from the gaol—that's what it means."

All listened. The sound was repeated, and none of them spoke but the man in the chimney-corner, who said quietly, "I've often been told that in this county they fire a gun at such times; but I never heard it till now."

"I wonder if it is *my* man?" murmured the personage in cinder-gray.

"Surely it is!" said the shepherd involuntarily.

"And surely we've seen him! That little man who looked in at the door by now, and quivered like a leaf when he seed ye and heard your song!"

"His teeth chattered, and the breath went out of his body," said the dairyman.

"And his heart seemed to sink within him like a stone," said Oliver Giles.

"And he bolted as if he'd been shot at," said the hedge-carpenter.

"True—his teeth chattered, and his heart seemed to sink; and he bolted as if he'd been shot at," slowly summed up the man in the chimney-corner.

"I didn't notice it," remarked the grim songster.

"We were all a-wondering what made him run off in such a fright," faltered one of the women against the wall, "and now 'tis explained."

The firing of the alarm-gun went on at intervals, low and sullenly, and their suspicions became a certainty. The sinister gentleman in cinder-gray roused himself. "Is there a constable here?" he asked in thick tones. "If so, let him step forward."

The engaged man of fifty stepped quavering out of the corner, his betrothed beginning to sob on the back of the chair.

"You are a sworn constable?"

"I be, sir."

"Then pursue the criminal at once, with assistance, and bring him back here. He can't have gone far."

"I will, sir, I will—when I've got my staff. I'll go home and get it, and come sharp here, and start in a body."

"Staff!—never mind your staff; the man'll be gone!"

"But I can't do nothing without my staff—can I, William, and John, and Charles Jake? No; for there's the king's royal crown a painted on en in yaller and gold, and the lion and the unicorn, so as when I raise en up and hit my prisoner, 'tis made a lawful blow thereby. I wouldn't 'tempt to take up a man without my staff—no, not I. If I hadn't the law to gie me courage, why, instead o' my taking up him he might take up me!"

"Now, I'm a king's man myself, and can give you authority enough for this," said the formidable person in cinder-gray. "Now, then, all of ye, be ready. Have ye any lanterns?"

"Yes—have ye any lanterns?—I demand it," said the constable.

"And the rest of you able-bodied——"

"Able-bodied men—yes—the rest of ye," said the constable.

"Have you some good stout staves and pitchforks——"

"Staves and pitchforks—in the name o' the law. And take 'em in yer hands and go in quest, and do as we in authority tell ye."

Thus aroused, the men prepared to give chase. The evidence was, indeed, though circumstantial, so convincing, that but little argument was needed to show the shepherd's guests that after

what they had seen it would look very much like connivance if they did not instantly pursue the unhappy third stranger, who could not as yet have gone more than a few hundred yards over such uneven country.

A shepherd is always well provided with lanterns; and, lighting these hastily, and with hurdle-staves in their hands, they poured out of the door, taking a direction along the crest of the hill away from the town, the rain having fortunately a little abated.

Disturbed by the noise, or possibly by unpleasant dreams of her baptism, the child who had been christened began to cry heartbrokenly in the room overhead. These notes of grief came down through the chinks of the floor to the ears of the women below, who jumped up one by one, and seemed glad of the excuse to ascend and comfort the baby, for the incidents of the last half hour greatly oppressed them. Thus in the space of two or three minutes the room on the ground floor was deserted quite.

But it was not for long. Hardly had the sound of footsteps died away when a man returned round the corner of the house from the direction the pursuers had taken. Peeping in at the door, and seeing nobody there, he entered leisurely. It was the stranger of the chimney-corner, who had gone out with the rest. The motive of his return was shown by his helping himself to a cut piece of skimmer-cake that lay on a ledge beside where he had sat, and which he had apparently

forgotten to take with him. He also poured out half a cup more mead from the quantity that remained, ravenously eating and drinking these as he stood. He had not finished when another figure came in just as quietly—the stranger in cinder-gray.

"Oh—you here?" said the latter, smiling. "I thought you had gone to help in the capture." And this speaker also revealed the object of his return by looking solicitously round for the fascinating mug of old mead.

"And I thought you had gone," said the other, continuing his skimmer-cake with some effort.

"Well, on second thoughts, I felt there were enough without me," said the first confidentially, "and such a night as it is, too. Besides, 'tis the business o' the Government to take care of its criminals—not mine."

"True; so it is. And I felt as you did, that there were enough without me."

"I don't want to break my limbs running over the humps and hollows of this wild country."

"Nor I neither, between you and me."

"These shepherd-people are used to it—simple-minded souls, you know, stirred up to anything in a moment. They'll have him ready for me before the morning, and no trouble to me at all."

"They'll have him, and we shall have saved ourselves all labor in the matter."

"True, true. Well, my way is to Casterbridge; and 'tis as much as my legs will do to take me that far. Going the same way?"

"No, I am sorry to say. I have to get home over there" (he nodded indefinitely to the right), "and I feel as you do, that it is quite enough for my legs to do before bedtime."

The other had by this time finished the mead in the mug, after which, shaking hands at the door, and wishing each other well, they went their several ways.

In the meantime the company of pursuers had reached the end of the hog's-back elevation which dominated this part of the coomb. They had decided on no particular plan of action; and, finding that the man of the baleful trade was no longer in their company, they seemed quite unable to form any such plan now. They descended in all directions down the hill, and straightway several of the party fell into the snare set by Nature for all misguided midnight ramblers over the lower cretaceous formation. The "lynchets," or flint slopes, which belted the escarpment at intervals of a dozen yards, took the less cautious ones unawares, and losing their footing on the rubbly steep they slid sharply downward, the lanterns rolling from their hands to the bottom, and there lying on their sides till the horn was scorched through.

When they had again gathered themselves together, the shepherd, as the man who knew the country best, took the lead, and guided them round these treacherous inclines. The lanterns, which seemed rather to dazzle their eyes and warn the fugitive than to assist them in the explora-

tion, were extinguished, due silence was observed; and in this more rational order they plunged into the vale. It was a grassy, briary, moist channel, affording some shelter to any person who had sought it; but the party perambulated it in vain, and ascended on the other side. Here they wandered apart, and after an interval, closed together again to report progress. At the second time of closing in they found themselves near a lonely oak, the single tree on this part of the upland, probably sown there by a passing bird some hundred years before. And here, standing a little to one side of the trunk, as motionless as the trunk itself, appeared the man they were in quest of, his outline being well defined against the sky beyond. The band noiselessly drew up and faced him.

"Your money or your life!" said the constable sternly to the still figure.

"No, no," whispered John Pitcher. "'Tisn't our side ought to say that. That's the doctrine of vagabonds like him, and we be on the side of the law."

"Well, well," replied the constable impatiently; "I must say something, mustn't I? and if you had all the weight o' this undertaking upon your mind, perhaps you'd say the wrong thing, too.—Prisoner at the bar, surrender, in the name of the Fath—the Crown, I mane!"

The man under the tree seemed now to notice them for the first time, and, giving them no opportunity whatever for exhibiting their courage, he strolled slowly toward them. He was,

indeed, the little man, the third stranger; but his trepidation had in a great measure gone.

"Well, travellers," he said, "did I hear ye speak to me?"

"You did: you've got to come and be our prisoner at once," said the constable. "We arrest ye on the charge of not biding in Casterbridge gaol in a decent proper manner to be hung to-morrow morning. Neighbors, do your duty, and seize the culpet!"

On hearing the charge, the man seemed enlightened, and, saying not another word, resigned himself with preternatural civility to the search-party, who, with their staves in their hands, surrounded him on all sides, and marched him back toward the shepherd's cottage.

It was eleven o'clock by the time they arrived. The light shining from the open door, a sound of men's voices within, proclaimed to them as they approached the house that some new events had arisen in their absence. On entering they discovered the shepherd's living-room to be invaded by two officers from Casterbridge gaol, and a well-known magistrate who lived at the nearest country seat, intelligence of the escape having become generally circulated.

"Gentlemen," said the constable, "I have brought back your man—not without risk and danger; but every one must do his duty. He is inside this circle of able-bodied persons, who have lent me useful aid considering their ignorance of

Crown work. Men, bring forward your prisoner." And the third stranger was led to the light.

"Who is this?" said one of the officials.

"The man," said the constable.

"Certainly not," said the other turnkey; and the first corroborated his statement.

"But how can it be otherwise?" asked the constable. "Or why was he so terrified at sight o' the singing instrument of the law?" Here he related the strange behavior of the third stranger on entering the house.

"Can't understand it," said the officer coolly. "All I know is that it is not the condemned man. He's quite a different character from this one; a gauntish fellow, with dark hair and eyes, rather good-looking, and with a musical bass voice that if you heard it once you'd never mistake as long as you lived."

"Why, souls—'twas the man in the chimney-corner!"

"Hey—what?" said the magistrate, coming forward after inquiring particulars from the shepherd in the background. "Haven't you got the man, after all?'

"Well, sir," said the constable, "he's the man we were in search of, that's true; and yet he's not the man we were in search of. For the man we were in search of was not the man we wanted, sir, if you understand my everyday way; for 'twas the man in the chimney-corner."

"A pretty kettle of fish altogether!" said the

magistrate. "You had better start for the other man at once."

The prisoner now spoke for the first time. The mention of the man in the chimney-corner seemed to have moved him as nothing else could do. "Sir," he said, stepping forward to the magistrate, "take no more trouble about me. The time is come when I may as well speak. I have done nothing; my crime is that the condemned man is my brother. Early this afternoon I left home at Anglebury to tramp it all the way to Casterbridge gaol to bid him farewell. I was benighted, and called here to rest and ask the way. When I opened the door I saw before me the very man, my brother, that I thought to see in the condemned cell at Casterbridge. He was in this chimney-corner; and jammed close to him, so that he could not have got out if he had tried, was the executioner who'd come to take his life, singing a song about it and not knowing that it was his victim who was close by, joining in to save appearances. My brother looked a glance of agony at me, and I knew he meant, 'Don't reveal what you see; my life depends on it.' I was so terror-struck that I could hardly stand, and, not knowing what I did, I turned and hurried away."

The narrator's manner and tone had the stamp of truth, and his story made a great impression on all around. "And do you know where your brother is at the present time?" asked the magistrate.

"I do not. I have never seen him since I closed this door."

"I can testify to that, for we've been between ye ever since," said the constable.

"Where does he think to fly to? What is his occupation?"

"He's a watch-and-clock-maker, sir."

"'A said 'a was a wheelwright—a wicked rogue," said the constable.

"The wheels o' clocks and watches he meant, no doubt," said Shepherd Fennel. "I thought his hands were palish for's trade."

"Well, it appears to me that nothing can be gained by retaining this poor man in custody," said the magistrate; "your business lies with the other, unquestionably."

And so the little man was released off-hand; but he looked nothing the less sad on that account, it being beyond the power of magistrate or constable to raze out the written troubles in his brain, for they concerned another whom he regarded with more solicitude than himself. When this was done, and the man had gone his way, the night was found to be so far advanced that it was deemed useless to renew the search before the next morning.

Next day, accordingly, the quest for the clever sheep-stealer became general and keen, to all appearance at least. But the intended punishment was cruelly disproportioned to the transgression, and the sympathy of a great many country folk in that district was strongly on the side of the fugitive. Moreover, his marvellous coolness and daring under the unprecedented cir-

cumstances of the shepherd's party won their admiration. So that it may be questioned if all those who ostensibly made themselves so busy in exploring woods and fields and lanes were quite so thorough when it came to the private examination of their own lofts and outhouses. Stories were afloat of a mysterious figure being occasionally seen in some old overgrown trackway or other, remote from turnpike roads; but when a search was instituted in any of these suspected quarters nobody was found. Thus the days and weeks passed without tidings.

In brief, the bass-voiced man of the chimney-corner was never recaptured. Some said that he went across the sea, others that he did not, but buried himself in the depths of a populous city. At any rate, the gentleman in cinder-gray never did his morning's work at Casterbridge, nor met anywhere at all, for business purposes, the comrade with whom he had passed an hour of relaxation in the lonely house on the coomb.

The grass has long been green on the graves of Shepherd Fennel and his frugal wife; the guests who made up the christening party have mainly followed their entertainers to the tomb; the baby in whose honor they all had met is a matron in the sere and yellow leaf. But the arrival of the three strangers at the shepherd's that night, and the details connected therewith, is a story as well known as ever in the country about Higher Crowstairs.

THOMAS HARDY.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ROBERT BURNS

[TO DR. MOORE]

Mauchline, August 2, 1787.

FOR some months past I have been rambling over the country, but I am now confined with some lingering complaints, originating, as I take it, in the stomach. To divert my spirits a little in this miserable fog of ennui, I have taken a whim to give you a history of myself. My name has made some little noise in this country; you have done me the honor to interest yourself very warmly in my behalf; and I think a faithful account of what character of a man I am, and how I came by that character, may perhaps amuse you in an idle moment. I will give you an honest narrative, though I know it will be often at my own expense; for I assure you, sir, I have, like Solomon, whose character, excepting in the trifling affair of wisdom, I sometimes think I resemble—I have, I say, like him turned my eyes to behold madness and folly, and like him, too, frequently shaken hands with their intoxicating friendship. After you have perused these pages, should you think them trifling and impertinent, I only beg

leave to tell you that the poor author wrote them under some twitching qualms of conscience, arising from a suspicion that he was doing what he ought not to do; a predicament he has more than once been in before.

I have not the most distant pretensions to assume that character which the pye-coated guardians of escutcheons call a gentleman. When at Edinburgh last winter, I got acquainted in the Herald's office; and, looking through that granary of honors, I there found almost every name in the kingdom; but for me,

My ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood.

Gules, purpure, argent, etc., quite disowned me.

My father was of the north of Scotland, the son of a farmer, and was thrown by early misfortunes on the world at large; where, after many years' wanderings and sojournings, he picked up a pretty large quantity of observation and experience, to which I am indebted for most of my little pretensions to wisdom. I have met with few who understood men, their manners and their ways, equal to him; but stubborn, ungainly integrity, and headlong, ungovernable irascibility, are disqualifying circumstances; consequently, I was born a very poor man's son. For the first six or seven years of my life, my father was gardener to a worthy gentleman of small estate in the neighborhood of Ayr. Had he continued in that station, I must have marched off to be

one of the little underlings about a farmhouse; but it was his dearest wish and prayer to have it in his power to keep his children under his own eye, till they could discern between good and evil; so with the assistance of his generous master, my father ventured on a small farm on his estate.

AS A BOY

At those years, I was by no means a favorite with anybody. I was a good deal noted for a retentive memory, a stubborn sturdy something in my disposition, and an enthusiastic idiotic piety. I say idiotic piety, because I was then but a child. Though it cost the schoolmaster some thrashings, I made an excellent English scholar; and by the time I was ten or eleven years of age, I was a critic in substantives, verbs, and particles. In my infant and boyish days, too, I owe much to an old woman who resided in the family, remarkable for her ignorance, credulity, and superstition. She had, I suppose, the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantrapis, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery. This cultivated the latent seeds of poetry; but had so strong an effect on my imagination, that to this hour, in my nocturnal rambles, I sometimes keep a sharp lookout in suspicious places; and though nobody can be more sceptical than I am in such

matters, yet it often takes an effort of philosophy to shake off these idle terrors.

EARLY READING

The earliest composition that I recollect taking pleasure in, was "The Vision of Mirza," and a hymn of Addison's beginning, "How are thy servants blest, O Lord!" I particularly remember one half-stanza which was music to my boyish ear—

> For though on dreadful whirls we hung
> High on the broken wave—

I met with these pieces in Mason's English Collection, one of my schoolbooks. The first two books I ever read in private, and which gave me more pleasure than any two books I ever read since, were "The Life of Hannibal," and "The History of Sir William Wallace." Hannibal gave my young ideas such a turn, that I used to strut in raptures up and down after the recruiting drum and bagpipe, and wish myself tall enough to be a soldier; while the story of Wallace poured a Scottish prejudice into my veins, which will boil along there till the floodgates of life shut in eternal rest.

Polemical divinity about this time was putting the country half mad, and I, ambitious of shining in conversation parties on Sundays, between sermons, at funerals, etc., used a few years afterward to puzzle Calvinism with so much heat and indiscretion, that I raised a hue and cry of heresy against me, which has not ceased to this hour.

My vicinity to Ayr was of some advantage to me. My social disposition, when not checked by some modifications of spirited pride, was like our catechism definition of infinitude, without bounds or limits. I formed several connections with other younkers, who possessed superior advantages; the youngling actors who were busy in the rehearsal of parts, in which they were shortly to appear on the stage of life, where, alas! I was destined to drudge behind the scenes. It is not commonly at this green age, that our young gentry have a just sense of the immense distance between them and their ragged playfellows. It takes a few dashes into the world to give the young great man that proper, decent, unnoticing disregard for the poor, insignificant, stupid devils, the mechanics and peasantry around him, who were, perhaps, born in the same village. My young superiors never insulted the clouterly appearance of my plough-boy carcase, the two extremes of which were often exposed to all the inclemencies of all the seasons. They would give me stray volumes of books; among them, even then, I could pick up some observations, and one, whose heart, I am sure, not even the "Munny Begum" scenes have tainted, helped me to a little French. Parting with these my young friends and benefactors, as they occasionally went off for the East or West Indies, was often to me a sore affliction; but I was soon called to more serious evils. My father's generous master died, the farm proved a ruinous bargain; and to clench the misfortune, we

fell into the hands of a factor, who sat for the picture I have drawn of one in my tale of "Twa Dogs." My father was advanced in life when he married; I was the eldest of seven children, and he, worn out by early hardships, was unfit for labor. My father's spirit was soon irritated, but not easily broken. There was a freedom in his lease in two years more, and to weather these two years, we retrenched our expenses. We lived very poorly; I was a dexterous ploughman for my age; and the next eldest to me was a brother (Gilbert), who could drive the plough very well, and help me to thrash the corn. A novel-writer might, perhaps, have viewed these scenes with some satisfaction, but so did not I; my indignation yet boils at the recollection of the scoundrel factor's insolent threatening letters, which used to set us all in tears.

BEGINS RHYMING

This kind of life—the cheerless gloom of a hermit, with the unceasing moil of a galley slave, brought me to my sixteenth year; a little before which period I first committed the sin of rhyme. You know our country custom of coupling a man and woman together as partners in the labors of harvest. In my fifteenth autumn, my partner was a bewitching creature, a year younger than myself. My scarcity of English denies me the power of doing her justice in that language, but you know the Scottish idiom: she was a "bonnie, sweet, sonsie (engaging) lass." In short, she, altogether

unwittingly to herself, initiated me in that delicious passion, which, in spite of acid disappointment, gin-horse prudence, and book-worm philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys, our dearest blessing here below! How she caught the contagion I cannot tell you; you medical people talk much of infection from breathing the same air, the touch, etc., but I never expressly said I loved her. Indeed I did not know myself why I liked so much to loiter behind with her, when returning in the evening from our labors; why the tones of her voice made my heartstrings thrill like an Æolian harp; and particularly why my pulse beat such a furious ratan, when I looked and fingered over her little hand to pick out the cruel nettle-stings and thistles. Among her other love-inspiring qualities, she sung sweetly; and it was her favorite reel to which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme. I was not so presumptuous as to imagine that I could make verses like printed ones, composed by men who had Greek and Latin; but my girl sung a song which was said to be composed by a small country laird's son, on one of his father's maids, with whom he was in love; and I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as he; for, excepting that he could smear sheep, and cast peats, his father living in the moorlands, he had no more scholar-craft than myself.

Thus with me began love and poetry, which at times have been my only, and till within the last twelve months, have been my highest, enjoyment.

My father struggled on till he reached the freedom in his lease, when he entered on a larger farm, about ten miles farther in the country. The nature of the bargain he made was such as to throw a little ready money into his hands at the commencement of his lease, otherwise the affair would have been impracticable. For four years we lived comfortably here, but a difference commencing between him and his landlord as to terms, after three years' tossing and whirling in the vortex of litigation, my father was just saved from the horrors of a jail, by a consumption, which, after two years' promises, kindly stepped in, and carried him away, to where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest!

A DILIGENT READER

It is during the time that we lived on this farm, that my little story is most eventful. I was, at the beginning of this period, perhaps the most ungainly, awkward boy in the parish—no hermit was less acquainted with the ways of the world. What I knew of ancient story was gathered from Salmon's and Guthrie's Geographical Grammars; and the ideas I had formed of modern manners, of literature, and criticism, I got from the *Spectator*. These, with Pope's Works, some Plays of Shakespeare, Tull and Dickson on Agriculture, The "Pantheon," Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding," Stackhouse's "History of the Bible," Justice's "British Gardener's Directory," Boyle's "Lectures," Allan Ramsay's Works,

Taylor's "Scripture Doctrine of Original Sin," "A Select Collection of English Songs," and Hervey's "Meditations," had formed the whole of my reading. The collection of songs was my companion, day and night. I pored over them, driving my cart, or walking to labor, song by song, verse by verse; carefully noting the true, tender, or sublime, from affectation and fustian. I am convinced I owe to this practice much of my critic-craft, such as it is.

POVERTY AT HOME

In my seventeenth year, to give my manners a brush, I went to a country dancing-school. My father had an unaccountable antipathy against these meetings, and my going was, what to this moment I repent, in opposition to his wishes. My father, as I said before, was subject to strong passions; from that instance of disobedience in me he took a sort of dislike to me, which, I believe, was one cause of the dissipation which marked my succeeding years. I say dissipation, comparatively with the strictness, and sobriety, and regularity of Presbyterian country life; for though the will-o'-wisp meteors of thoughtless whim were almost the sole lights of my path, yet early ingrained piety and virtue kept me for several years afterward within the line of innocence. The great misfortune of my life was to want an aim. I had felt early some stirrings of ambition, but they were the blind gropings of Homer's Cyclops round the walls of his cave. I saw my father's

situation entailed on me perpetual labor. The only two openings by which I could enter the temple of fortune were the gate of niggardly economy or the path of little chicaning bargain-making. The first is so contracted an aperture I never could squeeze myself into it; the last I always hated—there was contamination in the very entrance! Thus abandoned of aim or view in life, with a strong appetite for sociability, as well from native hilarity as from a pride of observation and remark; a constitutional melancholy or hypochondriasm that made me fly solitude; add to these incentives to social life my reputation for bookish knowledge, a certain wild logical talent, and a strength of thought, something like the rudiments of good sense; and it will not seem surprising that I was generally a welcome guest where I visited, or any great wonder that always, where two or three met together, there was I among them. But far beyond all other impulses of my heart was a leaning toward the adorable half of humankind. My heart was completely tinder, and was eternally lighted up by some goddess or other; and, as in every other warfare in this world, my fortune was various; sometimes I was received with favor, and sometimes I was mortified with a repulse. At the plough, scythe, or reap-hook I feared no competitor, and thus I set absolute want at defiance; and as I never cared further for my labors than while I was in actual exercise, I spent the evenings in the way after my own heart.

NEW EXPERIENCES

Another circumstance in my life which made some alteration in my mind and manners, was, that I spent my nineteenth summer on a smuggling coast, a good distance from home, at a noted school, to learn mensuration, surveying, dialling, etc., in which I made a pretty good progress. But I made a greater progress in the knowledge of mankind. The contraband trade was at that time very successful, and it sometimes happened to me to fall in with those who carried it on. Scenes of swaggering riot and roaring dissipation were, till this time, new to me; but I was no enemy to social life.

My reading meantime was enlarged with the very important addition of Thomson's and Shenstone's Works. I had seen human nature in a new phase; and I engaged several of my schoolfellows to keep up a literary correspondence with me. This improved me in composition. I had met with a collection of letters by the wits of Queen Anne's reign, and pored over them most devoutly. I kept copies of any of my own letters that pleased me, and a comparison between them and the composition of most of my correspondents flattered my vanity. I carried this whim so far that, though I had not three-farthings' worth of business in the world, yet almost every post brought me as many letters as if I had been a broad plodding son of the day-book and ledger.

BEGINS HIS SONGS

My life flowed on much in the same course till my twenty-third year. The addition of two more authors to my library gave me great pleasure: Sterne and Mackenzie—"Tristram Shandy" and the "Man of Feeling"—were my bosom favorites. Poesy was still a darling walk for my mind, but it was only indulged in according to the humor of the hour. I had usually half a dozen or more pieces on hand; I took up one or other, as it suited the momentary tone of the mind, and dismissed the work as it bordered on fatigue. My passions, when once lighted up, raged like so many devils, till they got vent in rhyme; and then the conning over my verses, like a spell, soothed all into quiet! None of the rhymes of those days are in print, except "Winter, a Dirge," the eldest of my printed pieces; "The Death of Poor Maillie," "John Barleycorn," and Songs First, Second and Third. Song Second was the ebullition of that passion which ended the forementioned school-business.

My twenty-third year was to me an important era. Partly through whim, and partly that I wished to set about doing something in life, I joined a flax-dresser in a neighboring town (Irvine), to learn the trade. This was an unlucky affair. As we were giving a welcome carousal to the new year, the shop took fire and burned to ashes, and I was left, like a true poet, not worth a sixpence.

I was obliged to give up this scheme, the clouds of misfortune were gathering thick round my father's head; and, what was worst of all, he was visibly far gone in a consumption; and to crown my distresses, a beautiful girl, whom I adored, and who had pledged her soul to meet me in the field of matrimony, jilted me, with peculiar circumstances of mortification. The finishing evil that brought up the rear of this infernal file, was my constitutional melancholy being increased to such a degree that for three months I was in a state of mind scarcely to be envied by the hopeless wretches who have got their mittimus—depart from me, ye cursed!

From this adventure I learned something of a town life; but the principal thing which gave my mind a turn was a friendship I formed with a young fellow, a very noble character, but a hapless son of misfortune. He was the son of a simple mechanic; but a great man in the neighborhood taking him under his patronage, gave him a genteel education, with a view of bettering his situation in life. The patron dying just as he was ready to launch out into the world, the poor fellow in despair went to sea; where, after a variety of good and ill fortune, a little before I was acquainted with him he had been set on shore by an American privateer, on the wild coast of Connaught, stripped of everything. I cannot quit this poor fellow's story without adding that he is at this time master of a large West Indiaman belonging to the Thames.

His mind was fraught with independence, magnanimity, and every manly virtue. I loved and admired him to a degree of enthusiasm, and of course strove to imitate him. In some measure I succeeded; I had pride before, but he taught it to flow in proper channels. His knowledge of the world was vastly superior to mine, and I was all attention to learn. . . . My reading only increased while in this town by two stray volumes of "Pamela," and one of "Ferdinand Count Fathom," which gave me some idea of novels. Rhyme, except some religious pieces that are in print, I had given up; but meeting with Fergusson's Scottish Poems, I strung anew my wildly sounding lyre with emulating vigor. When my father died, his all went among the hell-hounds that growl in the kennel of justice; but we made a shift to collect a little money in the family amongst us, with which to keep us together, my brother and I took a neighboring farm. My brother wanted my hare-brained imagination, as well as my social and amorous madness; but in good sense, and every sober qualification, he was far my superior.

FARMING AND POETRY

I entered on this farm with a full resolution, "come, go to, I will be wise!" I read farming books, I calculated crops; I attended markets; and in short, in spite of the devil, and the world, and the flesh, I believe I should have been a wise man; but the first year, from unfortunately buying bad seed, the second from a late harvest, we

lost half our crops. This overset all my wisdom, and I returned, "like the dog to his vomit, and the sow that was washed, to her wallowing in the mire."

I now began to be known in the neighborhood as a maker of rhymes. The first of my poetic offspring that saw the light was a burlesque lamentation on a quarrel between two reverend Calvinists, both of them figuring in my "Holy Fair." I had a notion myself that the piece had some merit; but, to prevent the worst, I gave a copy of it to a friend, who was very fond of such things, and told him that I could not guess who was the author of it, but that I thought it pretty clever. With a certain description of the clergy, as well as laity, it met with a roar of applause. "Holy Willie's Prayer" next made its appearance, and alarmed the kirk-session so much that they held several meetings to look over their spiritual artillery, if haply any of it might be pointed against profane rhymers. Unluckily for me, my wanderings led me on another side, within point-blank shot of their heaviest metal. This is the unfortunate story that gave rise to my printed poem, "The Lament." This was a most melancholy affair, which I cannot yet bear to reflect on, and had very nearly given me one or two of the principal qualifications for a place among those who have lost the chart, and mistaken the reckoning of rationality. I gave up my part of the farm to my brother; in truth, it was only nominally mine; and made what little preparation was in my power for Jamaica.

PUBLISHES HIS POEMS

But before leaving my native country for ever, I resolved to publish my poems. I weighed my productions as impartially as was in my power; I thought they had merit; and it was a delicious idea that I should be called a clever fellow, even though it should never reach my ears—a poor Negro driver—or perhaps a victim to that inhospitable clime, and gone to the world of spirits! I can truly say that, poor and unknown as I then was, I had pretty nearly as high an idea of myself and of my works as I have at this moment, when the public has decided in their favor. It ever was my opinion that the mistakes and blunders, both in a rational and religious point of view, of which we see thousands daily guilty, are owing to their ignorance of themselves. To know myself had been all along my constant study. I weighed myself alone; I balanced myself with others. I watched every means of information, to see how much ground I occupied as a man and as a poet; I studied assiduously Nature's design in my formation—where the lights and shades in my character were intended. I was pretty confident my poems would meet with some applause; but at the worst, the roar of the Atlantic would deafen the voice of censure, and the novelty of West Indian scenes make me forget neglect. I threw off six hundred copies, of which I had got subscriptions for about three hundred and fifty. My vanity was highly gratified by the reception

I met with from the public; and besides I pocketed, all expenses deducted, nearly twenty pounds. This sum came very seasonably, as I was thinking of indenting myself for want of money to procure my passage. As soon as I was master of nine guineas, the price of wafting me to the torrid zone, I took a steerage passage in the first ship that was to sail from the Clyde, for

Hungry ruin had me in the wind.

I had been for some days skulking from covert to covert, under all the terrors of a jail; as some ill-advised people had uncoupled the merciless pack of the law at my heels. I had taken the last farewell of my new friends; my chest was on the road to Greenock; I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia—"The Gloomy Night Is Gathering Fast," when a letter from Dr. Blacklock to a friend of mine overthrew all my schemes by opening new prospects to my poetic ambition. The doctor belonged to a set of critics for whose applause I had not dared to hope. His opinion, that I would meet with encouragement in Edinburgh for a second edition, fired me so much, that away I posted for that city, without a single acquaintance, or a single letter of introduction. The baneful star that had so long shed its blasting influence in my zenith for once made a revolution to the nadir; and a kind Providence placed me under the patronage of one of the noblest of men, the Earl of Glencairn. *Oublie*

moi, grand Dieu, si jamais je l'oublie [Forget me, Great God, if I ever forget him!]

I need relate no further. At Edinburgh I was in a new world; I mingled among many classes of men, but all of them new to me, and I was all attention to "catch" the characters and "the manners living as they rise." Whether I have profited, time will show.

A POET TO EXCEL MUST LABOR

[TO DR. MOORE]

Ellisland, 4th January, 1789.

. . . The character and employment of a poet were formerly my pleasure, but are now my pride. I know that a very great deal of my late *éclat* was owing to the singularity of my situation, and the honest prejudice of Scotsmen; but still, as I said in the preface to my first edition, I do look upon myself as having some pretensions from nature to the poetic character. I have not a doubt but the knack, the aptitude, to learn the muses' trade, is a gift bestowed by Him "who forms the secret bias of the soul"; but I as firmly believe that *excellence* in the profession is the fruit of industry, labor, attention, and pains. At least I am resolved to try my doctrine by the test of experience. Another appearance from the press I put off to a very distant day, a day that may never arrive—but poesy I am determined to prosecute with all my vigor. Nature has given very few, if any, of the profession, the talents of

shining in every species of composition. I shall try (for until trial it is impossible to know) whether she has qualified me to shine in any one. The worst of it is, by the time one has finished a piece, it has been so often viewed and reviewed before the mental eye, that one loses in a good measure the power of critical discrimination. Here the best criterion I know is a friend—not only of abilities to judge, but with good nature enough like a prudent teacher with a young learner to praise a little more than is exactly just, lest the thin-skinned animal fall into that most deplorable of all diseases—heart-breaking despondency of himself. Dare I, sir, already immensely indebted to your goodness, ask the additional obligation of your being that friend to me? . . .

SOURCES OF INSPIRATION

[TO MRS. DUNLOP]

Ellisland, New Year Day Morning, 1789.

This, dear madam, is a morning of wishes, and would to God that I came under the Apostle James's description!—"the prayer of a righteous man availeth much." In that case, madam, you should welcome in a year full of blessings: everything that obstructs or disturbs tranquillity and self-enjoyment should be removed, and every pleasure that frail humanity can taste should be yours. I own myself so little a Presbyterian, that I approve set times and seasons of more than ordinary acts of devotion, for breaking in on that

habituated routine of life and thought which is so apt to reduce our existence to a kind of instinct, or even sometimes, and with some minds, to a state very little superior to mere machinery.

This day—the first Sunday of May—a breezy, blue-skied noon some time about the beginning. and a hoary morning and calm sunny day about the end, of autumn—these, time out of mind, have been with me a kind of holiday.

I believe I owe this to that glorious paper in the *Spectator*, "The Vision of Mirza," a piece that struck my young fancy before I was capable of fixing an idea to a word of three syllables: "On the 5th day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always *keep holy*, after having washed myself and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hill of Bagdad, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer."

We know nothing, or next to nothing, of the substance or structure of our souls, so cannot account for those seeming caprices in them that one should be particularly pleased with this thing, or struck with that, which on minds of a different cast makes no extraordinary impression. I have some favorite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain-brier rose, the budding birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud, solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of gray plovers in an autumnal morning, without feeling an eleva-

tion of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry. Tell me, my dear friend, to what can this be owing? Are we a piece of machinery, which, like the Æolian harp, passive takes the impression of the passing accident? Or do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod? I own myself partial to such proofs of those awful and important realities—a God that made all things—man's immaterial and immortal nature—and a world of weal or woe beyond death and the grave!

ROBERT BURNS

"FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT"

IS THERE, for honest Poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that!
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toil's obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The Man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin' gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A Man's a Man, for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men, for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
What struts, and stares, and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
His ribbon, star, and a' that;
The man o' independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,—
As come it will for a' that,—
That Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,—
That Man to Man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that!

ROBERT BURNS.

IT'S astonishing what you take for granted!" Lady Champer had exclaimed to her young friend at an early stage; and this might have served as a sign that even then the little plot had begun to thicken. The reflection was uttered at the time the outlook of the charming American girl in whom she found herself so interested was still much in the rough. They had often met, with pleasure to each, during a winter spent in Rome; and Lily had come to her in London toward the end of May with further news of a situation the dawn of which, in March and April, by the Tiber, the Arno, and the Seine, had considerably engaged her attention. The Prince had followed Miss Gunton to Florence and then with almost equal promptitude to Paris, where it was both clear and comical for Lady Champer that the rigor of his uncertainty as to parental commands and remittances now detained him. This shrewd woman promised herself not a little amusement from her view of the possibilities of the case. Lily was on the whole showing a wonder; therefore the drama would lose nothing from her character, her temper, her tone. She was

waiting—this was the truth she had imparted to her clever protectress—to see if her Roman captive would find himself drawn to London. Should he really turn up there she would the next thing start for America, putting him to the test of that wider range and declining to place her confidence till he should have arrived in New York at her heels. If he remained in Paris or returned to Rome she would stay in London and, as she phrased it, have a good time by herself. Did he expect her to go back to Paris for him? Why not in that case just as well go back to Rome at once? The first thing for her, Lily intimated to her London adviser, was to show what, in her position, *she* expected.

Her position meanwhile was one that Lady Champer, try as she would, had as yet succeeded neither in understanding nor in resigning herself not to understand. It was that of being extraordinarily pretty, amazingly free, and perplexingly good, and of presenting these advantages in a positively golden light. How was one to estimate a girl whose nearest approach to a drawback—that is, to an encumbrance—appeared to be a grandfather carrying on a business in an American city, her ladyship had never otherwise heard of, with whom communication was all by cable and on the subject of "drawing"? Expression was on the old man's part, moreover, as concise as it was expensive, consisting as it inveterately did of but the single word "Draw." Lily drew, on every occasion in life, and it at least could not be said of

the pair—when the "family idea," as embodied in America, was exposed to criticisim—that they were not in touch. Mr. Gunton had given her further Mrs. Brine, to come out with her, and with this provision and the perpetual pecuniary he plainly figured—to Lily's own mind—as solicitous to the point of anxiety. Mrs. Brine's scheme of relations seemed in truth to be simpler still. There was a transatlantic "Mr. Brine," of whom she often spoke—and never in any other way; but she wrote for newspapers; she prowled in catacombs, visiting more than once even those of Paris; she haunted hotels; she picked up compatriots; she spoke above all a language that often baffled comprehension. She mattered, however, but little; she was mainly so occupied in having what Lily had likewise independently glanced at—a good time by herself. It was difficult enough indeed to Lady Champer to see the wonderful girl reduced to that, yet she was a little person who kept one somehow in presence of the incalculable. Old measures and familiar rules were of no use at all with her—she had so broken the moulds and so mixed the marks. What was confounding was her disparities—the juxtaposition in her of beautiful sun-flushed heights and deep dark holes. She had none of the things that the other things implied. She dangled in the air in a manner that made one dizzy; though one took comfort, at the worst, in feeling that one was there to catch her if she fell. Falling, at the same time, appeared scarce one of her properties, and it was positive

for Lady Champer at moments that if one held out one's arms one might be, after all, much more likely to be pulled up. That was really a part of the excitement of the acquaintance.

"Well," said this friend and critic on one of the first of the London days, "say he does, on your return to your own country, go after you: how do you read, on that occurrence, the course of events?"

"Why, if he comes after me I'll have him."

"And do you think it so easy to 'have' him?"

Lily appeared, lovely and candid—and it was an air and a way she often had—to wonder what she thought. "I don't know that I think it any easier than he seems to think it to have *me*. I know, moreover, that, though he wants awfully to see the country, he wouldn't just now come to America unless to marry me; and if I take him at all," she pursued, "I want first to be able to show him to the girls."

"Why 'first'?" Lady Champer asked. "Wouldn't it do as well last?"

"Oh, I should want them to see me in Rome, too," said Lily. "But, dear me, I'm afraid I want a good many things! What I most want, of course, is that he should show me unmistakably what *he* wants. Unless he wants me more than anything else in the world, I don't want him. Besides, I hope he doesn't think I'm going to be married anywhere but in my own place."

"I see," said Lady Champer. "It's for your

wedding you want the girls. And it's for the girls you want the Prince."

"Well, we're all bound by that promise. And of course *you*'ll come!"

"Ah, my dear child——!" Lady Champer gasped.

"You can come with the old Princess. You'll be just the right company for her."

The elder friend considered afresh, with depth, the younger's beauty and serenity. "You *are*, love, beyond everything!"

The beauty and serenity took on for a moment a graver cast. "Why do you so often say that to me?"

"Because you so often make it the only thing to say. But you'll some day find out why," Lady Champer added with an intention of encouragement.

Lily Gunton, however, was a young person to whom encouragement looked queer; she had grown up without need of it, and it seemed indeed scarce required in her situation. "Do you mean you believe his mother won't come?"

"Over mountains and seas to see you married?—and to be seen also of the girls? If she does, *I* will. But we had perhaps better," Lady Champer wound up, "not count our chickens before they're hatched." To which, with one of the easy returns of gaiety that were irresistible in her, Lily made answer that neither of the ladies in question struck her quite as chickens.

The Prince, at all events, presented himself in London with a promptitude that contributed to make the warning gratuitous. Nothing could have exceeded, by this time, Lady Champer's appreciation of her young friend, whose merits "town" at the beginning of June threw into renewed relief; but she had the imagination of greatness and, though she believed she tactfully kept it to herself, she thought what the young man had thus done a great deal for a Roman prince to do. Take him as he was, with the circumstances—and they were certainly peculiar, and he was charming—it was a far cry for him from Piazza Colonna to Clarges Street. If Lady Champer had the imagination of greatness, which the Prince in all sorts of ways gratified, Miss Gunton of Poughkeepsie—it was vain to pretend the contrary—was not great in any particular save one. She was great when she "drew." It was true that at the beginning of June she did draw with unprecedented energy and in a manner that, though Mrs. Brine's remarkable nerve apparently could stand it, fairly made a poor baronet's widow, little as it was her business, hold her breath. It was none of her business at all, yet she talked of it even with the Prince himself—to whom it was indeed a favorite subject and whose greatness, oddly enough, never appeared to shrink in the effect it produced upon him. The line they took together was that of wondering if the scale of Lily's drafts made really most for the presumption that the capital at her disposal

was rapidly dwindling, or for that of its being practically infinite. "Many a fellow," the young man smiled, "would marry her to pull her up." He was, in any case, of the opinion that it was an occasion for deciding—one way or the other—quickly. Well, he did decide—so quickly that, within the week, Lily communicated to her friend that he had offered her his hand, his heart, his fortune, and all his titles, grandeurs, and appurtenances. She had given him his answer, and he was in bliss; though nothing, as yet, was settled but that.

Tall, fair, active, educated, amiable, simple, carrying so naturally his great name and pronouncing so kindly Lily's small one, the happy youth, if he was one of the most ancient of princes, was one of the most modern of Romans. This second character it was his special aim and pride to cultivate. He would have been pained at feeling himself an hour behind his age; and he had a way—both touching and amusing to some observers—of constantly comparing his watch with the dial of the day's news. It was, in fact, easy to see that in deciding to ally himself with a young alien of vague origin, whose striking beauty was reinforced only by her presumptive money, he had even put forward a little the fine hands of his timepiece. No one else, however—not even Lady Champer, and least of all Lily herself—had quite taken the measure, in this connection, of his merit. The quick decision he had spoken of was really a flying leap. He desired incontestably to rescue Miss

Gunton's remainder; but to rescue it he had to take it for granted, and taking it for granted was nothing less than—at whatever angle considered—a risk. He never, naturally, used the word to her, but he distinctly faced a peril. The sense of what he had staked on a vague return gave him, at the height of the London season, bad nights, or rather bad mornings—for he danced with his intended, as a usual thing, conspicuously, till dawn—besides obliging him to take, in the form of long explanatory, argumentative, and persuasive letters to his mother and sisters, his uncles, aunts, cousins, and preferred confidants, large measures of justification at home. The family sense was strong in his huge old house, just as the family array was numerous; he was dutifully conscious of the trust reposed in him, and moved from morning till night, he perfectly knew, as the observed of a phalanx of observers; whereby he the more admired himself for his passion, precipitation, and courage. He had only a probability to go upon, but he was—and by the romantic tradition of his race—so in love that he should surely not be taken in.

His private agitation, of course, deepened when, to do honor to her engagement and as if she would have been ashamed to do less, Lily "drew" again most gloriously; but he managed to smile beautifully on her asking him if he didn't want her to be splendid, and at his worst hours he went no further than to wish that he might be married on the morrow. Unless it were the next day, or at most

the next month, it really at moments seemed best that it should never be at all. On the most favorable view—with the solidity of the residuum fully assumed—there were still minor questions and dangers. A vast America, arching over his nuptials, bristling with expectant bridesmaids and underlaying their feet with expensive flowers, stared him in the face and prompted him to the reflection that if she dipped so deep into the mere remote overflow her dive into the fount itself would verily be a header. If she drew at such a rate in London how wouldn't she draw at Poughkeepsie? he asked himself, and practically asked Lady Champer; yet bore the strain of the question without an answer, so nobly that when, with small delay, Poughkeepsie seemed simply to heave with reassurances, he regarded the ground as firm and his tact as rewarded. "And now at last, dearest," he said, "since everything's so satisfactory, you *will* write?" He put it appealingly. endearingly, yet as if he could scarce doubt.

"Write, love? Why," she replied, "I've done nothing *but* write! I've written ninety letters."

"But not to Mamma," he smiled.

"Mamma?"—she stared. "My dear boy, I've not at this time of day to remind you that I've the misfortune to have no mother. I lost Mamma, you know, as you lost your father, in childhood. You may be sure," said Lily Gunton, "that I wouldn't otherwise have waited for you to prompt me."

There came into his face a kind of amiable con-

vulsion. "Of course, darling, I remember—your beautiful mother (she *must* have been beautiful!) whom I should have been so glad to know. I was thinking of *my* mamma—who'll be so delighted to hear from you." The Prince spoke English in perfection—had lived in it from the cradle and appeared, particularly when alluding to his home and family, to matters familiar and of fact, or to those of dress and sport, of general recreation, to draw such a comfort from it as made the girl think of him as scarce more a foreigner than a pleasant, auburn, slightly awkward, slightly slangy, and extremely well-tailored young Briton would have been. He sounded "mamma" like a rosy English schoolboy; yet just then, for the first time, the things with which he was connected struck her as in a manner strange and far-off. Everything in him, none the less—face and voice and tact, above all his deep desire—labored to bring them near and make them natural. This was intensely the case as he went on: "Such a little letter as you *might* send would really be awfully jolly."

"My dear child," Lily replied on quick reflection, "I'll write to her with joy the minute I hear from her. Won't she write to *me?*"

The Prince just visibly flushed. "In a moment if you'll only——"

"Write to her first?"

"Just pay her a little—no matter how little—your respects."

His attenuation of the degree showed perhaps a

sense of a weakness of position; yet it was no perception of this that made the girl immediately say: "Oh, *caro*, I don't think I can begin. If you feel that *she* won't—as you evidently do—is it because you've asked her and she has refused?" The next moment, "I see you *have!*" she exclaimed. His rejoinder to this was to catch her in his arms, to press his cheek to hers, to murmur a flood of tender words in which contradiction, confession, supplication, and remonstrance were oddly confounded; but after he had sufficiently disengaged her to allow her to speak again, his effusion was checked by what came. "Do you really mean you can't induce her?" It renewed itself on the first return of ease; or it, more correctly perhaps, in order to renew itself, took this return—a trifle too soon—for granted. Singular, for the hour, was the quickness with which ease could leave them—so blissfully at one as they were; and, to be brief, it had not come back even when Lily spoke of the matter to Lady Champer. It is true that she waited but little to do so. She then went straight to the point. "What would you do if his mother doesn't write?"

"The old Princess—to *you?*" Her ladyship had not had time to mount guard in advance over the tone of this, which was doubtless (as she instantly, for that matter, herself became aware) a little too much that of "Have you really expected she would?" What Lily had expected found itself therefore not unassisted to come out—and came out indeed to such a tune that with all kind-

ness, but with a melancholy deeper than any she had ever yet in the general connection used, Lady Champer was moved to remark that the situation might have been found more possible had a little more historic sense been brought to it. "You're the dearest thing in the world, and I can't imagine a girl's carrying herself in any way, in a difficult position, better than you do; only I'm bound to say I think you ought to remember that you're entering a very great house, of tremendous antiquity, fairly groaning under the weight of ancient honors, the heads of which—through the tradition of the great part they've played in the world—are accustomed to a great deal of deference. The old Princess, my dear, you see"—her ladyship gathered confidence a little as she went—"is a most prodigious personage."

"Why, Lady Champer, of course she is, and that's just what I like her for!" said Lily Gunton.

"She has never in her whole life made an advance, any more than any one has ever dreamed of expecting it of her. It's a pity that while you were there you didn't see her, for I think it would have helped you to understand. However, as you did see his sisters, the two Duchesses and dear little Donna Claudia, you know how charming they all *can* be. They only want to be nice, I know, and I dare say that on the smallest opportunity you'll hear from the Duchesses."

The plural had a sound of splendor, but Lily quite kept her head. "What do you call an opportunity? Am I not giving them, by accepting

their son and brother, the best—and, in fact, the only—opportunity they could desire?"

"I like the way, darling," Lady Champer smiled, "you talk about 'accepting'!"

Lily thought of this—she thought of everything. "Well, say it would have been a better one still for them if I had refused him."

Her friend caught her up. "But you haven't."

"Then they must make the most of the occasion as it is." Lily was very sweet, but very lucid. "The Duchesses may write or not, as they like; but I'm afraid the Princess simply *must*." She hesitated, but after a moment went on: "He oughtn't to be willing, moreover, that I shouldn't expect to be welcomed."

"He isn't!" Lady Champer blurted out.

Lily jumped at it. "Then he has told you? It's her attitude?"

She had spoken without passion, but her friend was scarce the less frightened. "My poor child, what can he do?"

Lily saw perfectly. "He can make her."

Lady Champer turned it over, but her fears were what was clearest. "And if he doesn't?"

"If he 'doesn't'?" The girl ambiguously echoed it.

"I mean if he can't."

Well, Lily, more cheerfully, declined, for the hour, to consider this. He would certainly do for her what was right; so that after all, though she had herself put the question, she disclaimed the idea that an answer was urgent. There was time,

she conveyed—which Lady Champer only desired to believe; a faith, moreover, somewhat shaken in the latter when the Prince entered her room the next day with the information that there was none—none at least to leave everything in the air. Lady Champer had not yet made up her mind as to which of these young persons she liked most to draw into confidence, nor as to whether she most inclined to take the Roman side with the American or the American side with the Roman. But now, in truth, she was settled; she gave proof of it in the increased lucidity with which she spoke for Lily.

"Wouldn't the Princess depart—a—from her usual attitude for such a great occasion?"

The difficulty was a little that the young man so well understood his mother. "The devil of it is, you see, that it's for Lily herself, so much more, she thinks the occasion great."

Lady Champer mused. "If you hadn't her consent I could understand it. But from the moment she thinks the girl good enough for you to marry——"

"Ah, she doesn't!" the Prince gloomily interposed. "However," he explained, "she accepts her because there are reasons—my own feeling, now so my very life, don't you see? But it isn't quite open arms. All the same, as I tell Lily, the arms *would* open."

"If she'd make the first step? Hum!" said Lady Champer, not without the note of grimness. "She'll be obstinate."

The young man, with a melancholy eye, quite coincided. "She'll be obstinate."

"So that I strongly recommend you to manage it," his friend went on after a pause. "It strikes me that if the Princess can't do it for Lily she might at least do it for you. Any girl you marry becomes thereby somebody."

"Of course—doesn't she? She certainly ought to do it for *me*. I'm, after all, the head of the house."

"Well, then, make her!" said Lady Champer a little impatiently.

"I will. Mamma adores me, and I adore *her*."

"And you adore Lily, and Lily adores you—therefore everybody adores everybody, especially as I adore you both. With so much adoration all round, therefore, things ought to march."

"They shall!" the young man declared with spirit. "I adore you, too—you don't mention that; for you help me immensely. But what do you suppose she'll do if she doesn't?"

The agitation already visible in him ministered a little to vagueness; but his friend after an instant disembroiled it. "What do I suppose Lily will do if your mother remains stiff?" Lady Champer faltered, but she let him have it. "She'll break."

His wondering eyes became strange. "Just for that?"

"You may certainly say it isn't much—when people love as you do."

"Ah, I'm afraid then Lily doesn't!"—and he turned away in his trouble.

She watched him while he moved, not speaking for a minute. "My dear young man, are you afraid of your mamma?"

He faced short about again. "I'm afraid of this—that if she does do it she won't forgive her. She *will* do it—yes. But Lily will be for her, in consequence, ever after, the person who had made her submit herself. She'll hate her for that—and then she'll hate me for being concerned in it." The Prince presented it all with clearness—almost with charm. "What do you say to that?"

His friend had to think. "Well, only, I fear, that we belong, Lily and I, to a race unaccustomed to counting with such passions. Let her hate!" she, however, a trifle inconsistently wound up.

"But I love her so!"

"Which?" Lady Champer asked it almost ungraciously; in such a tone at any rate that, seated on the sofa with his elbows on his knees, his much-ringed hands nervously locked together and his eyes of distress wide open, he met her with visible surprise. What she met *him* with is perhaps best noted by the fact that after a minute of it his hands covered his bent face and she became aware she had drawn tears. This produced such regret in her that before they parted she did what she could to attenuate and explain—making a great point, at all events, of her rule, with Lily, of putting only his own side of the case. "I insist awfully, you know, on your greatness!"

He jumped up, wincing. "Oh, that's horrid."

"I don't know. Whose fault is it, then, at any rate, if trying to help you may have that side?" This was a question that, with the tangle he had already to unwind, only added a twist; yet she went on as if positively to add another. "Why on earth don't you, all of you, leave them alone?"

"Leave them——?"

"All your Americans."

"Don't you like them then—the women?"

She hesitated. "No. Yes. They're an interest. But they're a nuisance. It's a question, very certainly if they're worth the trouble they give."

This at least it seemed he could take in. "You mean that one should be quite sure first what they *are* worth?"

He made her laugh now. "It would appear that you never *can* be. But also really that you can't keep your hands off."

He fixed the social scene an instant with his heavy eye. "Yes. Doesn't it?"

"However," she pursued as if he again a little irritated her, "Lily's position is quite simple."

"Quite. She just loves me."

"I mean simple for herself. She really makes no differences. It's only we—you and I—who make them all."

The Prince wondered. "But she tells me she delights in us; has, that is, such a sense of what we are supposed to 'represent.'"

"Oh, she *thinks* she has. Americans think they have all sorts of things; but they haven't. That's just *it*"—Lady Champer was philosophic. "Nothing but their Americanism. If you marry anything, you marry that; and if your mother accepts anything that's what she accepts." Then, though the young man followed the demonstration with an apprehension almost pathetic, she gave him without mercy the whole of it. "Lily's rigidly logical. A girl—as *she* knows girls—is 'welcomed,' on her engagement, before anything else can happen, by the family of her young man; and the motherless girl, alone in the world, more punctually than any other. His mother—if she's a 'lady'—takes it upon herself. Then the girl goes and stays with them. But she does nothing before. *Tirez-vous de là.*"

The young man sought on the spot to obey this last injunction, and his effort presently produced a flash. "Oh, if she'll come and *stay* with us"—all would, easily, be well! The flash went out, however, when Lady Champer returned: "Then let the Princess invite her."

Lily a fortnight later simply said to her, from one hour to the other, "I'm going home," and took her breath away by sailing on the morrow with the Bransbys. The tense cord had somehow snapped; the proof was in the fact that the Prince, dashing off to his good friend at this crisis an obscure, an ambiguous note, started the same night for Rome. Lady Champer, for the time, sat in darkness, but during the summer many

things occurred; and one day in the autumn, quite unheralded and with the signs of some of them in his face, the Prince appeared again before her. He was not long in telling her his story, which was simply that he had come to her, all the way from Rome, for news of Lily and to talk of Lily. She was prepared, as it happened, to meet his impatience; yet her preparation was but little older than his arrival and was deficient, moreover, in an important particular. She was not prepared to knock him down, and she made him talk to gain time. She had, however, to understand, put a primary question: "She never wrote, then?"

"Mamma? Oh, yes—when she at last got frightened at Miss Gunton's having become so silent. She wrote in August; but Lily's own decisive letter—letter to me, I mean—crossed with it. It was too late—that put an end."

"A *real* end?"

Everything in the young man showed how real. "On the ground of her being willing no longer to keep up, by the stand she had taken, such a relation between Mamma and *me*. But her rupture," he availed, "keeps it up more than anything else."

"And is it very bad?"

"Awful, I assure you. I've become for my mother a person who has made her make, all for nothing, an unprecedented advance, a humble submission; and she's so disgusted, all round, that it's no longer the same old charming thing for us to be together. It makes it worse for her that I'm still madly in love."

"Well," said Lady Champer after a moment, "if you're still madly in love I can only be sorry for you."

"You can *do* nothing for me?—don't advise me to go over?"

She had to take a longer pause. "You don't at all know then what has happened?—that old Mr. Gunton has died and left her everything?"

All his vacancy and curiosity came out in a wild echo.

"Everything?"

"She writes me that it's a great deal of money."

"You've just heard from her, then?"

"This morning. I seem to make out," said Lady Champer, "an extraordinary number of dollars."

"Oh, I was sure it was!" the young man moaned.

"And she's engaged," his friend went on, "to Mr. Bransby."

He bounded, rising before her. "Mr. Bransby?"

"'Adam P.'—the gentleman with whose mother and sisters she went home. *They*, she writes, have beautifully welcomed her."

"*Dio mio!*" The Prince stared; he had flushed with the blow, and the tears had come into his eyes. "And I believed she loved me!"

"*I* didn't!" said Lady Champer with some curtness.

He gazed about; he almost rocked; and, unconscious of her words, he appealed, inarticulate and stricken. At last, however, he found his

voice. "What on earth then shall I do? I can less than ever go back to Mamma!"

She got up for him, she thought for him, pushing a better chair into her circle. "Stay here with me, and I'll ring for tea. Sit there nearer the fire—you're cold."

"Awfully!" he confessed as he sank. "And I believed she loved me!" he repeated as he stared at the fire.

"*I* didn't!" Lady Champer once more declared. This time, visibly, he heard her, and she immediately met his wonder. "No—it was all the rest: your great historic position, the glamor of your name, and your past. Otherwise what she stood out for wouldn't be excusable. But she has the sense of such things, and *they* were what she loved." So, by the fire, his hostess explained it, while he wondered the more.

"I thought that last summer you told me just the contrary."

It seemed, to do her justice, to strike her. "Did I? Oh, well, how does one know? With Americans one is lost!"

HENRY JAMES.

THE WHOLESOME PLAY*

IN ENGLAND nothing is so often said of plays as that they are wholesome—or, of course, unwholesome. You know the phrases—"a pure and wholesome drama"; "wholesome, old-fashioned farce"; "a wholesome entertainment for old and young"; and, in the music-hall advertisements, "two hours of refined and wholesome varieties." These are the innocent sheep. And then the goats—the "morbid and unwholesome problem play"; "the dark unwholesomeness" of Sudermann; the "brilliant but unwholesome" plays of Mr. Shaw. Or you hear how Sir Arthur Pinero was relatively wholesome till he wrote "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," but never quite the same man since; or Mr. Maugham was most unwholesome in his youth, the wild days when he wrote "A Man of Honor," but is quite disinfected now, like Mr. Sutro, who also lay in quarantine once for having truck with the unwholesome Maeterlinck. In France or Germany the first things asked, it would seem, about a new play are, "Is it amusing?" "Is it interesting?" "Does it prove anything?" Among us what people ask is,

*From "Dramatic Values," by permission of the author.

rather, "Can it be seen without giving me any disease?"—as if plays were a species of drains that exist to convey, or abstain from conveying, diphtheria and typhoid. Where that is how playgoers look at a play, the meek kind of critic who tries to be all that his readers would have him becomes in due course a semi-official Inspector of Nuisances or a consulting sanitary engineer. He takes to the very language of these callings. You remember the things that were said by these experts when first Ibsen's plays were acted in England. The plays were called—no, certified; it was so positive—"bestial," "revolting," "abominable," "disgusting," "foul," "fetid," "putrid," "malodorous," "loathsome," "garbage," "offal," "carrion," "sewage," "an open drain," "unhealthy," "unwholesome." You see how strictly the vocabulary used is that of Medical Officers of Health.

Now, some of us have never been able—indeed, have not tried—to think of our playgoing as a branch of hygiene. Our friends, to judge by their talk, seem often to go to the play as they might go to brine baths at Droitwich, or mud baths at Leuk; we went, from the first, for the fun of the thing, and to this day we never, when coming away from the theater, find ourselves feeling our pulses or taking our temperature. Perhaps these omissions may come from want of due seriousness. As some amends I once tried, in all humility, to see exactly what these sanitarians meant by "wholesome."

There is a kind of men before whom one feels that all one's poor knowledge is dross compared with fine rubies like theirs: the men who will say at every third sentence they utter, "That's what Johnny Hare always told me," or "Poor Toole used always to say to me——" so and so. At the first sound of those formulas you feel that this man lives at the center of things; and if you are prudent you pump him as long as he waits. Securing one of these pundits, and piping all hands to the pumps, I soon learnt—well, not what wholesomeness was in its essence, but where you could find it in sample and sometimes in bulk. "Why," he said, "there's all these things that Lewis Waller and Fred Terry do—'Monsieur Beaucaire,' and 'The Scarlet Pimpernel,' and 'Dorothy o' th' Hall,' and 'Sunday'; and of course all the things like 'The Idler,' and 'Mice and Men,' and 'The Only Way'; and, before that, 'Bootles' Baby' was charming; and, of still older things, there's always 'Still Waters Run Deep,' and there's all that Gilbert has written; again, there's this new piece, 'A White Man,' and, if it comes to that, I'd like to know what's wrong," he asked, with an air that was almost a threat, "with 'The Belle of New York,' if you aren't a prig to begin with?"

The list made one ponder. Could wholesomeness mean moral, ethical wholesomeness? Did he, that is, mean to say that these plays and their kind were ennobling in this sense—that in them the doing of hard, right things, which we might have to do in our turns, instead of easy wrong

things, was clothed with so much charm that doing those right things next day would perhaps come more easily? Consider the scene, we'll say, in "Mice and Men" where the soldier comes home to find out that desire for a former mistress fails him; in fact, he desires a woman who is younger; so he turns mighty virtuous all of a sudden and sends back his old love's letter of welcome unopened, taking so little thought for her that it is intercepted by her husband. And yet this sanctimonious cur is not so much as flicked by the dramatist with one little whip-lash of irony. If anything, we are tipped the wink that what he did was quite the manly, knightly line for all gallant young soldiers in similar fixes. Not much ethical wholesomeness there. Or look at "A White Man." There you are invited to take it as quite right and noble that an upright man should take on himself the sins of a wholesale thief, leaving the thief at large, among the world's spoons, in order that the thief's wife, whom the upright man worships, may not cease to live with her blackguard husband, and bear him, it may be, little blackguard sons. Imagine the state a man's mind must be in, or pretend to be in, to write morals like those. Still, that is but a trifle. For I went, in quest of the true wholesome brand, to "The Belle of New York." From a sympathetic presentation of a young hero drunk and lying on his stomach on the saddle of a bicycle and paddling in the air with his legs, the whole thing seemed to pass into an ecstatic fantasia on sex questions as

these might be understood in fowl runs or by cats in our back yards. The power of the play, as an emetic, was so great that I can only speak, as an eyewitness, of its first half. Certainly all my guide's wholesome plays were not daubed with quite that slime. But most of them held up to sympathy or admiration—that is the point—some mode of feeling that was poor and mean, if only "Monsieur Beaucaire" with its snobbish "sympathetic" heroine, or Sir William Gilbert's clever librettos with their rasping false notes of wit ("Silvered is the raven hair," etc.) at the expense of women who grow old and lose good looks and are not married. No perfect moral wholesomeness there, either.

Well, if not moral, was it intellectual? Did those plays, as people say, "widen our mental horizon?" Did they "make history live," or give us the very feel of a life lived to-day in some other part of the world? In the first that comes to mind, the wholesome "Dorothy o' th' Hall," the picture of Tudor aristocratic manners is such that you need only look at a few Tudor family portraits, at most read a few Tudor letters or journals, to know that historical drama like that is mere bunkum begotten of similar bunkum that flourished before it. Nor need you have been out in Western America—you need only glance through a little Bret Harte—to be sure that a play such as "Sunday" has brought you no personal notes upon life out there, but merely a weak new decoction from old books, the slops you may

make by boiling used tea-leaves again, the kind of bogus information Doctor Johnson had in mind when he distinguished from it a certain friend's excellent knowledge of life "seen freshly, not distilled through books." So in another of these "wholesome" plays, "The Scarlet Pimpernel," you find the results of no fiery first-hand imaginative vision of the French Revolution, but merely the shadow of a shadow of a shadow, just a modern reader's impression of Dickens's impression of Carlyle's impression of France under the Terror. And if there is one thing certain about the hygiene of the mind, it is that you must keep its pipes from being choked with this mere fungoid literary stuff that grows on other literary stuff, the plays and novels and poems vamped up out of reminiscences of other poems and novels and plays.

You see, we are driven from pillar to post. No moral wholesomeness, it seems, to speak of. No mental wholesomeness at all. What other wholesomenesses are there? Well, there is certainly one. Before saying what, just look at two phrases you constantly hear from nearly every leal stickler for a "wholesome" drama. One is the phrase, "a hard day's work in the city." "The kind of play I want," they will say, "after a hard day's work in the city, is——" so and so. And the other, akin to the first, is "the labors of the day." "When I go to a theater," they say, "after the labors of the day, I really don't want——" such and such a kind of a play. In their scheme of life playgoing seems allotted to the place that a weak drop of

whisky and water held in that of Sir Arthur Pinero's Dick Phenyl. "If you don't," Phenyl asked in surprise, "take weak drop whisky an' wa'er after the labors of the day, when *do* you take weak drop whisky an' wa'er?" If you don't go to theaters exhausted with the labors of the day, in what state *do* you go to theaters? They start by implying the playgoers' normal condition to be one of mental prostration; plays are to rest on the working assumption that every brain which is to take them in will be just dropping with fatigue before it begins trying.

Often they will specify the nature of the labors with which they themselves are jaded by eight o'clock, and from the special origin of their private headaches they will draw general conclusions as to what no play should be. A man at the Bar, in large criminal practice, will say: "I see so much of wickedness and its resultant miseries in *my* day's work that I don't want to see them any more in the evening." Or a doctor will say: "Heaven knows I come across enough tragedies of heredity at *my* consulting rooms without going into them over again at the theater.' Or a bankruptcy official will say: "After having to sift the consequences of human folly and waste and weakness during all *my* business hours I want some wholesome relief from these things at the play." All raise the same cry to be spared the artistic treatment of that special side of things of which each really does know something. They all, from their several stations in life, look to the drama as Mr.

Shaw's Drinkwater looked to narrative romance, to "Sweeny Todd, the Demon Barber," for that which should "tyke him aht of the sawdid reeyellities of the Worterloo Rowd." And sometimes they will reinforce this ideal aspiration by reference to such primal truths of our common nature as that after dinner the digestive system calls for special service from the blood, and if the brain should then be doing hard work, too, it also calls for blood, and then there may not be enough blood to go round.

Well, as judges of what may be best for their personal health, who shall rival them? Bacon says, "a man's own observation, what he finds good of and what he finds hurt of, is the best physic." A cat, when bilious, goes out and eats grass, and, though you may prefer rhubarb pills, no doubt she knows what prescription is best for her own constitution. But, granted that critics like these are their own best protectors from dumps and gastritis, what is it likely that the drama of their choice will be—this emulgent dressing for sore brains, this nightly hydro for intellects run down by the day's main occupations? Count the conditions. Already you have it laid down: first, there must be no picture of tragic life with so much of the taint of truth or reality in it that it could afflict any weary Official Receiver or magistrate with reminiscences of what he knows about the actual connection between men's characters and the events of their lives; secondly, the success of some fagged physician's after-dinner

rest cure must not be imperilled by what might recall, with any sting of veracity, that great source of tragedy which modern knowledge has more than restored to the place which primitive religion used to give to it—the fact that in body and soul parents and children live one continuous life, in which the winds sown by one generation are reaped as whirlwinds by another. But, of course, there is a thirdly, too, and a fourthly, and so on without end. Every man's trade makes some big human interest the field where he works; everyone, "after the labors of the day," has the same right to warn the dramatist off that big interest. Are men of business, "after a hard day's work in the city," to be re-immersed in finance by such dramas as Björnon's "Bankruptcy"? Of course not. And then some poor tired, municipal Medical Officer, after *his* hard day's work in the city, shall he be exposed to further exhaustion by entering on points of professional duty and honor, as he himself knows them, in Ibsen's "Enemy of the People"? Of course not, either. And even the hard-driven housewife—after her labors of the day, shall she, if she goes to the play, be reminded of them by the rending sight of David Ballard's mother making both ends meet? Of course not, again. Perish all such insanitary thoughts! Each man and woman alike must be taken out of the sordid realities of his or her own Waterloo Road. So the drama is driven off all the main roads of the life of our day; it is valued for what it excludes; and, to be called wholesome, must carefully dis-

obey Hamlet and *not* "show . . . the very age and body of the time his form and pressure."

If a dramatist fails to fall in with this fashion his failure is noted in terms which show at once the leading rules, the major premises, on which these sanitarian estimates of dramatic values are based. Some new play, we are told, is not really dramatic; in fact, it is a "study in morbid psychology." Observe the nature of the argument that is here implied. (1) *Major premise.* No play can be a study in morbid psychology. (2) *Minor premise.* This new play is a study in morbid psychology. (3) *Conclusion.* Therefore this new play cannot be a play. Of course, the very people who will affirm this major premise, and apply it in that way, will also call "Macbeth," or "Coriolanus," or any of Shakspere's numerous studies in morbid psychology not only a play but even a model play. But that only illustrates the fact that for many people the acceptance of Shakspere's greatness is mainly an act of mechanical assent to a valuation which they find nearly everyone taking for granted as part of the natural order of things, like the wisdom of Solomon or the strength of Mr. Sandow. Or again, a new play will be condemned as being not a work of art at all but rather "analytical" or "pathological," or as turning the theater to a "dissecting room," as if normal dramatic art and the analysis of strange emotional states or moral types were two necessarily opposite and mutually exclusive things; and this objection, too, will be raised by people who

at other times profess warm admiration for older plays in which the dissection of diseased souls is the main interest—"Hamlet," for instance, or "Richard II"—showing, again, how little of their own spontaneous personal judgment people often bring to the criticism of traditional masterpieces. Shakspere may do what he likes now, but woe unto the dramatist of to-day who takes seriously all that is said in Shakspere's praise and tries accordingly to do the kind of thing that Shakspere did in writing the ethical "problem plays" of "Measure for Measure" and "All's Well That Ends Well," or his anatomies of moral cranks or cripples, like "Troilus and Cressida" and—if he did write it—"Timon of Athens"; in fact, in writing all the many plays of his which seek (for it cannot be accident) to make your mind wrestle with tough thoughts in slippery places. For a new play that thus sets you grappling with thought, where no thought has been, is sure to be scouted as "disagreeable," "unpleasant," above all "unwholesome."

Unwholesome, in one sense, it probably is. There are states of the body, or times of the day, in which even open-air exercise may not do good. A doctor will tell you we all ought to lie very flat on our backs for a time after dinner. "Just look," he will say, "at the beasts of the field. They lie down, every one of them, after full meals." No doubt the mind, too, has its own need to lie very flat on its back after all the square meal of reflection it gets in a "day's hard work in the city."

It may well feel better next morning for passing a night at the play in being preserved from the use of its faculties. Wholesome, in that sense, the play that is null and void undoubtedly may be. But let us be clear about what that sense is; do not let us confuse what is wholesome for these minds, avowedly tired and dulled and dyspeptic, with what is wholesome for minds in health and condition. The strictest inaction may be just the thing for a delicate cow that has been driven far and has eaten much and now has a cud to chew. But the whole of the playgoing fauna does not consist of ruminants in frail health and much fatigued, and when one admits that a thing may be wholesome for some invalid, that is not saying what it might be for the same person well, or for others who never were ill.

Here, however, one sees an objection. All this —someone may say—is merely telling what the "wholesome" play is not. But what *is* it? It is not, you say, a quickener of thought; it is not a thrower of genuine light upon life; it does not present to us, lifted into ideal or typical forms, our own possessing interests, our difficult points of business of professional conduct, nor our hesitations between many theories, all tenable, of what is best worth doing, or getting, in life —wealth, or distinction, or quiet, or sport, or the good of our kind, or a family's social promotion, or what not—the things that are real, that people think themselves to sleep upon, in bed at night; it does not, again, come near any searching, or even rele-

vant comment on the mutual relations of men and women. Still, it cannot be vacuum merely. Even the amplest system of holes must have something to keep them together. And so, apart from its exclusions and negations, what is there left that the wholesome play does not taboo? What does it present?

In trying to answer the question one casts an eye over the whole wide firmament of "wholesome" drama, seeking form or outline in the midst of space, and presently there do come twinkling into sight, now in one place, now in another, as the stars do, the only slightly dissimilar stars, at dusk, a mighty host of variants of one central type of positive character. This type, in its general lines, is that of the man who is not, as we say, a bad chap, after all; the man who, again, is more wide awake than he seems; the man who may not have much gift of gab, but is sure to come well through a scrimmage; the man who does not wear his heart on his sleeve, preferring to wear there a heart much less good than his own, so that when he turns out an unparalleled brick the cynical observer of human nature is knocked all of a heap; the man who, morally, is a regular lion of generosity, usually crouched, it is true, but quite prepared to do terrific springs of self-devotion if the occasion for them be sufficiently fantastic—mentally, too, a perfect mortar or sunk mine of gumption, with a sluggish fuse to it, slow to take light, but going off at last in veritable prodigies of mother-wit and horse

sense and other popular forms of practical wisdom; the man who "has his faults," but still—well, if he drinks he is "nobody's enemy but his own," and at those next-morning hours when a nature radically bad would be simply ringing for soda-water, he is delighted to be shot or guillotined for the advantage of comparative strangers; he may not keep appointment, or pay his tailor, or do his work, and, of course, he is not a "plaster saint"; but then he "cannot bear to see a woman cry," and at any hour of the day or night he is game to adopt a baby, or soothe deathbeds, or renounce, for reasons wildly insubstantial, the satisfaction of the cravings of his honest heart. You remember the heroes of "Bootles' Baby," of "Sunday," of "The Prince Chap," of all the other plays in which female infants are planted upon rugged bachelors, with vast emotional consequences farther on. You remember Mark Cross in "The Idler"—his phlegm, his ineffectiveness at common times, his easy ascent into saintliness; you remember "The Scarlet Pimpernel," and the scapegoat in "The Only Way," and the scamp in "The Breed of the Treshams," and the lumpish man in "Still Waters Run Deep," and the swearing and back-slapping good-hearted miners and war correspondents—characters that have their points of unlikeness one to another, no doubt, but still have all a solid greatest common measure of rough diamondism.

Of course, there always were rough diamonds at the theater. Shakspere's Fluellen was one

Ben Jonson's Squire Downright was another. But, till the rage for wholesomeness set in, the stage rough diamonds were but single spies. Only these last fifty years have the resources of the rough-diamond fields been really opened up; now our playwrights are floating a moral De Beers without any of its great original's restrictions on output. They go up and down like Aladdin's mother when she went to court, shaking rough diamonds out of her dress whenever she moved. Why is it? Why all this over-production of one out of all the workable forms of amiable humanity? Well, you may notice that with those who hold by the wholesomest creed, it is one of the sacredest rules of all dramatic craftsmanship to "give the public what the public wants." You find the rule laid down in various sagacious aphorisms, such as the dictum of Mr. Hall Caine that the public is always right, a reflection drawn from him by repeated expressions of the public conviction that Mr. Hall Caine is always right, and amounting perhaps to a prose version of the well-known lyric refrain:—

> So you are right, and I am right,
> And all is right as right can be.

And, again, you have it enshrined in trade maxims like the hackneyed one about "box-office criticism." No doubt, then, it is felt that the greater part of the great public longs to feast its eyes and ears illimitably upon this one ethical type. And as our most frequented dramatists,

although they may not all be great hands at writing plays, have usually a skill in marketing to which one can only take off one's hat, we may assume with confidence that when they feel this is a widely felt wish, so it is. The question then becomes, "Why does so large a public wish to revel in the contemplation of this special type? Is it, perhaps, because the type is rather like the vision that each of us, in his moments of maximum complacency, has of himself? To ourselves, you know, we are all still, strong men. None of us "has any nonsense about him" in the intimate intercourse that we have with our own natures after good dinners; then you see you were born, not, perhaps, for a life of humdrum duty, but to rise to tremendous emergencies; the scales fall from your eyes; your little external deficiencies fail to hide from you longer your heart of gold. You are thought stupid, perhaps—it is only that you cover discretion with a cloak of folly. You are rough? Yes, the good-will of warm, rugged hearts like your own is too pure to practise mere forms. Are you not very nice in your talk?—Oh, it is just that your genuine Lancelots always do hate to put their white souls in the very shop window. If you do sometimes tipple a little, well, after all, what is a trifle like that compared with the way you would give up your life, as at present advised, on some distant romantic occasion? Once let the great love you bear yourself start off down that greased slope of egoistic musing, and every bad thing that you know of yourself will

become, in your sight, an actual mark of the saint and the hero that you would be if saintliness and heroism were only easier than all the routine work of being a tolerable ordinary person. Then go in that mood to a good "wholesome" play; the odds are, you will find you are seeing your own sterling self in a glass. "Still Waters Run Deep," "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "Sunday," "The Breed of the Treshams," "The Only Way"—they all show who shall inherit the earth or get clean into heaven—simply the you of your vision, the Bayard *manqué*, the Philip Sydney waiting to come off, the paragon that a man is to himself when he goes fast asleep while a lady is playing Beethoven, and dreams of the dragons he would slay for pure chivalry.

Of course, this grand manly fellow is not the whole solid content of our wholesomer plays. They abound in a kind of half-made women, obtrusively weaker vessels, "hither all dewy from a convent fetched," and often as breathless and monosyllabic with aghast innocence as if they had run all the way—"sweet clinging natures," like a well-knitted sock, and about as fit as a sock for true marriage and comradeship; a type the elaboration of which is really so much sensual savagery, going back as it does toward the relation of some Mogul or Khalifa to scared, half-grown slave girls, if not to the relation of buck elk to the timorous doe of sentimental convention. And then there are the so-called "happy endings," the

happiest of which, perhaps, is the ending that Sir Arthur Pinero, on coming to market, tacked on to his play of "The Profligate." You remember that, as he first finished the play, a youthful career of a kind that in real life does, as a matter of scientific fact, tend to early decay and some horrible death did end in such a death. Thus acted, it disturbed the wholesome party. So Sir Arthur Pinero rewrote his last scene, for their peace, and the lot of his young debauchee was improved from a horrible death to life and happiness with a charming wife, a clean slate, and a brand-new character. For this is the happy ending dearest to the sanitarian—that known causes should not have their known effects; above all, that in fifth acts any leopards which gain the playgoer's regard should be left rigged out in snowy, curly lambs-wool, and nice Ethiopians go off at the end as blonds with straight, tow-colored hair. It all comforts the fine virile fellow we spoke of. It brings out the venial nature, almost the romantic value, of any wild oats he has sown; it pleasantly confirms his favorite domestic pose of the protecting male lion; or, if he be a bachelor, it authorizes his slightly Oriental sympathy with Edgar Ravenswood's feeling that "the softness of a mind, amounting almost to feebleness, rendered" Lucy "even dearer to him, as a being who had voluntarily clung to him for protection and made him the arbiter of her fate for weal or woe." It helps to make him easy, too, about the nature of

unselfishness, as something mostly to be practised on enormous and fantastic scales, in cases of a guaranteed remoteness.

Well, it may all, let us fully agree, be most wholesome, in some sense. It is true that Narcissus became at last seriously ill through doting so much on his own pretty face in the fountain. But we must not build too much on that. And one quite feels that after the play a man may sleep better who goes to bed thinking how truly a "good sort" he is, after all, than one whom some telling picture of a character stingingly kin to himself torments with the fancy that after all he *may* be a miserable sinner, not in the mild poetic sense in which he says he is, at church, but really and literally, in the same vivid and burning sense in which he is a ratepayer. It may quite well be better for digestion, especially after that hard day in the city, if the mind be gently laid on board a helmless barque and drifted down luxurious streams of vague, rather washy complacency, than if it be pulled up, one short hour after dinner, by the very sight and sound of some grim, fierce-fanged truth that we knew to be true but were trying to keep safely out of our minds, like the irreparableness of all action and the extreme difficulty of squaring God without conduct. "Avoid," Bacon says in his essay on bodily health, "subtile and knottie Inquisitions." "To be cheerfully disposed," he adds, "at hours of recreation," is one of the ways to live long. The whole case, no doubt, for the wholesome play, from the point of

view of the stomach and liver, is strong. Do not let us ever deny, then, that some useful work is done by the drama in sparing them any derangement. A gifted small girl, we are told, has explained that pins are a great means of saving life, "by"—she went on—"not swallowing them." Plays, too, may save health, by having no significance at all for us to swallow. Distinguished things have often served such modest offices capably. An epic poem will do to light your pipe with, or curl the hair, as well as any other piece of paper of the same size. And though we might lose some masterpieces if all the manuscripts of new epics were devoted to these purposes, still, let us be fair and admit that the curling of hair and the lighting of pipes are legitimate objects of human desire. And so, too, is the safety of our sanitarians' precious health; and if the theater pursue it at the cost of only fairly commensurate sacrifices, and with reasonable regard for other possible object of human desire, well, it is a free country; no one need grumble. "Who sweeps a room as in Thy sight," a devout poet says, "makes it, and the action, clean," and let us cordially allow that for dramatic art to aid the peristaltic action of the alimentary canals of the weary and heavily laden may also be a pious exercise.

Only, do not let us make this the whole and sole aim of the drama, as people would do who rush out to condemn as unwholesome all plays that impel you to think with a will about anything, or to ask, with a genuine wish to be answered, if all

can be really so well as you thought with yourself and your world. For one thing, the practice of every great age of the theater warns us against such exclusions. In the three greatest ages of them all—the Elizabethan prime in England, Molière's time in France, the Periclean period in Greece—you find no self-restriction of playwrights to the "wholesome" view or the peptonized theme. Among the three greatest Greek dramatists of whom we know, the highest achievement of the first, Æschylus, was, like Ibsen's "Ghosts," a study so particularly disturbing to the susceptible playgoers that we hear rumors of young persons dying of fright at the first performance. Of the second, Sophocles, one of the most beautiful and famous works was what would be now called a problem play, stubbornly argued out, on the question, akin to that which troubles our modern "passive resisters," to what point the private conscience of the individual may or should stand out against the collective conscience of the community as this embodies itself in laws and the decisions of lawful governments. Of the third, Euripides, one of the most perfect plays, the "Hippolytus," is in part what would be called by a modern wholesomist critic a disagreeable study in the morbid psychology of an emotional pervert, Phædra; while another, the "Medea," is, or contains, an elaborate discussion of—as we say now—the "rights of women," the mutual duties of husbands and wives, the comparatively low morality demanded of men by public opinion, the

greater weight and tightness of the marriage bond for women, and the cheapness of current masculine sentiment about the facing of death in war as the heroic duty and privilege of man, whereas, as the heroine explains somewhat cuttingly, three battles are less dangerous than one confinement; in fact, the play is everything that is termed un-play-like and unwholesome when Miss Elizabeth Robins attempts it in London. In Molière's time the ruling mandarins of wholesomism seem to have been the Paris clergy and perhaps the French Academy. Academies are nearly always blankly wholesome; an empty room is easy to keep clean. While Molière, the first of French writers, lived, the Academy did not admit him; the Church procured the prohibition of his greatest play, "Tartuffe," as being "capable of producing very dangerous consequences"—in short, unwholesome; one of its pastors described him, at the time, as "a man, or rather a demon clothed in the flesh and dressed in the garb of a man," and "the most notorious blasphemer and libertine the world has seen"; and when he died they tried to deny Christian burial. For the Elizabethan drama, do you think Marlowe's "Edward II," were it new now, would be passed by that chief rabbi of the whole hierarchy of wholesomist critics, the Lord Chamberlain's Examiner of Plays? And if you do not go to "King Lear" or "Antony and Cleopatra" with your ears well stuffed with cotton-wool, as one supposes that some of our invalid friends prudently do, well, you are in for a great

piece of experience, but you are not in for a eupeptic evening's peace of mind.

Take it another way: think what the English novel, the chief glory of modern English letters, would be if it, too, had bound itself over, as much of our drama has done, to keep up the quiet of torpid minds at their most torpid seasons. You remember how firmly "A Doll's House" was banned as subversive of this mental order. There the man whom Ibsen's irony handled was made, at first, much like ourselves, a quite decent, dutiful family man. And then he collapsed, and oneself collapsed with him. One might have been feeling that, while not a saint, one was really a very respectable man of the world, in the right sense, with quite a fair portion, for this earth, of honesty, courage, unselfishness, comradeship. Then came the plaguy Ibsen, showing what tragic messes of baseness could be tumbled into, without much change of manner by one not readily distinguishable from this object of esteem. To do that very thing, to fix and fascinate your mind, and then perturb it, is the characteristic aim of much of the greatest modern fiction. All who have read Mr. Meredith's studies of selfish sentimentalism or vulgarity of soul must have felt, more or less, as did Stevenson after reading "The Egoist," when he said, "Why, Meredith, you've drawn Sir Willoughby from *me*." So you rise from reading "Romola" with your sense of being not such a bad fellow after all converted into a suspicion that you may be little better than an unde-

tected sneak. The novels of Mr. Hardy, of Zola, of Tolstoy, all give an unreflecting optimism its notice to quit. That is not to say that to read them may not be a pleasure. Certainly it is not a pleasure of the same order as an opiate, or a fat-cushioned chair, or a liqueur. It is a pleasure not meant for the sickly; rather the pleasure of walking all day in north wind on the tops of rough hills where you win the joy of good, rude health through finding out how unfit you set out.

And it is not so with novels alone. All the big new things in all of the arts are upsetting at first to old habits of mind. The hullabaloo against Wagner was not an exception. Whistler, perhaps the first of modern painters, was quite sincerely conjectured by a British jury, amid public applause, to be little but a swindling mountebank. Swinburne and Rossetti were hooted at for years by many respectable persons as merely immoral and unwholesome. Of course, a change comes in due time. Wagner is played in Paris now; they hang Whistler at Burlington House; we may have a Swinburne monument in the Abbey yet. All men, Burke says, are able to be just historically; the hard thing is, to be just, or to be candid, before the trial is past and the case is old history. Looking back now we should all be prepared to have stood up for Shakspere when Greene was abusing him as a plagiarist, or when playgoers flocked away from his plays and his acting to see those youthful prodigies the Children of the Chapel, or when, as no doubt may have happened,

sturdy, clean-minded critics at the Globe would ask for less of Richard Burbage in Othello or Macbeth and more of hearty, wholesome acrobatics and bear-baiting. Everyone is advanced enough now to say what Philistines the Paris people were who thought the "Misanthrope" a repulsive psychological study when Molière first brought it out. No one but feels himself, now, the superior of Walpole in taste, Horace Walpole who, after the first night "She Stoops to Conquer" was played, pooh-poohed it as unwholesomely vulgar and low. But let us be more right than he, if we can, when we do really stand in his shoes and are judging some wholly new play in which some man whose work does not yet lead the market is stoutly refusing to write for the theater just as a place meant to make it easy for dull or spent minds to bask themselves to coma in that hazy sunshine of complacency. That was what Goldsmith did when he broke the deep peace that had reigned between the Walpoles in the auditorium and the Kellys who then kept the stage in supplies of mushy sentimentalism. In some degree it was what Molière did when in the "Misanthrope" he called on indolent playgoers for a special effort of intelligence, what Shakspere before him had done when he broke with his time's fixed ideas and staggered all restful old fogies, no doubt, with his unclassical irregularities and strangeness. They were all innovators, troublers of dozing minds; they would not be wholesome and let well alone. And though, to be Shakspere or Molière, it does not suffice to

innovate and to be called unwholesome by the indolent, still, we may be pretty sure that the first-rate man, when he comes, will be a sad remover of old landmarks, and will, throughout his first struggle for acceptance, be often called unwholesome. The way to be ready to stand by him is not, of course, to force our own likings; not to try to prefer a new thing because it is new or because other people abuse it. The root of all right judgment in these things is obstinate fidelity to your own personal relish and disrelish—to give yourself to the enjoyment of a thing because you do enjoy it, and not because someone whom you think much of enjoys it, or someone else whom you despise does not enjoy it. What matters in criticism is not so much truth as reality, not so much your view's being sound as its being *yours*.

Of course, to have any critical self of one's own, one must keep off the backs of high horses of all kinds, the high horse of culture, the high horse of moralism, the high horses of critical authority and tradition. A horse is a perilous thing for safety. Only don't think these beasts the worst perils. The greatest risk now is lest people, who do not know how good their own judgment is, should be browbeaten out of their honest liking for some new strange play because so few seem to agree with them; because it is not the fashion; because it is done, it may be, in a half-empty house, with all the massed makers and vendors of pot-boilers saying it is not the real thing, and all the newspapers that have the largest circulation in the solar sys-

tem calling it unwholesome. There never was a time when the public opinion of the dull and vulgar well-to-do, who feel safest with bad work and of the lower kind of dealers, who live by bad work, was so well organized and so vociferous. But if we go to the theater with minds alive and well, and liking to be well, and caring not one straw for any of these principalities and powers, but simply trusting unashamedly to our own gusto to show what was worth an author's doing, then at least we shall have a chance of feeling, some time or other before we are dead, that at some real turning point in the history of the English theater we were on the side that was right then, and that afterward won.

C. E. MONTAGUE.

GIOCONDA*

FIRST played in Milan at the Ponchinelli Theaon April 8, 1876.

Argument: Lucio Settala, a Florentine sculptor, having sought liberty in death under the stress of an overwhelming passion for Gioconda Dianti, has been saved by the devoted care bestowed upon him by his wife. His heart is filled with love for his wife, but the other woman re-exerts her fascination. It still remains for Lucio to solve his problem.

Silvia Settala and the old man Lorenzo Gaddi enter the large square parlor of Lucio Settala's house in Florence. Two windows open on a garden; through one of them can be seen, rising against the placid fields of the sky, the little hill of San Miniato and its bright Basilica, and the convent, and the church of the Cronaca "la Bella Villanella," the purest vessel of Franciscan simplicity. The atmosphere is fresh with spring.

SILVIA SETTALA. Ah, blessed life! Because I have always kept one hope alight, to-day I can bless life.

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LORENZO GADDI. New life, dear Silvia, good brave soul, so good and so strong! The storm is over. Lucio has come back to you, full of gratitude and of tenderness, after all the evil. It is as if he were born again. Just now he had the eyes of a child.

SILVIA. All his goodness comes back to him when you are with him. When he calls you Maestro his voice becomes so affectionate that it must make your heart beat, the father's heart that you have for him.

In spite of Silvia's joy, the melting away of sorrow, sometimes at a breath, she feels cast down with dread. "How this air troubles one, and yet how pure it is!" she exclaims. "All one's hope and despair pass in the wind with the dust of the flowers." She leans out of the window and calls to her little child, Beata, who is running about among the rose bushes, wild with delight. When Beata laughs Silvia says she knows the joy of the flowers when they are filled to the brim with dew. She turns to the Maestro, grave and trembling, and taking his hands.

SILVIA. You think that he will really be healed of all his wounds? You think he will come back to me with all his soul? Did you feel that when you saw him, when you talked with him? What did your heart say?

LORENZO. It seemed to me just now that he had the look of a man who begins to live over again with a new sense of life. He who has seen the face

of death cannot but have seen in that instant the face of truth also. The bandage is taken off his eyes. He knows you now wholly.

SILVIA. Maestro, Maestro, if you deceive yourself, if it is a vain hope, what will become of me? All my strength is worn out.

She says that it was for the other woman that he wanted to die, in a moment of rage and delirium. She asks if he has awakened without memory; does he see an abyss between his life as it renews itself and the part of himself that he left behind in the mist? She declares the old man dares not console her any longer. Yet he does console her, and makes her feel that when Lucio kissed her hands his whole heart melted into tenderness and humility.

LORENZO [*looking at her hands*]. Dear, dear hands, brave and beautiful, steadfast and beautiful! Your hands are extraordinarily beautiful, Silvia.

Silvia has never been back to Lucio's studio. It is still the domain, she says, of the other woman, who lives and is implacable.

LORENZO. Are you sure that she came back, after what happened?

SILVIA. Sure. Her insolence has no bounds. She is without pity and without shame.

LORENZO. And he, Lucio, does he know?

SILVIA. He does not know. But he will surely

know it sooner or later. She will find a way of letting him know.

LORENZO. But why?

SILVIA. Because she is implacable. Because she will not relinquish her prey.

There is a pause. Then she asks him about the statue, the sphinx, for which Gioconda posed. He tells her it is exquisitely beautiful.

Silvia's sister, Francesca Doni, comes, and also Cosimo Dalbo, Lucio's friend, who has been away on a long visit in Egypt. Francesca does not doubt that Lucio's attempt upon his life has reunited him to her sister.

Lucio soon comes in. He is pale and thin, and his eyes look extraordinarily large with suffering. He is very glad to see Cosimo, and the others leave them together. Lucio speaks in a singular way, as if in a dream, with a mixture of agitation and stupor, but does not wish to talk about himself and questions Cosimo about his pilgrimage.

Cosimo describes the wonderful things he has seen, a Persian monastery, the desert, the Nile, and the Sphinx. Lucio's sphinx, which he saw before his departure, he found exquisitely beautiful. Lucio covers his eyes with both hands and remains for some seconds as if trying to evoke a vision in the darkness.

LUCIO [*uncovering his eyes*]. I no longer see it. It escapes me. It comes and goes in a breath, confusedly. If I had it here before me now it would seem new to me: I should cry out. And

yet I carved it with these hands! [*He looks at his thin, sensitive hands. His agitation increases.*] I don't know. I don't know. In the beginning of my fever, when I still had the bullet in my flesh, and the continual murmuring of death in my lost soul, I saw it standing at the foot of the bed, lit like a torch, as if I myself had moulded it out of some incandescent material. So for many days and nights I saw it through my eyelids. It grew brighter as my fever increased. When my pulse burned it turned to flame. It was as if all the blood shed at its feet had gone up into it and boiled up in it . . .

COSIMO DALBO [*uneasily, looking toward the door*]. Lucio, Lucio, you said just now that you knew nothing now, that you did not want to remember anything. Lucio! [*He gently shakes his friend, who remains rigid.*]

LUCIO. Do not fear. I have left it all far, far behind me, at the bottom of the sea. The statue was drowned, too, with the rest, after the shipwreck. That is why I can no longer see it except confusedly, as if through deep water.

Cosimo talks of the Nile, and then Silvia returns. She is smiling and animated. She has changed her gown, and is dressed in a clearer, more springlike color, and she carries in her hands a bunch of fresh roses. Lucio looks at her with surprise, as if he discovered a new charm in her. She blushes slightly, and says that she put on the gown while Francesca was there to see how it looked. Cosimo leaves.

The setting sun gilds the room. In the square of the window is seen the pallid sky; San Miniato shines on the height; the air is soft, without a breath of wind. Lucio and Silvia, in the silence, hear the beating of their anxious hearts. He speaks first of a bee that is buzzing in the room. Then she asks him if he would not like to go to Bocca d'Arno for a while. It has always been a dream of hers to pass one spring there. Choked with emotion, he replies that her dream is his, too.

LUCIO [*holding out his hands to her as if imploringly*]. Silvia! Silvia!

SILVIA [*running to him*]. Do you feel ill? You look paler. Ah, you have tired yourself too much to-day, you are worn out. Sit here, come. Will you sip some of this cordial? Do you feel as if you are going to faint? Tell me!

LUCIO [*taking her hands with an outburst of love*]. No, no, Silvia; I never felt so well. You, you sit down, sit here; and I at your feet, at last, with all my soul, to adore you, to adore you!

She sinks back on the divan and he falls on his knees before her. She is convulsed and trembling, and lays her hand on his lips, as if to keep him from speaking. Breath and words pass between her fingers.

LUCIO. At last! It was like a flood coming from far off, a flood of all the beautiful things and all the good things that you have poured out on my life since you began to love me; and my heart over-

flowed, ah, overflowed so that I staggered under the weight of it, and fainted and died of the pain and the sweetness of it, because I dared not say . . .

SILVIA [*her face white, her voice almost extinct*]. No more, say no more!

LUCIO. Hear me, hear me! All the sorrows that you have suffered, the wounds that you have received without a cry, the tears that you have hidden lest I should have shame and remorse, the smiles with which you have veiled your agonies, your infinite pity for my wanderings, your invincible courage in the face of death, your hard fight for my life, your hope always alight beside my bed, your watches, cares, continual tremors, expectation, silence, joy, all that is deep, all that is sweet and heroic in you, I know it all, I feel it all, dear soul; and if violence is enough to break a yoke, if blood is enough for redemption (oh, let me speak!), I bless the evening and the hour that brought me dying into this house of your martyrdom and of your faith to receive once more at your hands, these divine hands that tremble, the gift of life.

He presses his convulsed mouth against the palms of her hands, and she gazes at him through the tears that moisten her eyelids, transfigured with unexpected happiness.

SILVIA [*in a faint and broken voice*]. No more, say no more! My heart cannot bear it. You suffocate me with joy. I longed for one word from you, only one, no more; and all at once you

flood me with love, you fill up every vein, you raise me to the other side of hope, you outpass my dreams, you give me happiness beyond all expectation. Ah, what did you say of my sorrows? What is sorrow endured, what is silence constrained, what is a tear, what is a smile, now, in the face of this flood that bears me away? I feel as if by-and-by, for you, for you, I shall be sorry not to have suffered more. Perhaps I have not reached the depths of sorrow, but I know that I have reached the height of happiness.

She blindly caresses his head as it lies on her knees.

SILVIA. Rise, rise! Come nearer to my heart, rest on me, give way to my tenderness, press my hands on your eyelids, be silent, dream, call back the deep forces of your life. Ah, it is not me alone that you must love, not me alone, but the love I have for you: love my love! I am not beautiful, I am not worthy of your eyes, I am a humble creature in the shadow; but my love is wonderful, it is on high, on high, it is alone, it is sure as the day, it is stronger than death, it can work miracles, it shall give you all that you ask. You can ask more than you have ever hoped.

She draws him to her heart, raising his head. His eyes are closed, his lips tight set, he is as pale as death, drunk and exhausted with emotion.

SILVIA. Rise, rise! Come nearer to my heart; rest on me. Do you not feel that you can give

yourself up to me that nothing in the world is surer than my breast? that you can find it always? Ah, I have sometimes thought that this certitude might intoxicate you like glory.

He kneels before her with uplifted face; she with both hands pushes back the hair to uncover his whole forehead.

SILVIA. Beautiful, strong forehead, sealed and blessed! May all the germs of spring awaken in your new thoughts!

Trembling she presses her lips to his forehead. Silently he stretches out his arms toward the suppliant. The sunset is like a dawn.

The next day Cosimo Dalbo has come again to see Lucio. He is seated by a table, grave and thoughtful, while Lucio moves about the room, giving way to the anguish that oppresses him. He says that he has had a letter from Gioconda. He opened it. It burnt his fingers.

COSIMO. Well? [*He hesitates. In a voice changed by emotion:*] You still love her?

LUCIO [*with a shudder of dread*]. No, no, no!

COSIMO [*looking into the depths of his eyes*]. You no longer love her?

LUCIO [*entreatingly*]. Oh, do not torture me. I suffer.

COSIMO. But what is it then that distresses you? [*A pause.*]

LUCIO. Every day, at an hour that I know, she

waits for me, there, at the foot of the statue, alone. [*Another pause.*]

The two men seem as if they saw before them something strong and living, a Will, evoked by those brief words.

COSIMO. She waits for you? Where? In your studio? How could she get in?

LUCIO. She has a key: the key of that time.

COSIMO. She waits for you! She thinks, she desires, then, that you should still belong to her?

LUCIO. You have said it.

Cosimo says that she is terrible. One cannot fight against her save at a distance. He must go away and live only for her who saved him from death, and for whom his heart bleeds. Lucio replies that the other will wait for his return. Her power will increase. He will see her from far off, like the guardian of a statue into which he put the most vivid breath of his soul. He denies that he loves her, but says she is the stronger; she knows what conquers and binds him; she is armed with a fascination from which he cannot free his soul except by tearing her out of his heart; must he try again?

Cosimo tells him to ask Gioconda for the key to the studio, or to clear out everything and leave the house; a change is necessary if his life is to renew itself. Lucio, bitter and disheartened, replies that he is right. They will go away somewhere, to a beautiful, solitary place, shake off the dust from old things, set up a monument to

liberty.—One morning Gioconda will knock at the new door.—He calls Cosimo a child, to whom the whole thing seems nothing more than a key.

LUCIO [*again carried away by excitement*]. I deny nothing, I deny nothing. Would you have me cry to you that I love her? [*Looks about him in an aimless bewilderment. Passes his hand across his forehead with an air of suffering. Lowers his voice.*] You should have let me die. Think, if I who was intoxicated with life, if I who was frantic with strength and pride, if I wanted to die, be sure I knew there was an insuperable necessity for it. Not being able to live either with or without her, I resolved to quit the world. Think: I who looked on the world as my garden, and had every lust after every beauty! Be sure, then, I knew there was an insuperable necessity, an iron destiny. You should have let me die.

COSIMO. You have forgotten the divine miracle cruelly.

LUCIO. I am not cruel. Because I was in horror of that cruelty toward which the violence of evil drew me, because I would not trample upon a more than human virtue, because I could not endure the sweetness of a little unconscious voice questioning me, because I wished to keep myself from the worst of all (do you understand?), I made my resolve. And because I am in horror of beginning over again, therefore I hate myself; because to-day I am like one who has taken a narcotic in despair, and who wakes up again, after

a sound sleep, and finds the same old despair by his bedside.

At first he was conscious of adoration of his wife. All his soul was prostrate at her feet, knowing all that was divine in her with an intoxication of humility, with a fervor of unspeakable gratitude. Life had a new splendor; he thought he was saved for ever. Then he knew that there was something else that must be abolished in him: the force that flows incessantly to his fingers, as if to reproduce . . . he means that perhaps he should have been saved if he had forgotten art also.

Again Cosimo urges him to go to Bocca d'Arno where, between the woods and the sea, he would find once more a little calm and might think over what his attitude should be. Now he is still convalescent. Lucio does not believe that light comes from goodness, but from a profound instinct which turns and hurries his spirit toward the most glorious images of life. He was born to make statues.

LUCIO [*lowering his voice*]. The sport of illusion has mated me with a creature who was never meant for me. She is a soul of inestimable price before whom I kneel and worship. But I am not a sculptor of souls. She was not meant for me. When the other appeared before me I thought of all the blocks of marble hidden in the caves of far mountains, that I might arrest in each one of them one of her motions.

Now that he has created his masterpiece, Cosimo says, he surely must be satisfied.

LUCIO [*more excitedly*]. A thousand statues, not one! She is always diverse, like a cloud that from instant to instant seems changed without your seeing it change. Every motion of her body destroys one harmony and creates another yet more beautiful. You implore her to stay, to remain motionless; and across all her immobility there passes a torrent of obscure forces, as thoughts pass in the eyes. Do you understand? Do you understand? The life of the eyes is the look, that indefinable thing, more expressive than any word, than any sound, infinitely deep and yet instantaneous as a breath, swifter than a flash, innumerable, omnipotent; in a word, *the look*. Now imagine the life of the look diffused over all her body. Do you understand? The quiver of an eyelid transfigures a human face and expresses an immensity of joy or sorrow. The eyelashes of the creature whom you love are lowered: the shadow encircles you as the waters encircle an island; they are raised: the flame of summer burns up the world. Another quiver: your soul dissolves like a drop of water; another: you are lord of the universe. Imagine that mystery over all her body! Imagine through all her limbs, from the forehead to the sole of the foot, that flash of lightning, like life! Can one chisel the look? The ancients made their statues blind. Now, imagine, her whole body is like the look.

He looks about him suspiciously, in fear of being heard. He comes nearer to his friend, who listens

with increasing emotion as he tells of a wonderful day spent at Carrara with Gioconda, choosing a block of marble for a statue. Everything he saw exalted his spirit. An extraordinary fervor animates him, and at the end he says now Cosimo must understand how furious his impatience is when he knows she is there, alone, at the foot of the sphinx, awaiting him.

But Cosimo does not know that he had begun another statue. It was left unfinished, sketched out in the clay. If the clay dries all is lost. Lucio thought it was lost, but Gioconda has kept it moist and preserved his work. Cosimo reminds him that the other preserved his life.

LUCIO [*gloomily, lowering his forehead, without looking at his friend, in an almost hard voice*]. Which of the two is worth more? Life is intolerable to me if it was only given back with such a dragging weight on it. I have told you: you should have let me die. What greater renunciation can I make than that I have made? Only death could stay the rush of desire that drives my whole being, fatally, toward its own particular good. Now I live again: I recognize in myself the same man, the same force. Who shall judge me if I follow out my destiny?

COSIMO [*terrified, taking him by the arm as if to restrain him*]. But what will you do? Have you made up your mind?

Struck by the sudden terror in the voice and gesture of his friend, Lucio hesitates.

LUCIO [*putting his hands through his hair feverishly*]. What shall I do? What shall I do? Do you know a more cruel torture? I am dizzy; do you understand? If I think that she is there and waiting for me, and the hours are passing, and my strength is being lost, and my ardor burning itself away, dizziness clutches hold of my soul, and I am in fear that I shall be drawn there, perhaps to-night, perhaps to-morrow. Do you know what that dizziness is? Ah, if I could reopen the wound that they have closed for me!

COSIMO [*trying to lead him toward the window*]. Be calm, be calm, Lucio. Hush! I think I hear the voice . . .

LUCIO [*starting*]. Silvia's? [*He turns deathly pale.*]

Silvia and her sister enter. They talk of the delights at Bocca d'Arno at this time of year. Lucio leans out of the window trying to conceal his agitation. Cosimo soon leaves and Lucio sees him to the gate.

Silvia bends her head, knitting her brows as if thinking out some resolution. Then it seems as if she is lifted on a sudden wave of energy. Francesca now tells her that Gaddi has been to see Gioconda to ask her for the key of the studio. Learning that Lucio had not sent him, Gioconda replied that no one else had the right to make such a demand. Silvia draws herself up. She has the right, she says. She will go and face the woman in the place where she is an intruder. Francesca

entreats her not to think of it, but Silvia asks when she has ever shrunk from torture or sorrow. Francesca admits that her strength is great, but persists that the ordeal is too much for her.

Silvia says that Gioconda thinks her weak and submissive and is therefore bold; Gioconda thinks she can get the better of her, but she is wrong. Now that Silvia has won back everything she will defend it. If Gioconda resists, Silvia can turn her out. Again Francesca implores her not to be rash. Silvia replies that she will not endure a second martyrdom. She would rather go away herself and find a little quiet seashore somewhere, and lie down there with Beata and let the sea take them.

Lucio is still outside, talking at the gate, although it is beginning to rain. He seems beside himself. Francesca tells Silvia to call him.

SILVIA [*turning, as if seized by a terrible thought*]. I am sure of it. I am sure of it.

FRANCESCA. What are thinking of now?

SILVIA [*pausing and pronouncing the words distinctly, pale but resolute*]. Lucio knows that she is waiting for him.

FRAN. He knows? How?

SILVIA. There is no doubt, there is no doubt.

FRAN. You imagine it.

SILVIA. I feel it; I am sure of it.

FRAN. But how?

SILVIA. It was bound to come. She was bound to find out the way one day or another.

How? A letter, perhaps. He has received a letter.

FRAN. And you were not on the watch?

SILVIA [*disdainfully*]. Even that?

FRAN. But perhaps you are mistaken.

SILVIA. I am not mistaken. After the old man's visit she wrote. Delay is no longer possible now, not a day, not an hour. You see the danger. Though he may have come back to me with all his soul, though he may have broken with her entirely, though he may have gone back to another life, another happiness, do you not feel what might still be the fascination for him of a woman who says, obstinate and certain: "I am here, I wait"? To know that she is there, that she is waiting there every day, that nothing can dishearten her. Do you see the danger? If Lucio knew this morning that she's waiting for him, he must know to-night, and from my lips, that she waits for him no longer. [*An indomitable energy strengthens and lifts her whole being.*] He shall know it to-night; I promise him. [*She stretches out her hand toward the window, with the gesture of one taking an oath.*]

It is in vain that Francesca renews her entreaties. Silvia replies there is not a moment to lose. They will start at once in Francesca's carriage. She goes into the next room. Francesca calls Lucio from the window. It is now raining hard and Lucio comes in drenched. He is astonished to find Silvia about to leave the house.

SILVIA. I have to go out. I shall not be long. Beata is in there, crying because she wants to come with me. Go and comfort her. Tell her that perhaps I will bring her back something beautiful.

[LUCIO *suddenly takes her hands and looks her fixedly in the eyes.*]

SILVIA [*mistress of herself, with a firm and clear accent*]. What is it, Lucio?

He casts down his eyes. She withdraws her hands, shaking his as if in a farewell greeting. The temper of her will rings out in her vivid voice.

SILVIA. *Au revoir!* Come, Francesca. It is time.

She goes out rapidly, followed by her sister. Lucio remains with bowed head, staggered under a thought that transfixes him.

The studio is a high and spacious room lighted by a glass roof. In the wall at the back there is a rectangular opening, somewhat larger than a door, leading into the sculptor's studio. A red curtain covers the opening. At the two sides of the opening are two large winged figures, the Nike of Samothrace and the Nike of Pæonius. Wide divans surround the room. Silvia stands in the middle of the room. Francesca's knees tremble and she has taken a seat. Silvia says that they will hear the door open when any one comes, and Francesca can slip out the side way and wait in

the carriage. Francesca wants to wait in the passage, near at hand.

While they are listening Silvia is seized by an impulse to see the sphinx. Francesca begs her not to go into the other room, but Silvia raises the curtain and slips between the folds. There are a few instants of silence in which nothing is heard but the rapid breathing of the sister. Suddenly within the purple depths appears the white face of Silvia which seems irradiated with the light of the masterpiece. She has received the supreme gift of beauty: a truce to anguish, a pause to fear. The sound of a heavy door closing is heard. The sisters start. Silvia pushes Francesca out by the small door and closes it.

Silvia is standing with her face turned toward the other door, her eyes fixed, almost rigid in expectation. Through the profound silence is heard distinctly the turning of the key in the lock. Silvia's attitude does not change. A hand lifts the portière. Gioconda Dianti enters, closing the door behind her. At first she does not perceive the adversary, since she comes from the light into the shadow and a thick veil covers her whole face. When she perceives her she stops with a choked cry. Both remain for some instants facing one another without speaking.

Silvia states who she is. One of them usurps the right of the other, she says; one of them is an intruder. Perhaps it is she herself. Gioconda in a low voice replies, "Perhaps." Silvia says there is a woman who has drawn a man into her

net with the worst allurements, who has torn him away from the peace of home, the nobility of art; who has dragged him into a turbid and violent delirium, where he has lost all sense of goodness and justice.

SILVIA. There is a woman who has inflicted on a man the sharpest torments that the cruelty of a torturer sick with ennui could desire; who has exhausted and withered him up, keeping a perverse fever continually alight in his veins; who has rendered life intolerable to him; who has armed his hand and turned it against his own life; who, in short, has known that he was wounded to death on a far-off bed, for days and days, while a ceaseless fight went on about him against death; and who has not had remorse, nor pity, nor shame, but has gone back to the sinister place before the blood was wiped off the floor, meditating another attack upon her prey. She has entered here with her face covered, she has spoken in a dull voice, she has let fall a cold word, calculating always on her own audacity and the other's submissiveness. Do you know her?

GIOCONDA [*without changing her manner*]. She whom I know is different. Only because she is sad in your presence does she speak in a low voice. She respects the great and sorrowful love that has given you life; she admires the virtue that exalts you. While you were speaking she understood that it was only in order to comfort an unutterable despair that your words had created a figure

so different from the real person. There is nothing implacable in her; but she obeys a power that may be implacable.

Harshness is of no avail, says Gioconda. She thought at first that Silvia came simply to learn the truth. The truth that matters, between them, is the truth of love, but Gioconda fears to wound.

GIO. The woman against whom you made such accusations was ardently loved, and—suffer me to say it!—with a glorious love. She did not abase but exalt a strong life. And since the last voice that she heard, a few hours before the terrible deed was accomplished, the last was of love, she believes she is still loved. And this is the truth that matters.

SILVIA [*blindly*]. She is wrong, she is wrong . . . You are wrong! He loves you no longer, he loves you no longer; perhaps he never loved you. His was not love but a poisoning, sharp slavery, madness, and thirst. When he suffered on his pillow remembrance passed through his eyes from time to time like a flash of terror. Weeping at my feet, he has blessed the blood that was poured out for his ransom. He does not love you, he does not love you!

GIO. Your love cries out like a drowning man.

SILVIA. He does not love you! You have been a gadfly to him, you have made him frantic, you have driven him to his death.

GIO. Not I, not I, have driven him to his

death, but you yourself. Yes, he wished to die, that he might cast off a fetter, but not that which bound him to me: another, yours, that which was set upon him by your virtue or your rule, and which made him suffer intolerably.

Only a few hours before he gave way to the horrible thought, there in that room, Gioconda says, he called her the life of his life, of liberty, and art, and joy. He spoke of the insupportableness of his yoke, she pursues, the inevitable weight of goodness, more cruel than any other, and the horror of daily suffering, the repugnance of returning to the house of silence and tears. To escape that anguish he sought death.

SILVIA. You lie, you lie! I was far away.

GIO. And you accuse me of having inflicted an infamous torment upon him, of having been his torturer! Ah, your hands, above all your hands of goodness and pardon, prepared for him every night a bed of thorns on which he could not lie down. But, when he entered here where I awaited him as one awaits the creating god, he was transformed. Before his work he recovered strength, joy, faith. Yes, a continual fever burned in his blood, kept alight by me (and this is all my pride); but the fire of that fever has fashioned a masterpiece. [*Points toward her statue, hidden by the curtains.*]

Another statue, she says, is ready to leap forth from its covering of clay. That first breath that

he infused into it she kept alive as one waters the furrow where the seed lies deep. That the work may go on living her presence is needful. That is why she said perhaps Silvia was the intruder, respecting Silvia's doubt. Silvia cannot feel at home there as in her own house. Household affections have no place there, domestic virtues no sanctuary. The place is outside laws and beyond common rights. Here a sculptor makes his statues. He is alone here with the instruments of his art. Gioconda is an instrument of his art. Nature has sent her to him to bring him a message, and to serve him.

Silvia stands before the curtain, without advancing. An increasing shiver shakes her whole body, betraying her inner agitation; while the words of her rival become more and more sharp and stinging, definite, and at last hostile. Suddenly she turns, panting, impetuous, resolved upon the last defence. Death, she says, has severed every bond. What was interrupted should be lost. Now he is born again, a new man, he aspires toward other conquests. In his eyes is a new light; his strength is impatient to create other forms. All that is behind him, all that is on the other side of the shadow, has no longer any power or value. What does it matter to him that an old piece of clay should fall into dust?

Gioconda replies with greater defiance. She is awaiting Lucio, and she is certain that he will come. An extraordinary change comes over the face of Silvia. It seems as if something strange

and horrible enters into her. She is like one suddenly caught in the coils, writhing in the fascination of the serpent, blindly. The ancient fatality of deceit suddenly assails the soul of the pure woman, conquers and contaminates it. At the last words of the enemy she breaks into an unexpected laugh, bitter, atrocious, provocative, that renders her unrecognizable. Gioconda seems overcome by it.

SILVIA. Enough, enough. Too many words. The game has lasted too long. Ah, your certainty, your pride! But how could you believe that I should have come here to contest the way with you, to forbid your entrance, to face your audacity, if I had not had a certainty far more sound than yours to warrant me? I know your letter of yesterday, it was shown to me, I know not if with more astonishment or disgust.

GIO. [*overcome*]. No, it is not possible!

SILVIA. Yes, it is so. As for the answer, I bring it. Lucio Settala has lost the memory of what has been, and asks to be left in peace. He hopes that your pride will prevent you from becoming importunate.

GIO. [*beside herself*]. He sends you? He himself? It is his answer? His?

SILVIA. His, his. I would have spared you this harshness if you had not forced me. Will you go now?

GIO. [*her voice hoarse with rage and shame*]. I am turned out?

Fury suffocates her, and gives her a frantic vigor. The vindictive and devastating wild beast seems to awaken in her. Through her flexible and powerful body passes the same force which contracts the homicidal muscles of feline animals in ambush. The veil, which she has kept on her face like a dark mask, renders more formidable the attitude of one ready to do injury in any way and with any weapon.

GIO. Turned out?

Silvia stands convulsed and livid before the furious woman, and it is not the spectacle of that fury which terrifies her, but something which she sees within herself, something horrible and irreparable; her lie.

It would have been better for Lucio to have died, says Gioconda, than to have survived his soul. All is destroyed, all lost, she exclaims; he will never lift his head again. She declares frantically that she was his strength, his youth, his light! And she carries away with her all that was his power. Fury blinds and suffocates her. It is as if she was invaded by a turbid, destructive will, as by a demon. All her being contracts in the necessity of accomplishing an immediate act of destruction. A sudden thought precipitates that instinct toward an aim.

GIO. And that statue which is mine, which belongs to me, which he has made out of the life that I have shed from me drop by drop, that

statue which is mine . . . [*She rushes like a wild beast toward the closed curtain, raises it and passes through.*] . . . well, I will shatter it, I will cast it down!

Silvia utters a cry and rushes forward to prevent the crime. Both disappear behind the curtain. The rapid breathing of a brief struggle is heard.

SILVIA. No, no, it is not true! I lied!

The despairing words are covered by the sound of a mass that tilts and falls, the fracture of the falling statue; then follows another lacerating cry from Silvia, torn by agony from her very vitals.

Francesca Doni appears, mad with terror, running toward the cry, which she recognizes; while Gioconda Dianti is seen between the curtains, still veiled, in the attitude of one who has committed a murder and seeks to escape.

FRAN. Assassin! Assassin! [*She stoops to succor her sister, while the other runs out.*] Silvia, Silvia, my sister, my sister! What has she done to you, what has she done to you? Ah, the hands, the hands . . .

Francesca's voice expresses the horror of one who sees something frightful.

SILVIA. Take me away! Take me away!

FRAN. My God, my God! They were underneath! My God! They are crushed! Water, water! There is none here. Wait.

SILVIA. Ah, what agony! I cannot bear it: I am dying. Take me away!

She appears between the red curtains, her face inexpressibly contracted by agony, while her sister bends to support her two hands, wrapped in a piece of wet cloth, taken from the clay, through which the blood oozes.

SILVIA. What agony! I cannot bear it any longer.

She is about to faint, when all at once Lucio Settala rushes into the room like a madman. She trembles, fixing on him her great eyes full of tears, in which her despairing soul dies.

SILVIA. You, you, you!

FRAN. [*still supporting the two poor crushed hands that drench the cloth in which the incurable wreck is hidden*]. Support her, support her! She is falling.

Lucio supports the poor bleeding creature almost fainting in his arms. But before losing consciousness, she turns her glazing eyes toward the curtains as if to indicate the statue.

SILVIA [*in a dying voice*]. It . . . is safe.

The calm sea, golden sands, and the mouth of the Arno are seen from the windows of a ground-floor room on a September afternoon, as Silvia enters and looks off into the distance with infinitely sad eyes. In her way of moving there is a sense of something wanting, calling up a vague image of clipped wings, a vague sentiment of strength humbled and shorn, of nobility brought

low, of broken harmony. Long sleeves hide her arms without hands, which she sometimes lets drop by her sides, and sometimes sets together, drawn a little back as if to hide them in the folds with a movement of shame and sorrow.

From outside, between thick oleanders, appears a girlish figure, La Sirenetta, half fairy and half beggar girl. Silvia calls her in. La Sirenetta asks for Silvia's little girl, and learns that she is expected that day La Sirenetta offers her a starfish, but Silvia will not take it. The girl says she has great sorrow in her eyes. She can see that something wicked has been done to her.

Instinctively Silvia hides her arms without hands in the folds of her garment with a sorrowful movement which does not escape the notice of La Sirenetta, who suddenly, as if intentionally, drops the end of her apron so that her little sea treasure falls and is scattered over the ground. She picks out a large starfish and asks Silvia to take it. The mutilated woman shakes her head in sign of refusal, pressing her lips together as if to keep down the knot that tightens in her throat.

La Sirenetta. Can't you? Are your hands sick, tied up? [*The mutilated woman nods her head.* La Sirenetta's *voice becomes tremulous with pity*]. Did you fall into the fire? Were you burnt? Do they still hurt? Or are they getting better?

Silvia [*in a scarcely audible voice*]. I haven't any hands.

La S. [*rising in affright*]. You haven't any!

They have cut them off? No hands? [*The mutilated woman nods her head, frightfully pale. The other shivers with horror.*] No, no, no! It isn't true. [*She keeps her eyes fixed on the folds of the garment in which the mutilated woman hides her arms.*] Tell me it isn't true.

SILVIA. I haven't any hands.

LA S. Why? why?

Silvia says that she gave away her hands—to her love.

Francesca and Lorenzo Gaddi enter. They have left Beata a little way behind so that she should not come to Silvia unexpectedly. The old man instinctively stretches out his hands to Silvia. She bends slightly and offers him her forehead, which he touches with his lips. Concealing his emotion, he tells her how happy he is to see her again. The sea helps her he thinks. He says it is always a great comforter.

Silvia tells them that she asked so much, that to obtain it, she stooped to tell a lie: she came out mutilated, maimed, in punishment for her lie. She had stretched out her hands too violently toward a good thing that fate had denied her. She does not lament or weep. Since she must live she will live. Perhaps one day her soul will be healed. She says she is strong, ready to see Beata, but cannot restrain her emotion and goes out to hide her tears.

LORENZO. Yes, it is too frightful a fate. I remember what you said to her so tenderly, as you

looked at her, on that day, in April: "You seem as if you had wings!" The beauty and lightness of her hands gave her the aspect of a winged thing. There was in her a kind of incessant quiver. Now it is as if she dragged herself along.

FRAN. And it was a useless sacrifice, like all the others; it has done nothing, changed nothing: that is where it is so frightful a fate. If Lucio had stayed with her, I believe she would have been happy to have been able to give that last proof, to have been able to sacrifice for him her living hands. But she knows now all the truth, in all its nakedness. Ah, what an infamous thing! Would you have believed that Lucio was capable of it? Tell me.

LORENZO. He, too, has his fate and he obeys it. As he was not master of his death, so he is not master of his life. I saw him yesterday. He had written me at Fort dei Marmi to ask me to go to the quarry and send him a block. I saw him yesterday in his studio. His face is so thin that it seems burnt up in the fire of his eyes. When he speaks he becomes strangely excited. It troubled me. He works, works, works, with a terrible fury: perhaps he is seeking to rid himself of a thought that gnaws him.

FRAN. The statue is still there?

LORENZO. It is still there, without arms. He has left it so: he would not restore it. So, on the pedestal, it looks really like an ancient marble, dug up in one of the Cyclades. There is in it

something sacred and tragic, after the divine immolation.

FRAN. [*in a low voice*]. And that woman, the Gioconda, was there?

LORENZO. She was there, silent. When one looks at her, and thinks that she is the cause of so much evil, truly one cannot curse her in his heart; no, one cannot, when one looks at her. I have never seen so great a mystery in mortal flesh.

There is a pause. The old man and the sister remain in thought for some instants with bowed heads. Presently Francesca says that now it is time to bring the little one to her mother and let her learn the truth. Silvia reappears on the threshold. The old man exhorts her to have courage for this last ordeal, and goes out with the sister. La Sirenetta comes running back. She notices that Silvia's eyes are burning. Her heart hurts her too much, she says.

SILVIA. Don't speak. I cannot crush my heart. [*She is convulsed, no longer able to endure the agony of waiting.*] She is coming now. She is coming.

The Voice of Beata [*from among the oleanders*]. Mamma! Mamma! [*The mother starts, and turns frightfully pallid.*] Mamma!

The child rushes toward her mother with a cry of joy, her face lit up, heated, her hair in disorder, panting after a long run, carrying an untidy bunch

of flowers. As she runs in, the bunch falls. The mutilated woman stoops toward the little arms that clasp her neck, and offers her deathlike face to the furious kisses.

SILVIA. Beata! Beata!

BEATA [*panting*]. Ah, how I have run, how I have run! I ran away from them, all alone. I ran, I ran. They didn't want to let me come. Ah, but I ran away from them, with my bunch of flowers. [*Covers her mother's face with fresh kisses.*]

SILVIA. You are all damp with sweat, you are hot, burning . . . My God!

In her rush of tenderness she instinctively makes a movement as if to wipe the child's face; but stops and hides her arms in the folds of her garments; and a shiver of visible horror runs through her.

BEATA. Why don't you take me up? Why don't you put your arms around me? Take me up, take me up, Mamma!

She rises on tiptoe, to be caught into her mother's embrace. The mother takes a step backward, blindly.

SILVIA. Beata!

BEATA [*following her*]. Don't you want me? don't you want me?

SILVIA. Beata!

She tries to feign a smile with her ashen lips, distorted by unspeakable sorrow.

BEATA. Is it for fun? What are you hiding? Oh, give me what you are hiding!

SILVIA. Beata! Beata!

BEATA. I have brought you flowers, such a lot of flowers. Do you see? do you see? [*As she turns to pick up the fallen bunch, she perceives her little wild friend, and remembers her.*] Oh, Sirenetta! Are you there?

La Sirenetta is there, before the window, standing, a silent witness, with her eyes fixed on the sorrowful mother. As the repeated breath of the wind passes between the fronds of an arbutus and makes it tremble, so the sorrow of the mother seems to invest it and penetrate that slender body which the oblique rays of the sun ring with bands of gold.

LA S. Do you see what a lot? All for you! [*The child picks up the bunch.*] Take it! [*She runs toward her mother again, who steps back.*]

SILVIA. Beata! Beata!

BEATA [*astonished*]. Don't you want them? Take them! Take them!

SILVIA. Beata!

Overcome with sorrow, as if stricken by an unendurable blow, she falls on her knees before her frightened child; and a flood of tears, that bursts from her eyes like blood from a wound, bathes her face.

BEATA. You are crying! You are crying?

Frightened, she throws herself upon her mother's breast with all her flowers. La Sirenetta, who has also fallen on her knees, lays her forehead and the palms of her hands upon the ground.

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.
Translated by Arthur Symons.

JENNY KISSED ME

(Written for Mrs. Carlyle)

JENNY kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in.
Time, you thief! who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in.
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad;
Say that health and wealth have missed me;
Say I'm growing old, but add—
Jenny kissed me!

LEIGH HUNT.

LETTERS FROM JANE WELSH CARLYLE*

TO HER YOUNG COUSIN, JEANNIE WELSH

Monday (17th Oct., 1842).

MY DEAR GOOD CHILD:

To think that yesterday I was looking at you, speaking to you, holding your bits of hands in mine, and that to-day I am *writing to you* with two hundred milestones betwixt us! It is one of those things which one does not realize to oneself just at once! Every time the door opens I fancy you should come in, and you do not come in! will

*From "Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle."

not come in any more—for a while!—and the house looks sad and strange—and I do not know very well what to make of myself this foggy day.

Carlyle's manner of consoling me after you drove away was characteristic. He fell to pronouncing an exceedingly long and eloquent eulogy on you—particularizing everything from your "*fine instinctive sense*" to the "*daintiness*" of your person, and winding up with a prophetic felicitation to *the man* who should get you for his wife!

Very gratifying for me to hear under ordinary circumstances—but just then it sounded rather too much like a funeral oration!—and I was not sorry when he resumed his reading of the old Latin book. How I envy people who have the gift of putting all that they think and feel into words! Who never *lose their voice*, literally or figuratively, whatever becomes of them! But this power of utterance is a greater blessing to the people themselves than to those about them—witness Helen! how often one wishes her struck dumb for the next twenty-four hours! This morning she spent I am sure a whole hour in removing the breakfast things, that she might have repeated *flys at me* with her Job's comfort. "Poor thing! I wonder what sort of night she had? I never saw a sweeter Cretur!" "Isn't it a pity, mem, but Miss Welsh were nearer—*for* it's quite surprising how fond she is about you!—*and* she left half a crown with me to give the Postman —I am sure he'll wonder! *so* you see she behaved uncommon genteel."

I flew upstairs to be out of the road of her—and when I came back—she emerged out of the china closet saying as she crossed the floor—"Poor thing, the last thing she said to me was to take good care of cousin!" You can fancy how all this worries me. To-day too we have the worst fog that has been this year—just as if it had kept off till you were out of the road of it. And Carlyle has already *three times* this morning requested I would "take *immediate* steps about getting that picture framed" and finally I had a bad night and my head aches—"and altogether," as the Dumfries Courier says, "the time is out of joint" for me. There is a frightful proposition about the picture that it should be hung over *this* mantelpiece to the sweeping away of all my dear little ornaments! and to the utter destruction of *my privacy*—for I could never feel alone with that picture over me! I almost *screamed* at the notion—but fortunately checked myself in time, as a passionate resistance would have clenched the matter. I merely suggested that it could not be seen to advantage—when brought so near one—as it would necessarily be in this small division of a room, so it is to be hoped it will still go upstairs.

I will not write any more just now, for I am not well enough for writing to any other purpose than the momentary gratification of my own feelings of loneliness. In truth, my babbie,* I feel *very* lonely without thee—nevertheless, since you were to go, I am thankful you are gone!

*Jeannie's pet name.

just as, had I made up my mind to having an arm or leg cut off, I should be thankful the operation was well over. No letters this morning but one from Cordelia Marshall [Mrs. Whewell] another of the *in*articulate people of this world—never able to give themselves fair play.

You will write to me a great deal, my dear little sister, till we meet again?—and you will love me, more in proportion to the goodness of your own trustful heart than my deserving.

Remember me to them all with kindest regards—

Ever your affectionate
JANE W. CARLYLE.

TO JEANNIE WELSH

Friday (6th Jan, 1843).

. . . Some nights ago Carlyle, in one of his dark walks along the King's Road, observed a "remarkably decent, even *dignified*-looking woman" sitting on some steps with a baby in her arms—"if he saw her again he would give her a penny"—he did see her again the following night and gave her not only a penny, but three halfpence. The next night also she was "still there with the same *sad calm* look." He addressed her and found her pretty deaf—she professed to be a soldier's widow—that night he "had not a penny" so he told her to come down to me and I would give her some old clothes. I am sure he thinks I can invent old clothes—for it was only a few days before I had given all the duds I had to the

widow of that pale-faced street-sweeper in the King's Road—now relieved from street-sweeping for ever more. The woman arrived the next morning at ten o'clock, strongly perfumed with gin!—a decent-looking woman, nevertheless—and if a poor wretch have no fire, no warm breakfast, and for three farthings can get gin enough to both warm and strengthen her, who shall say that her taking it is a fatal sign of her—not I!—So in spite of the *questionable* smell, I entered on a searching examination of her claims to my assistance. She told me she was the daughter of a hotel-keeper in Dublin, had eloped from a boarding-school with her soldier-husband at fourteen—had never since been taken the smallest notice of by her relatives, —her parents had died—her husband had died, and here she was a beggar—with three children—a boy of twelve who had been taken into the Chelsea *Institution* for soldiers' orphans—a girl of six, and the baby at her breast. She "never went to see her son—for fear of disgracing him among his companions—he did not know what was become of her—but she lived here for the sake of knowing herself near him." All very touching *if true.* "She could *sew* perfectly well, could do any work she was put to—but none was to be had." I *did invent* some clothes for her—among the rest a most *massive* petticoat out of the old floor-cloth!!—gave her a shilling and promised to inquire about her at the address she gave me. And accordingly, yesterday I set forth on that errand, when it occurred to me that the truth of

her story was to be got better from her son (if she had one) at the Institution than at her lodgings where they tell lies for one another. I addressed myself to the bookkeeper who discovered in his ledger the name—John Wood—and took the trouble to bring the boy for me into his private room—a dear little fellow, full of spirit and intelligence, but the terrified expression of whose face at being brought in to me gave one a mournful idea of his young experience of his fellow-creatures. He looked as if he thought I *must* be come to tell him his mother was hanged. His answers to all my inquiries were clear as spring-water—he had seen his mother three weeks ago! she lived in Union Street! his father died six years ago! there was no baby! (a borrowed baby!) his Mother's Mother was alive! he had an uncle in Smithfield!—in short on a basis of truth I had been amused with a whole super-structure of lies —and the woman was just an inveterate never-do-well. I patted his head, gave him a shilling for his fright—and inwardly resolved to take some further charge of the son since nothing could be done for the mother—and there, you see, how imprudent it is to enter on a long story!—with limited time and limited paper—such histories are only for being *chattered* by the fireside. So I spare you my other *good actions* hoping that I may do some more another day. No—the *last* is soon told and you may like to hear it—it was calling on little Miss Adam Hunter at her boarding-school which, after having been vainly in-

quired about, at Knightsbridge and Kensington, turns out to be five minutes' walk from my own door! exactly over against Newman, the dyer's! That little Miss Adam is a cousin nobody need be ashamed of—a remarkably pretty, graceful, intelligent child with a strange dash of *the old Adam* in it—a sort of old-fashionedness—not displeasing in a child, however, but on the contrary rather "*insinuating.*" When she came into the room to me, instead of leaving *me* to *do* the cousinly to her, she tripped up holding out both hands and exclaiming with a tone half of "*reception*" half of childish gladness—"Oh, thank you, thank you, Mrs. Carlyle, for coming to see me!" The Mistress came by and by and rather checked her *expansiveness*—we were getting on finely! I must write to the Father to send his orders to the Mistress that she is to be allowed to visit me when I ask her—the cross-looking spinster seemed quite disinclined to much intimacy—the old fool! as if the child would not learn far more from me than from her! But perhaps that was the very reason.

I hope *the picture* will be speedily set agoing before Gambardella gets his head turned and raises his prices to a hundred guineas! Give him my kind remembrances when he comes again and tell him to remember that he is but a *man* after all!—I am glad the family of Welsh is likely to atone to him for the ingratitude of the family of Carlyle. As for my uncle and Johnnie, I am sure they will be charmed with him, the sober Mr. Alick I am not so sure about. I am obliged to

him for his sympathy over my *dullness*—tho' superfluous—if six years of Craigenputtock could not *break me into* a dull life I must have a fund of *gaiety* in my character little short of super-human; so that in either case, dull or not dull, I am not to be pitied on that score. The *dullness* truly is the least of it!

No fear of our leaving the potatoes on the quay —but *seven* barrels! it is difficult for me to imagine barrels so diminutive that seven of them should not be something alarming. In looking at the paper there came over my mind the long-forgotten dread-inspiring yet delectable reminiscence of *Morgina* (was that her name?) and *the Forty Thieves!* Your consideration about the manner of delivering oneself from the empty barrels was worthy of you! By the by, I have to thank you also for a very nice japanned kitchen lamp and a tidy little tin saucepan! If you disclaim having made me any such present, I bid you not be too sure—I had them in exchange for the snuffers! Oh, *the* lamp!—it is still in action —has never failed to do *its* part for a single minute! —but it is ordered to be "flung out of his way" so soon as the present stock of oil is burnt out— "it makes an atmosphere that no mortal can breathe in"—as I am a living woman I have never been able to detect the impurity!—but no matter about that, it must go. Much else will have to go before Cromwell is finished—perhaps the animate as well as the inanimate.

Dearest Babbie! I sometimes wish I had you

here just to assure me by your contented looks that everything in and about this establishment is not actually but only *Cromwellianly* fallen into a state of *detestableness* disgraceful to hear tell of—and then again I thank Heaven that you are not here —"Night must it be ere Friedland's star can burn" —and so is it for me tho' no Friedland!—*support*, tho' most soothing at the moment, only weakens me in the long run when I have much to bear. When I feel myself quite, quite *alone* and with only *myself* to rely upon—then I am true to myself!—at least have been hitherto—but the petting and consideration I have of late been used to once more, has revived the *leaning* tendency of earlier days—and I feel dreary and helpless as in the *first unlearning* to be a much-made-of Only Child. In a few weeks it is to be hoped "the winter of our discontent" being fairly set in, I shall have wrapped myself in my fur-mantle of imperturbability, and be living on my own individual resources—such as they are!—Happily one does not live for ever—nor even very long!

TO JOHN WELSH, ESQ.

(*23rd Dec., 1843.*)

MY DEAREST UNCLE:

It is not everyone that can *keep the Christmas* after the most approved fashion;—in gormandizing over roast-beef and plumpudding, and defying Father Mathew in bumpers. For some of us the Drs. prescribe to "eat *abstemiously*" and to "drink *not at all*" while for others, "poverty,

penury, needcessity and want" (as the Scotch preacher had it) enforce the same or a still severer discipline. I fancy you and little *me* will dine on Christmas-day with the usual simplicity; at least I am sure we ought *to!* And should Mirth even dance on the crown of its head round about us, I do not see that *we* need be unusually *merry*, nor indeed how we could manage to be so if there *were* need—either you or I, dear Uncle! It is all very well for those who are still young and hopeful to "*put up* the Christmas" and keep it *merry*, and go jigging out the old year into the new one, as if they were playing at blind man's buff! But when one is arrived at *this* with one's life; to be pretty certain beforehand that new-years will "come with *the rake* and not with *the shule*" and to be morally certain that, whatever they come with, not all their best possible bringings can compensate for what the old years have taken away from one—*then*, it is not with *mirth* that one can welcome the new year any more! One may still *welcome* it as of God's sending,—as another year of *life* at all events, and "while there is life there is hope"—of one sort or other. But there is no use in pretending to be *merry* over it or indeed other than very sad! Is it not so, dear Uncle? *You* will not call me *unsocial*, "*misanthropic*," and the like, because "*I*, as *one* solitary individual" (my husband's favorite expression) prefer to remain quietly by my own fireside on the Christmas-day, and all such days; keeping them, not *merry* but *holy*—in the silence of my own

thoughts, with *all* whom I have loved on this earth for company, instead of *one* little, noisy party! Whether far or near, living or dead, infinite Thought can bring them all round me to give my new year their blessing! but for this I should break my heart in looking round me on the actual, and missing so much that has been!

My husband sends you the last literary novelty —a Christmas-*Carol,* no less!—It is really a kind-hearted, almost poetical little thing, well worth any Lady or gentleman's perusal—somewhat too much imbued with the Cockney-admiration of *The Eatable,* but as Dickens writes for "the greatest happiness of the greatest number" (of Cockneys) he could not be expected to gainsay their taste in that particular.

I also have a book to send you but I am afraid not by this parcel, the bookseller having "failed in his truth"—if it do not come in time to-day however you shall get it on new year's day. At all events behold a match-box of the latest pattern and of course out of sight the best! the force of improvement one would say could no further go! but we shall see! You draw the matches against a side of their little cell in pulling them out and they come forth *lighted* without more ado—and in this state of separation they do not contract damp—which has been the ruin of so many matches. When the box needs to be replenished you open it *at the bottom*—and put the matches in with the un-brimstoned end foremost. This for the *production* of light—for the contrary

purpose behold a *Nun* and a *Jesuit* hollowed out into *extinguishers!!* Whether this novelty, which is having "a great success," indicates a growing favor for Catholicism, or a certain burlesque of it —whether the inventor be a *Puseyite* or *Anti-puseyite* or *what* he be, I can form no positive theory. "*The new extinguisher*" is plainly enough "significative of much"! but of *what?* "God knows" (as the universal Cockney answer runs). It is no easy matter to read in the deep brain of a Cockney-Inventor, especially when he commits himself to the sphere of the "*Symbolical*"! He wanders in *Idea* through the whole universe of things at his own sweet will—collects, combines, confounds, with such a glorious indifference to fitness, probability and common-sense, and such a stoical disregard of *consequences;* that one stands amazed before him and his works "as in presence of the Infinite"!

But oh my dear Uncle I am hard up for time, and I won't write to you a great deal longer! Take twenty or even a hundred kisses to make up the difference between my wishes and my inability —And God send you a *good* New Year!

Your ever affectionate
JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

TO JEANNIE WELSH

Thursday (*23rd Dec., 1843*).

A thousand thanks my darling for your long good Christmas letter and also for the *prospective foot-stools*, anything like a *worthy* answer you have

small chance of getting from me to-day or any day *this* week. I have just had to swallow a bumper of my uncle's Madeira (which *is* capital drink!) to nerve me for writing at all! A huge boxful of dead animals from the Welshman[1] arriving late on Saturday night together with the visions of *Scrooge*—had so worked on Carlyle's nervous organization that he has been seized with a perfect *convulsion* of hospitality, and has actually insisted on *improvising two* dinner parties with only a day between—now the *improvisation* of dinner parties is all very well for the parties who have to *eat* them simply, but for those who have to *organize* them and *help to cook them c'est autre chose ma chère!* I do not remember that I have ever sustained a moment of greater embarrassment in life than yesterday when Helen suggested to me that *I* had better *stuff the turkey*—as she had *forgotten* all about it! *I* had never *known* "about it"! but as I make it a rule never to exhibit *ignorance* on *any* subject "*devant les domestiques*" for fear of losing their respect—I proceeded to *stuff* the turkey with the same air of calm self dependence with which I told her some time ago, when she applied to me, the whole history of the Scotch free-church dissensions—which up to this hour I have never been able to *take in!* "Fortune favors the brave"—the *stuffing* proved pleasanter to the taste than any stuffing I ever remember to have eaten—perhaps it was made with quite new ingredients!

[1]Mr. Redwood.

—I do not know! Yesterday I had hare soup—*the* Turkey—stewed mutton—a bread pudding and mince-pies—with Mrs. Allan Cunningham, Miss Cunningham—and Major Burns (son of the Poet) to eat thereof. On Monday hare soup—roasted *Welsh* mutton, stewed beef, ditto pudding, ditto pies—with Robertson, and John Carlyle, and *the disappointment* of Darwin—and all *that* day, to add to my difficulties, I had a headache—so bad that I should have been in bed if I had not had to stay up to help Helen—whose faculties get rusted by disuse. On Tuesday evening I was engaged to assist at Nina Macready's birthday party—but felt so little up to gaieties on the Monday that I had resolved to send an apology *as usual* when voilà—on the morning of the appointed day arrives a note from Mrs. Macready *imploring* me almost with tears in its eyes not to disappoint her and her "poor little daughter" by sending an apology—that a well aired *bed* was prepared for me &c. &c.—this forestalling of my cruel purpose was successful—I felt that I *must* go *for once*—so after spending the day in writing —not to *you*—but to people who, not having the reason you have to believe in my love, needed more than you to have a visible sign from me—I dressed myself and sat down to await *the fly*—"my dear," says Carlyle, "I think I never saw you look more bilious; your face is *green* and your eyes all *blood-shot!*" fine comfort when one was about to make a public appearance! "the first time this season." In fact I was very ill—nad

been *off* my sleep for a week and felt as if this night must almost finish me. But little does one know in this world what will *finish* them or what will *set them up* again. I question if a long course of mercury would have acted so beneficially on my liver as this party which I had gone to with a sacred shudder! But then it was the *very* most agreeable party that ever I was at in London—everybody there seemed animated with one purpose to make up to Mrs. Macready and her children for the absence of "the Tragic Actor" and so amiable a purpose produced the most joyous results. Dickens and Forster above all exerted themselves till the perspiration was pouring down and they seemed *drunk* with their efforts! Only think of that excellent Dickens playing the *conjuror* for one whole hour—the *best* conjuror I ever saw—(and I have paid money to see several) —and Forster acting as his servant. This part of the entertainment concluded with a plum pudding made out of raw flour, raw eggs—all the raw usual ingredients—boiled in a gentleman's hat—and tumbled out reeking—all in one minute before the eyes of the astonished children and astonished grown people! that trick—and his other of changing ladies' pocket handkerchiefs into comfits—and a box full of bran into a box full of —a live guinea-pig! would enable him to make a handsome subsistence let the bookseller trade go as it please—! Then the dancing—old Major Burns with his one eye—old Jerdan of the Literary Gazette, (escaped out of the Rules of the

Queen's Bench for the great occasion!), the gigantic Thackeray &c. &c. all capering like *Maenades!!* Dickens did all but go down on his knees to make *me*—waltz with him! But I thought I did my part well enough in talking the maddest nonsense with *him*, Forster, Thackeray and Maclise—without attempting the Impossible—however *after supper* when we were all madder than ever with the pulling of crackers, the drinking of champagne, and the making of speeches; a universal country dance was proposed—and Forster *seizing me round the waist*, whirled me into the thick of it, and *made* me dance!! like a person in the tread-mill who must move forward or be crushed to death! Once I cried out "oh for the love of Heaven let me go! you are going to dash my brains out against the folding doors!" to which he answered—(you can fancy his tone)—"your *brains!!* who cares about their brains *here? let them go!*"

In fact the thing was rising into something not unlike the *rape of the Sabines!* (*Mrs. Reid* was happily gone some time) when somebody looked [at] her watch and exclaimed "twelve o'clock!" Whereupon we all rushed to the cloak-room—and *there* and in the lobby and up to the last moment the mirth raged on—Dickens took home Thackeray and Forster with him and his wife "*to finish the night there*" and a *royal* night they would have of it I fancy!—ending perhaps with a visit to the watch-house.

After all—the pleasantest company, as Burns

thought, *are* the *blackguards!*—that is; those who have just a sufficient dash of blackguardism in them to make them snap their fingers at *ceremony* and "all that sort of thing." I question if there was as much witty speech uttered in all the aristocratic, conventional drawing rooms thro'out London that night as among us little knot of blackguardist literary people who felt ourselves above all rules, and independent of the universe! Well, and the result? Why the result my dear was, that I went to bed on my return and—slept like a top!!!! plainly proving that *excitement* is *my rest!* To be sure my head ached a little next morning but the coffee cleared it—and I went about the dinner for Mrs. Cunningham without much physical inconvenience.

See what a letter I have written!—and such writing!—but I must stop now for the post hour is at hand. . . .

Your own,
J. C.

TO JEANNIE WELSH

Tuesday (2nd Jan., 1844).

I am glad to see dearest Babbie that there is a *revival* in your moral *deportment* since you got back into the atmosphere of home—that you write to me oftener and longer—and more like a Babbie whose wits had not all gone "a wool-gathering" —in a windy day! But you must continue in this praiseworthy course for a while to come; before I can recover that implicit belief in your

virtue (for virtue is writing to *me*, is it not?) which made you so long the comfort of my life —my *Consuelo!*

This is washing-day; and further the ground is covered with snow and further I have a headache. Better to have waited till to-morrow so far as you are concerned. But Carlyle told me last night "to be sure *when I wrote to Liverpool to-morrow* (he supposes I write every day it would seem) to send a message for Walter MacGregor—it went much against his conscience to plague Walter, *in the midst of complexities which seemed to be thickening and darkening around him, with speech about tobacco*—but really it was essential to the comfort of his (Carlyle's) existence that Walter should be made aware that his good tobacco was *entirely done* and none to be got here for money which was fit for a human being to smoke—ergo, if Walter would send him some of the right sort as soon as convenient (anglicé: *possible*) it would be esteemed the highest favor—he was not to wait for opportunities but send it by railway at once" —"damn the expense" of carriage where anything so *vital* as tobacco is concerned. Now will you give this message to Walter not in the phraseology in which I have given it but courteously and modestly as your sweet lips will know how.[1]

[1] Of this we hear again on January 20: "I must not leave out C.'s message to Walter M. 'the box of tobacco arrived all *exquisitely correct*'—except for one little omision—*the bill*—which he (C.) had expressly requested might be sent—but he hopes to have soon an opportunity of settling with himself here at Chelsea."

We had a most quiet New Year day. I saw nobody but Mazzini who came thro' the snow to be my *first foot*—and my first words of thanks were—"What on earth could tempt you to come out in a day like this!" He looked most pitiable with big drops of sleet hanging from the ends of his mustache. *Helen* went to a party in the evening! At Chobners's—There were *twenty* to dine with the family—(in a room the same size as ours!) and nine friends of the servants in the kitchen!—ecco la combinazione! I asked Helen what they did—Oh says she "it was just a sort of *guddle* of a thing—all eating and drinking and no fun at all"—a pretty good description of most dinners—"three of the servants' visitors were kept all the time washing and *polishing* glasses for upstairs"! I ought in gratitude to say however that even I who am superstitious about the beginnings of new years—who watch all their outs and ins as the Roman Augurs did the flight of birds, had reason to be satisfied with yesterday—it brought me *nobody* but Mazzini—it brought me a good long letter from my Babbie with another as long from Miss Donaldson bearing a great postmark Haddington—so plain and large that one would have said it had been stamped in that particular way for *my* express behoof—and in the morning when I sprung out of bed half asleep—the room all dark—on hearing Carlyle go down, I was received into the arms of—Helen!—saluted with two hearty smacks on my two cheeks! while an immense ginger-bread cake—which she

had had baked more gingery than usual to suit my taste, was thrust into the breast of my night shift—and my whole room was filled with a most savory smell of ginger-bread. From this *delicate attention* you will perceive she is very good just now—indeed since the fright she got last spring she has done her uttermost to keep a guard on her temper—and has *on the whole* behaved very well. Then on my toilet I found a hair-brush and *redd* (as they call it in Annandale, *anglicé* Comb) placed there the night before by Carlyle—but such a brush and comb as never were in my possession before—they are best described in Helen's words who declared them to be "*most noble.*" The comb is tortoise-shell—the brush—oh Heavens!—it is the size and shape of an ordinary pancake—might have been made on purpose for Goliath of Gath!—the bristles are at least an inch and half deep—and you would say at first sight that it was some instrument of torture! I do wish it had been about one fourth of the size, but Carlyle has just one rule in buying anything, to buy what is the *best* that is the *dearest*, and his meaning was so kind that I must show my sense of it in learning to wield this tremendous implement.

I am glad of the hope you hold out of our seeing Walter—tell him to be sure and come straight here—and to warn me that I may have his bed well warmed. Love to them all—my head is very bad—and I *must* stop.

Your affectionate

J. C.

TO JEANNIE WELSH

(*13th April, 1844.*)

DEAREST BABBIE:

I am sitting here to wait my Lord Jeffrey who came to town yesterday—he may be here in five minutes or not for a couple of hours—anyhow I may as well be turning my hand with the fleeting moments as they pass, tho' under the circumstances you are likely to find me "very much detached."

Often in these weeks I have had *accesses* of Carlyle's mania for "a house in some perfect solitude" (only *not* Craigenputtock): there are so many interruptions to fritter away one's time in this No. 5 Cheyne Row that my serious conscience begins to protest against them. "When the Devil was sick, the Devil a Monk would be; the Devil got well and the Devil a monk was he." But *I*—have not get well yet, and do not feel as if I should ever get well enough to relish my existence of Lion's-wife—especially so long as the Lion's self will not take *his* part on his own shoulders but rolls over that also on mine. Decidedly I begin to be weary of *doing* all the *bores*—while if ever perchance an exceptional human being drops in *that one* is carried off to smoke in the garden or talk tête à tête in the Library! Last night for example we had here the Captain Mackenzie who played such a distinguished part in the Afghanistan affairs—a real *Hero* and no mistake—and along with him his wife and wife's

sister. It is like listening to the *Mysteries of Udolpho* in the first blush of one's youthful enthusiasm to hear that Mackenzie telling "the dangers he had passed"—but not a word of this was I privileged with hearing last night—while Carlyle talked with him and John Carlyle with the clever little wife's sister I was left with the *deaf* young wife "all to myself"—who adds to the misfortune of being exceptionally deaf a perpetual need of hearing what is going on, so that by the time they were all got out of the house, my throat was too sore "for anything." . . .

Nobody of mine is thriving just now. . . . Mazzini looks as if he had been boiled in tea leaves, and is *sad* beyond all words to say. These disturbances in Italy, that *will* not cease and *can* not come to anything worth while, keep him in a perpetual slow fever. He has been for the last two months ready to start at a moment's notice to throw himself into any part of the *movement* where anything *positive*, no matter with what *success*, seemed in the way of being done, but these prospects of revolution so magnificent at a few weeks' distance always melt into nonentity like the garden of Adonis on a nearer approach. Meanwhile he is to be deeply pitied, for however useless his feelings may be to himself or his country they are *natural* and *noble*. . . .

Carlyle works away at his Cromwell without a word said of the *country* as yet. Of course we shall have a vast deal of mental locomotion before any *material* mile is travelled. Nay, I should

not wonder if after his last year experiences he should decide on staying in London this summer —it is possible, the more so that I am so eager to be out of it. . . .

I trust in heaven that small specimen of Glasgow humanity which I have sent you will turn out a good bargain in the long run. Make her my compliments and say that I hope to find her going on bravely when I come—it is good to keep up expectations of that innocent and affectionate sort. I found most of my hopes of her on the power of *attaching* herself which I read in her face and voice and in the few words that fell from her when I gave her my parting benediction. If you *exploiter* that judiciously, I think you will be able to teach her young idea to shoot any way you would have.

Bless you, dearest love. Tea comes. Love to them all.

Your own
JANE CARLYLE.

TO JEANNIE WELSH

Mr. Empson had married Jeffrey's daughter Charlotte.

Tuesday (23rd April, 1844).

DEAREST BABBIE:

. . . Then I went another day quite alone, in sober sadness, to see *the Indians*. And another day with Mrs. A. Sterling to see Tom Thumb—Tom Thumb I had the greatest possible wish to steal away in my pocket. The Indians were

below my ideal of Indians—but I shook hands with them as all the hundreds of people present did, and can now say thro' all coming time when asked "have you seen the Indians?" "Yes I have seen them!" The cause of my going there, and alone, was that—Cavaignac is again writing in the *Revue Indépendante!* You may not see the connexion at first sight—but the one thing followed out of the other *quite naturally* I assure you. Mazzini had told me that Cavaignac was becoming *decidedly* a literary man—that he had an *Algerine Tale* in the last number of that Review, exhibiting "a *calm* and *spiritualism*—as opposed to *action*"—which he, Mazzini, considered to be proof positive of his being "a *lost* man"—but which he doubted not *I* would find "the right frame of mind for a *Demi-god*"—"while even *he*" must confess that the thing as a *literary composition* far surpassed anything he had read of his before. The story was of a Father who had an only son "in whom *the soul* had not awaked; "the Father, however, confident that the boy *has* a soul, could it only be *got at*, tries all means natural and magical to inspire him. The first part of the Tale ends in his trying the influence of an adorable woman upon the youth "but *that*" said Mazzini "*even* that does nothing at awaking his soul"—and there the Tale stops for the present. Now as I saw in this curious idea a design on C.'s part to produce his own *confession of faith* under an allegorical form, I was most impatient to read it for myself and set

off early next morning to get a sight of the Review in the Reading Room of the London Library—but the *Revue Indépendante* was just the only French Review which they did *not* have. So being there so early, tired, disappointed, not knowing what to make of myself for the rest of the forenoon—(a walk in the morning always unsettles me for doing any work at home) being thus circumstanced I could think of nothing so suitable as to turn in and take a look at the wild Indians! Their war-whoops would probably harmonize with my discordant feelings better than the human speech of anybody I might go to call upon!

My dear I would have given something considerable that you have been here last Sunday morning to have seen Plattnauer's face—while a much more fiery trial was appointed him than that of having to *wash his hands* before Ladies —while we were sitting very peaceably together Lord Jeffrey and Mr. Empson were announced—I sprang up delighted of course to see Jeffrey who had not warned me *this time* of his being come back to town. As it was not our first meeting, however, and I had kissed him sufficiently when he came ten days ago, *I* was not thinking of going thro' *that* ceremony—but *he* having a strong natural tendency for *cuddling* people (without the slightest earthly harm in it) and taking advantage of his being now near seventy years of age to indulge this *innocent* taste to the fullest extent, took me all in his arms *as usual*—regardless of the presence of Plattnauer, Empson and *Helen* (as

indeed he would have done the same before twenty starched Dowagers) and gave me one kiss after another, not "*on the brow*" or any of those delicate spots, but *plump on my lips!*—calling me "my darling Jeanie!—my sweet child! my dear Love!!!" and then when we had got over *the brunt* of the business and sat down on the sofa he ceased not a moment from kissing my hands, stroking my hair, patting my face—and saying the tenderest things in the tenderest tones! Now all this was nothing at all for Empson or myself, or anyone that knows Jeffrey's *ways* and that knows *his age*—and that knows the sort of *Paternal* affection he has entertained for me upwards of fifteen years. But if you will just look at it with Plattnauer's eyes! My attention was attracted towards him by his *convulsive* snatching up of a newspaper—over which he stooped his head, blushing!—Oh merciful heaven *how* he was blushing the poor young man!—He seemed only to sit witnessing such superhuman indecorums from the total inability into which his astonishment threw him of going away!—At last he *reeled* across the floor and bade me good morning with a look "significative of much!" I have since heard that he went from here to Elizabeth to compliment her on the extraordinary character of *Scotch salutations* as illustrated in the meeting he had just witnessed betwixt Lord Jeffrey and Mrs. Carlyle.

Elizabeth begged him for God's sake "not to take the practices of Lord Jeffrey and Mrs. Carlyle as a specimen of *the national manner*"—

but said she "I tried to comfort him by the assurance that Lord Jeffrey was 70 which he would not however believe for *he* was quite *struck with his handsomeness"!!!* Certainly if he had got *that view of the subject* the procedure was perfectly awful . . .!

James Baillie writes to me again in spite of all my hard-heartedness—and this time I *must* answer for he writes *in Prison*—I will send his letter next time—I wish he would give me up for—merely to hear of his troubles which I cannot help him out of—which only God can help him out of by putting some sense and principle into him, makes me very uncomfortable without doing *him* any good. I would take any pains to find some situation for him if there *were* any situation for which he is fit—save that of *Marker to a Billiard Table(!)*—which I have no interest to procure him—but as to lending him trifles of money merely to keep him afloat from day to day, he had better at once blow his brains out—Love to them all and kisses—Be sure to tell me of little Glasgow.[1] Ever your own J. C.

TO JEANNIE WELSH

(21st Feb., 1845.)

. . . Carlyle is very much out of sorts—nervous and a man of sorrows *not* acquainted with *silence*—tho' he *does* love it "*platonically*"[2]—in

[1] The Scotch servant at Maryland Street, who had been found for the Welshes by Mrs. Carlyle.

[2] So Mazzini remarked.

fact his book is lasting too long for his strength —so that we are a grim pair—and I feel a rather irksome necessity of being *patient* under my own illness and saying as little about it in the house as possible. I do not think he has the smallest idea how ill I am—at least never for above a few good moments together. As for John!—he sees me here coughing and suffering month after month and the only advice he has given was to "make a point of getting out a little—not of course while my cold lasts—but so soon as it is gone"! ! ! if it were *gone* I should not need *his* sapient advice or anybody else's. . . .

TO JEANNIE WELSH

(*Feb., 1845.*)

DEAREST BABBIE:

Both yesterday and to-day I am so sick—Elizabeth Pepoli might say *so "truly"* sick! that I absolutely cannot set myself to write a handsome letter such as your merits entitle you to expect. But I send you meanwhile something to keep your heart up—a scrap of my execrable handwriting—and a sight of Miss Fox's horror which she calls Carlyle! I say *a sight* for it is my positive will and pleasure that when you have laughed your fill over it and all the rest have enjoyed the same "questionable" pleasure you are to lay it on the coals and there consume it until it be dead—the only fate which beseems such a chimera! If you do not contrive to lay yourself up with a bad cold by means of all these temptings

of providence with white muslin I shall consider you quite an exceptional little girl.

Carlyle's *first* book[1] will be ready for printing in the Spring—he is getting on like a house on fire —there is even a prospect of their giving him a little money for this one. Twice during the last week "we have had the visit" (as Mazzini phrases of it) of *Mr. Chapman and Hall* (Helen announced him so) to *propose*—I may mention at the same time that Moxon another bookseller took the opportunity of coming here with Alfred Tennyson and has since sent a magnificent *present of books,* his new editions of Shakspere, Ben Jonson—Massinger and Ford—Beaumont and Fletcher - -Wycherly Congreve etc.—Curiosities of Literature—Miscellanies of Literature—Charles Lamb's works—Cicero!!! Does it not look as if the Millennium were at hand—attentions from Booksellers are more infallible proof of *rise in the world,* for people in our line than a whole string of ccroneted carriages at the door.

Oh what a disgusting world it is after all! especially with one's inside all in a worry from continual blue pills. Bless you my darling

Yours J. C.

TO HELEN WELSH

. . . The Cromwell-turmoil is again subsiding and the second edition will be out in a few weeks. "*Thanks* God!" and now I hope we shall really be done with that man! if he had been my

[1]Of Cromwell.

husband's own Father he could not have gone thro' more hardship for him! We have lived "in the valley of the shadow" of Cromwell now, as of Death, for some three years. But everything comes to an end if one have patience. What is to come next Heaven knows. We have been enquiring all about for houses in the country—without, it seems to me, much chance or even *much intention* of a practical result. Sometimes—in desperately bilious days Carlyle speaks of returning to Scotland and living *there* "in seclusion for his few remaining years." I do not look for much practical result to *that* idea either. Still this perpetual talk of moving takes away all one's pleasure (such as it was) in Chelsea—I feel myself no longer in a *home* but in a *tent* to be struck any day that the commanding officer is sufficiently bilious.

When the warm weather comes and it is coming fast—the present restlessness will mount into a crisis of some sort—a journey somewhere. But as yet I do not see a fortnight before my nose. . . .

TO HELEN WELSH

Carlyle's "kind and considerate motive" for now giving his wife birthday and New Year presents was to fill the gap left by the death of her Mother, who had always sent presents on those anniversaries. The pathetic remembrances they awakened sometimes made her weep over her husband's gifts. (L. M. i. 150.)

Friday (1st Jan., 1847).

DEAREST HELEN:

Your kind letter and gift along with a packet from Babbie were brought up to me in bed *yester-*

day morning with my breakfast—at an hour when there is no post from either Liverpool or Scotland! To-day I have ascertained the meaning—your's had been *missent to Camberwell!* and, the postmen having half a holiday on Christmas, Babbie's packet having arrived by the afternoon post was not delivered till the following morning. Provoking enough that my dear little cousins should have been thus hindered in their good thought to enliven my Christmas day—but so far as myself was concerned I am not sure that I was not a gainer by having the pleasure arrive so "*promiscuously.*" Kindness is kindness on the 26th of December all the same as on the 25th, and at that unusual hour of the morning it came with the additional charm of a most *complete surprise.* . . .

I had another surprise—very great—on the Christmas day—almost "too great *for anything*" in fact. You know I daresay Carlyle's sacred horror of shopping. To such an extent had he brought it, that he could never be induced to order even his own coats and trowsers at the tailor's until three or four years ago, that having sent me to get him a coat; I ordered one *sky blue* with *yellow buttons* which made him "an ornament to Society in every direction"—and quite shook his faith in my judgement (he told me) "So far as *the dressing of him* was concerned." You may imagine then what a thing it must be for a man thus puzzled to buy his own *indispensables* when he has not only to buy but devise *a present* for someone. Accordingly he never dreamt of making

me presents till in these last three years that a most kind and considerate motive has induced him to *give me something* on birthdays and new years' days—but the pleasure of receiving his little gifts is always spoiled for me by thinking of the plague he must have had in realizing them—with such a habit of mind! So I asked him the other day to promise that he would do what I asked without knowing what it was—on assurance that the thing was easy and rational—and then when he had promised—I told him he was not *to give me anything on new year's day!* He laughed very much and repeated that he would not. But to reconcile his promise with his wish to show his kindness—what does he do but sally forth and buy me a present for Christmas, and in a fit of audacity almost incredible the thing he chose to buy was—a cloak!—a woman's cloak!—and when he came in on Christmas morning to ask how I was he cunningly slipt it down on the chair at the bottom of my bed where I first noticed it when I was putting on my clothes at midday. It happened that just at that moment I was thinking of the warm dressing gown which used to be sent *him* every Christmas by *her*—and all the flannel petticoats and night-caps and thoughtful things of her own making for myself; my heart was full of sorrow—and just then I saw on the chair what seemed a new dressing gown—like the former ones —there was something perfectly bewildering in the vision. I stood staring at the thing uncertain if I was going mad and merely *fancying to see*

it, at last in a sort of desperation I laid hold of it and found it was a woman's cloak—and then I understood the whole matter—but I was made horribly sad and nervous by it for the whole day. Poor Carlyle! his gift deserved to have excited gladder feelings—however I did my best to *look glad* over it before him—and he was much consoled by my assurance that *it could be worn*. He had bought it "by *gas light*" he said and "felt quite desperate about it when he saw it in the morning." But it is a wonderful cloak for *him* to have bought—warm, and not *very* ugly—and a good shape—only entirely unsuitable to the rest of my habiliments! being a *brownish color* with *orange spots* and a brown velvet collar!!

But oh the head of me does ache to-day. So I *must* have done. Love and kisses.

BATTLE OF DUNBAR*

THE small Town of Dunbar stands, high and windy, looking down over its herring-boats, over its grim old Castle now much honey-combed, —on one of those projecting rock-promontories with which that shore of the Frith of Forth is niched and vandyked, as far as the eye can reach. A beautiful sea; good land too, now that the plougher understands his trade; a grim niched barrier of whinstone sheltering it from the chafings and tumblings of the big blue German Ocean. Seaward St. Abb's Head, of whinstone, bounds your horizon to the east, not very far off; west, close by, is the deep bay, and fishy little village of Belhaven: the gloomy Bass and other rock-islets, and farther the Hills of Fife, and foreshadows of the Highlands, are visible as you look seaward. From the bottom of Belhaven bay to that of the next sea-bight St. Abb's ward, the Town and its environs form a peninsula. Along the base of which peninsula, "not much above a mile and a half from sea to sea," Oliver Cromwell's Army, on Monday, 2d of September, 1650, stands ranked, with its tents and Towns behind it,—in very for-

*"Cromwell's Letters and Speeches," part vi.

lorn circumstances. This now is all the ground that Oliver is lord of in Scotland. His Ships lie in the offing, with biscuit and transport for him, but visible elsewhere in the Earth no help.

Landward as you look from the Town of Dunbar there rises, some short mile off, a dusky continent of barren heath Hills; the Lammermoor, where only mountain-sheep can be at home. The crossing of *which*, by any of its boggy passes, and brawling stream courses no Army, hardly a solitary Scotch Packman could attempt, in such weather. To the edge of these Lammermoor Heights, David Lesley has betaken himself; lies now along the outmost spur of them,—a long *Hill* of considerable height, which the Dunbar people call the Dun, Doon, or sometimes for fashion's sake the Down, adding to it the Teutonic *Hill* likewise, though *Dun* itself in old Celtic signifies Hill. On this Doon Hill lies David Lesley with the victorious Scotch Army, upwards of twenty thousand strong; with the Committees of Kirk and Estates, the chief Dignitaries of the Country, and in fact the flower of what the pure Covenant in this the twelfth year of its existence can still bring forth. There lies he since Sunday night, on the top and slope of this Doon Hill, with the impassable heath-continents behind him; embraces, as within outspread tiger-claws, the baseline of Oliver's Dunbar peninsula; waiting what Oliver will do. Cockburnspath with its ravines has been seized on Oliver's left, and made impassable; behind Oliver is the sea; in front of

him Lesley, Doon Hill, and the heath-continent of Lammermoor. Lesley's force is of three-and-twenty thousand,[1] in spirits as of men chasing. Oliver's about half as many, in spirits as of men chased. What is to become of Oliver?

Haselrig, as we know, is Governor of Newcastle. Oliver on Monday writes this Note; means to send it off, I suppose, by sea. Making no complaint for himself, the remarkable Oliver; doing, with grave brevity, in the hour the business of the hour. "He was a strong man," so intimates Charles Harvey, who knew him: "in the dark perils of war, in the high places ot the field, hope shone in him like a pillar of fire, when it had gone out in all the others."[2] A genuine King among men, Mr. Harvey. The divinest sight this world sees—when it is privileged to see such, and not be sickened with the unholy apery of such! He is just now upon an "engagement," or complicated concern, "very difficult."

"*To the Honorable Sir Arthur Haselrig, at Newcastle or elsewhere: These. Haste, haste.*

"[*Dunbar*] *2d September, 1650.*

"DEAR SIR,—We are upon an Engagement very difficult. The Enemy hath blocked up our way at the Pass at Copperspath, through which we cannot get without almost a miracle. He lieth

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[1]27,000 say the English Pamphlets; 16,000 foot and 7,000 horse, says Sir Edward Walker ; who has access to know.

[2]*Passages in his Highness's Last Sickness.*

so upon the Hills that we know not how to come that way without great difficulty; and our lying here daily consumeth our men, who fall sick beyond imagination.

"I perceive, your forces are not in a capacity for present release. Wherefore, whatever becomes of us, it will be well for you to get what forces you can together; and the South to help what they can. The business nearly concerneth all Good People. If your forces had been in a readiness to have fallen upon the back of Copperspath, it might have occasioned supplies to have come to us. But the only wise God knows what is best. All shall work for Good. Our spirits[1] are comfortable, praised be the Lord, —though our present condition be as it is. And indeed we have much hope in the Lord; of whose mercy we have had large experience. Indeed, do you get together what forces you can against them. Send to friends in the South to help with more. Let H. Vane know what I write.

"I would not make it public, lest danger should accrue thereby. You know what use to make hereof. Let me hear from you. I rest,

"Your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

"[P. S.] It's difficult for me to send to you. Let me hear from [you] after [you receive this]."[2]

[1]Minds.

[2]Communicated by John Hare, Esquire, Rosemont Cottage, Clifton. The MS. at Clifton is a Copy, without date; but has this title in an old hand: "Copy of an original Letter of Oliver Cromwell, written with his own hand, the day

The base of Oliver's "Dunbar Peninsula," as we have called it (or Dunbar Pinfold where he is now hemmed in, upon "an entanglement very difficult,") extends from Belhaven Bay on his right, to Brocksmouth House on his left; "about a mile and a half from sea to sea," Brocksmouth House, the Earl (now Duke) of Roxburgh's mansion, which still stands there, his soldiers now occupy as their extreme post on the left. As its name indicates, it is the *mouth* or issue of a small Rivulet, or *Burn*, called *Brock, Brocksburn;* which, springing from the Lammermoor, and skirting David Lesley's Doon Hill, finds its egress here into the sea. The reader who would form an image to himself of the great Tuesday, 3d of September, 1650, at Dunbar, must note well this little *Burn*. It runs in a deep grassy glen, which the South-country Offices in those old Pamphlets describe as a "deep *ditch*, forty feet in depth, and about as many in width,"—ditch dug out by the little Brook itself, and carpeted with greensward, in the course of long thousands of years. It runs pretty close by the foot of Doon Hill; forms, from this point to the sea, the boundary of Oliver's position; his force is arranged in battle-order along the left bank of this Brocksburn, and its grassy glen; he is busied all Monday, he and his Officers,

before the Battle of Dunbarr, to Sir A. Haselridge."—*Note to Second Edition.* Found since (1846), with the Postscript, printed from the Original, in Brand's *History of Newcastle* (London, 1789), ii. 479.—*Note to Third Edition.* Autograph Original found now (May, 1847); in the possession of R. Ormston, Esq. NewCastle-on-Tyne. See postea, p. 143, and Appendix, No. 19.

in ranking them there. "Before sunrise on Monday" Lesley sent down his horse from the Hill-top, to occupy the other side of this Brook; "about four in the afternoon" his train came down, his whole Army gradually came down; and they now are ranking themselves on the opposite side of Brocksburn,—on rather narrow ground; cornfields, but swiftly sloping upwards to the steep of Doon Hill. This goes on, in the wild showers and winds of Monday, 2d September, 1650, on both sides of the Rivulet of Brock. Whoever will begin the attack, must get across this Brook and its glen first; a thing of much disadvantage.

Behind Oliver's ranks, between him and Dunbar, stand his tents; sprinkled up and down, by battalions, over the face of this "Peninsula"; which is a low though very uneven tract of ground; now in our time all yellow with wheat and barley in the autumn season, but at that date only partially tilled,—describable by Yorkshire Hodgson as a place of plashes and rough bent-grass; terribly beaten by showery winds that day, so that your tent will hardly stand. There was then but one Farmhouse on this tract, where now are not a few: thither were Oliver's Cannon sent this morning; they had at first been lodged "in the Church," an edifice standing then as now somewhat apart, "at the south end of Dunbar." We have notice of only one other "small house," belike some poor shepherd's homestead, in Oliver's tract of ground: it stands close by the Brock

Rivulet itself, and in the bottom of the little glen; at a place where the banks of it flatten themselves out into a slope passable for carts: this of course, as the one "pass" in that quarter, it is highly important to seize. Pride and Lambert lodged "six horse and fifteen foot" in this poor hut early in the morning: Lesley's horse came across, and drove them out; killing some and "taking three prisoners";—and so got possession of this pass and hut; but did not keep it. Among the three prisoners was one musketeer, "a very stout man, though he has but a wooden arm," and some iron hook at the end of it, poor fellow. He "fired thrice," not without effect, with his wooden arm; and was not taken without difficulty: a handfast stubborn man; they carried him across to General Lesley to give some account of himself. In several of the old Pamphlets, which agree in all the details of it, this is what we read:—

"General *David* Lesley (old Leven," the other Lesley, "being in the Castle of Edinburgh, as they relate[1]), asked this man, If the Enemy did intend to fight? He replied, 'What do you think we come here for? We come for nothing else!'—'Soldier,' says Lesley, 'how will you fight, when you have shipped half of your men, and all your great guns?' The Soldier replied, 'Sir, if you please to draw down your men, you shall find both men and great guns too!'"—A most dogged

[1]Old Leven is *here*, if the Pamphlet knew; but only as a volunteer and without command, though nominally still General-in-chief.

handfast man, this with the wooden arm, and iron hook on it! "One of the Officers asked, How he durst answer the General so saucily? He said, 'I only answer the question put to me!'" Lesley sent him across, free again, by a trumpet: he made his way to Cromwell; reported what had passed, and added doggedly, He for one had lost twenty shillings by the business,—plundered from him in this action. "The Lord General gave him thereupon two pieces," which I think are forty shillings; and sent him away rejoicing.[1] —This is the adventure at the "pass" by the shepherd's hut in the bottom of the glen, close by the Brocksburn itself.

And now farther, on the great scale, we are to remark very specially that there is just one other "pass" across the Brocksburn; and this is precisely where the London road now crosses it; about a mile east from the former pass, and perhaps two gunshots west from Brocksmouth House. There the great road then as now crosses the Burn of Brock; the steep grassy glen, or "broad ditch forty feet deep," flattening itself out here once more into a passable slope: passable, but still steep on the southern or Lesley side, still mounting up there, with considerable acclivity, into a high table-ground, out of which the Doon Hill, as outskirt of the Lammermoor, a short mile to your right, gradually gathers itself. There, at

[1] Cadwell the Army-Messenger's Narrative to the Parliament (in Carte's *Ormond Papers*, i. 382). Given also, with other details, in *King's Pamphlets*, small 4to, no. 478, § § 9, 7, 10; no. 479, § 1; &c. &c.

this "pass," on and about the present London road, as you discover after long dreary dim examining, took place the brunt or essential agony of the Battle of Dunbar long ago. Read in the extinct old Pamphlets, and ever again obstinately read, till some light rise in them, look even with unmilitary eyes at the ground, as it now is, you do at last obtain small glimmerings of distinct features here and there,—which gradually coalesce into a kind of image for you; and some spectrum of the Fact becomes visible; rises veritable, face to face, on you, grim and sad in the depths of the old dead Time. Yes, my travelling friends, vehiculating in gigs or otherwise over that piece of London road, you may say to yourselves, Here without monument is the grave of a valiant thing which was done under the Sun; the footprint of a Hero, not yet quite undistinguishable, is here!—

"The Lord General about four o'clock," say the old Pamphlets, "went into the Town to take some refreshment," a hasty late dinner, or early supper, whichever we may call it; "and very soon returned back,"—having written Sir Arthur's Letter, I think, in the interim. Coursing about the field, with enough of things to order; walking at last with Lambert in the Park or Garden of Brocksmouth House, he discerns that Lesley is astir on the Hillside; altering his position somewhat. That Lesley, in fact, is coming wholly down to the basis of the Hill, where his horse had been since sunrise: coming wholly down to the edge of the Brook and glen, among the sloping harvest-fields

there; and also is bringing up his left wing of horse, most part of it, towards his right; edging himself, "shogging," as Oliver calls it, his whole line more and more to the right! His meaning is, to get hold of Brocksmouth House and the pass of the Brook there;[1] after which it will be free to him to attack us when he will!—Lesley, in fact, considers, or at least the Committee of Estates and Kirk consider, that Oliver is lost; that, on the whole, he must not be left to retreat, but must be attacked and annihilated here. A vague story, due to Bishop Burnet, the watery source of many such, still circulates about the world, That it was the Kirk Committee who forced Lesley down against his will; that Oliver, at sight of it, exclaimed, "The Lord hath delivered" etc.: which nobody is in the least bound to believe. It appears, from other quarters, that Lesley *was* advised or sanctioned in this attempt by the Committee of Estates and Kirk, but also that he was by no means hard to advise; that, in fact, lying on the top of Doon Hill, shelterless in such weather, was no operation to spin out beyond necessity;—and that if anybody pressed too much upon him with advice to come down and fight, it was likeliest to be Royalist Civil Dignitaries, who had plagued him with their cavilings at his cunctations, at his "secret fellow-feeling for the Sectarians and Regicides," ever since this War began. The poor Scotch Clergy have enough of their own to answer for in this business; let every

[1] Baille's "Letters", iii. 111.

back bear the burden that belongs to it. In a word, Lesley descends, has been descending all day, and "shogs" himself to the right,—urged, I believe, by manifold counsel, and by the nature of the case; and, what is equally important for us, Oliver sees him, and sees through him, in this movement of his.

At sight of this movement, Oliver suggests to Lambert standing by him, Does it not give *us* an advantage, if we, instead of him, like to begin the attack? Here is the Enemy's right wing coming out to the open space, free to be attacked on any side; and the main-battle hampered in narrow sloping ground between Doon Hill and the Brook, has no room to maneuver or assist:[1] beat this right wing where it now stands; take it in flank and front with an overpowering force,—it is driven upon its own main-battle, the whole Army is beaten? Lambert eagerly assents, "had meant to say the same thing." Monk, who comes up at the moment, likewise assents; as the other Officers do, when the case is set before them. It is the plan resolved upon for battle. The attack shall begin to-morrow before dawn.

And so the soldiers stand to their arms, or lie within instant reach of their arms, all night; being upon an engagement very difficult indeed. The night is wild and wet;—2d of September means 12th by our calendar: the Harvest Moon wades deep among clouds of sleet and hail. Whoever has a heart for prayer, let him pray now, for

[1] Hodgson.

the wrestle of death is at hand. Pray,—and withal keep his powder dry! And be ready for extremities, and quit himself like a man!—Thus they pass the night; making that Dunbar Peninsula and Brock Rivulet long memorable to me. We English have some tents; the Scots have none. The hoarse sea moans bodeful, swinging low and heavy against these whinstone bays; the sea and the tempests are abroad, all else asleep but we,—and there is One that rides on the wings of the wind.

Towards three in the morning the Scotch foot, by order of a Major-General say some[1] extinguish their matches, all but two in a company; cower under the corn-shocks, seeking some imperfect shelter and sleep. Be wakeful, ye English; watch, and pray, and keep your powder dry. About four o'clock comes order to my pudding-headed Yorkshire friend, that his regiment must mount and march straightway; his and various other regiments march, pouring swiftly to the left to Brocksmouth House, to the Pass over the Brock. With overpowering force let us storm the Scots right wing there; beat that, and all is beaten. Major Hodgson riding along, heard, he says, "a Cornet praying in the night"; a company of poor men, I think, making worship there, under the void Heaven, before battle joined: Major Hodgson, giving his charge to a brother Officer turned aside to listen for a minute, and worship

[1] "Major-General Holburn" (he that escorted Cromwell into Edinburgh in 1648), says Walker.

and pray along with them; haply his last prayer on this Earth, as it might prove to be. But no: this Cornet prayed with such effusion as was wonderful; and imparted strength to my Yorkshire friend, who strengthened his men by telling them of it. And the Heavens, in their mercy, I think, have opened us a way of deliverance!—The Moon gleams out, hard and blue, riding among hail-clouds; and over St. Abb's Head a streak of dawn is rising.

And now is the hour when the attack should be, and no Lambert is yet here, he is ordering the line far to the right yet; and Oliver occasionally, in Hodgson's hearing, is impatient for him. The Scots too, on this wing, are awake; thinking to surprise us; there is their trumpet sounding, we heard it once; and Lambert, who was to lead the attack, is not here. The Lord General is impatient;—behold Lambert at last! The trumpets peal, shattering with fierce clangor Night's silence: the cannons awaken along all the Line: "The Lord of Hosts! The Lord of Hosts!" On, my brave ones, on!—

The dispute "on this right wing was hot and stiff, for three quarters of an hour." Plenty of fire, from field-pieces, snap-hances, matchlocks, entertains the Scotch main-battle across the Brock;—poor stiffened men, roused from the corn-shocks with their matches all out! But here on the right, their horse, "with lances in the front rank," charge desperately; drive us back across the hollow of the Rivulet;—back a little; but the

Lord gives us courage, and we storm home again, horse and foot, upon them, with a shock like tornado tempests; break them, beat them, drive them all adrift. "Some fled towards Copperspath, but most across their own foot." Their own poor foot, whose matches were hardly well alight yet! Poor men, it was a terrible awakening for them: field-pieces and charge of foot across the Brocksburn; and now here is their own horse in mad panic trampling them to death. Above three thousand killed upon the place: "I never saw such a charge of foot and horse," says one;[1] nor did I. Oliver was still near to Yorkshire Hodgson when the shock succeeded; Hodgson heard him say, "They run! I profess they run!" And over St. Abb's Head and the German Ocean, just then, bursts the first gleam of the level Sun upon us, "and I heard Nol say, in the words of the Psalmist, 'Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered,'"—or in Rous's meter,—

"Let God arise, and scattered
Let all his enemies be;
And let all those that do him hate
Before his presence flee!"

Even so. The Scotch Army is shivered to utter ruin; rushes in tumultuous wreck, hither, thither; to Belhaven, or, in their distraction, even to Dunbar; the chase goes as far as Haddington; led by Hacker. "The Lord General made a halt,"

[1] Rushworth's Letter to the Speaker (in "Parliamentary History," xix, 341).

says Hodgson, "and sang the Hundred-and-seventeenth Psalm," till our horse could gather for the chase. Hundred-and-seventeenth Psalm, at the foot of the Doon Hill; there we uplift it, to the tune of Bangor, or some still higher score, and roll it strong and great against the sky:—

"Oh, give ye praise unto the Lord,
All nati-ons that be;
Likewise ye people all, accord
His name to magnify!

"For great to-us-ward ever are
His loving-kindnesses;
His truth endures forevermore;
The Lord oh do ye bless!"

And now, to the chase again.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

JABBERWOCKY

'TWAS brillig, and the slithy toves
  Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
  And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
  The jaws that bite, the claws that catch
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
  The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
  Long time the manxome foe he sought,—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
  And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,
  The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
  And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
  The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with his head
  He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

LEWIS CARROLL.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

THE Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat:
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are,
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing!
Oh! Let us be married; too long we have tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the bong-tree grows;
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose,

His nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
So they took it away and were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

EDWARD LEAR.

THE "WALLOPING WINDOW-BLIND" *

A CAPITAL ship for an ocean trip
Was the *Walloping Window-blind*—
No gale that blew dismayed her crew
Or troubled the captain's mind.
The man at the wheel was taught to feel
Contempt for the wildest blow,
And it often appeared, when the weather had cleared,
That he'd been in his bunk below.

The boatswain's mate was very sedate,
Yet fond of amusement, too;
And he played hop-scotch with the starboard watch,
While the captain tickled the crew.

*By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

And the gunner we had was apparently mad
For he sat on the after rail,
And fired salutes with the captain's boots,
In the teeth of the booming gale.

The captain sat in a commodore's hat
And dined in a royal way
On toasted pigs and pickles and figs
And gummery bread each day.
But the cook was Dutch and behaved as such:
For the food that he gave the crew
Was a number of tons of hot-cross buns
Chopped up with sugar and glue.

And we all felt ill as mariners will,
On a diet that's cheap and rude
And we shivered and shook as we dipped the cook
In a tub of his gluesome food.
Then nautical pride we laid aside,
And we cast the vessel ashore
On the Gulliby Isles, where the Poohpooh smiles,
And the Anagazanders roar.

Composed of sand was that favored land,
And trimmed with cinnamon straws;
And pink and blue was the pleasing hue
Of the Tickletoeteaser's claws.
And we sat on the edge of a sandy ledge
And shot at the whistling bee;
And the Binnacle-bats wore water-proof hats,
As they danced in the sounding sea.

On the rubagub bark, from dawn to dark,
We fed, till we had grown
Uncommonly shrunk—when a Chinese junk
Came by from the torriby zone.
She was stubby and square, but we didn't much care,
And we cheerily put to sea;
And we left the crew of the junk to chew
The bark of the rubagub tree.

CHARLES E. CARRYLL.

CAPTAIN REECE

OF ALL the ships upon the blue
No ship contained a better crew
Than that of worthy Captain Reece,
Commanding of *The Mantelpiece.*

He was adored by all his men,
For worthy Captain Reece, R. N.,
Did all that lay within him to
Promote the comfort of his crew.

If ever they were dull or sad,
Their captain danced to them like mad,
Or told, to make the time pass by,
Droll legends of his infancy.

A feather bed had every man,
Warm slippers and hot-water can,
Brown windsor from the captain's store,
A valet, too, to every four.

Did they with thirst in summer burn?
Lo, seltzogenes at every turn,
And on all very sultry days
Cream ices handed round on trays.

Then currant wine and ginger pops
Stood handily on all the "tops";
And, also, with amusement rife,
A "Zoetrope, or Wheel of Life."

New volumes came across the sea
From Mister Mudie's libraree;
The Times and *Saturday Review*
Beguiled the leisure of the crew.

Kind-hearted Captain Reece, R. N.,
Was quite devoted to his men;
In point of fact, good Captain Reece
Beatified *The Mantelpiece.*

One summer eve, at half-past ten,
He said (addressing all his men):
"Come, tell me, please, what I can do
To please and gratify my crew?

"By any reasonable plan
I'll make you happy, if I can;
My own convenience count as *nil;*
It is my duty, and I will."

Then up and answered William Lee
(The kindly captain's coxswain he,

A nervous, shy, low-spoken man),
He cleared his throat and thus began:

"You have a daughter, CAPTAIN REECE,
Ten female cousins and a niece,
A ma, if what I'm told is true,
Six sisters, and an aunt or two.

"Now, somehow, sir, it seems to me,
More friendly-like we all should be
If you united of 'em to
Unmarried members of the crew.

"If you'd ameliorate our life,
Let each select from them a wife;
And as for nervous me, old pal,
Give me your own enchanting gal!"

Good CAPTAIN REECE, that worthy man,
Debated on his coxswain's plan:
"I quite agree," he said, "O BILL;
It is my duty, and I will.

"My daughter, that enchanting gurl,
Has just been promised to an earl,
And all my other familee,
To peers of various degree.

"But what are dukes and viscounts to
The happiness of all my crew?
The word I gave you I'll fulfil;
It is my duty, and I will.

"As you desire it shall befall,
I'll settle thousands on you all,
And I shall be, despite my hoard
The only bachelor on board."

The boatswain of *The Mantelpiece,*
He blushed and spoke to CAPTAIN REECE.
"I beg your honor's leave," he said,
"If you would wish to go and wed,

"I have a widowed mother who
Would be the very thing for you—
She long has loved you from afar,
She washes for you, CAPTAIN R."

The captain saw the dame that day—
Addressed her in his playful way—
"And did it want a wedding ring?
It was a tempting ickle sing!

"Well, well, the chaplain I will seek,
We'll all be married this day week—
At yonder church upon the hill;
It is my duty, and I will!"

The sisters, cousins, aunts, and niece,
And widowed ma of CAPTAIN REECE,
Attended there as they were bid;
It was their duty, and they did.

W. S. GILBERT.

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS

And How He Gained Them

[This poem by Southey was parodied by Lewis Carroll, in "Alice in Wonderland," and that version, unlike most parodies, is better known than the original. But the parody can be more enjoyed in comparing it with the sententious poem upon which it is modeled.]

"YOU are old, Father William," the young man cried;
"The few locks which are left you are gray;
You are hale, Father William,—a hearty old man:
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
"I remembered that youth would fly fast,
And abused not my health and my vigor at first,
That I never might need them at last."

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"And pleasures with youth pass away;
And yet you lament not the days that are gone:
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
"I remembered that youth could not last;
I thought of the future, whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past."

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"And life must be hastening away;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death:
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"I am cheerful, young man," Father William replied;
"Let the cause thy attention engage;
In the days of my youth, I remembered my God,
And He hath not forgotten my age."

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

FATHER WILLIAM*

(After Southey)

"YOU are old, Father William," the young man said,
"And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,
"I feared it might injure the brain;
But, now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;

*From "Alice in Wonderland"

Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—
Pray, what is the reason of that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his gray locks,
I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—
Allow me to sell you a couple?"

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak—
Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw,
Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth, "one would hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—
What made you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"
Said his father; "don't give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you downstairs."

LEWIS CARROLL.

CHILD'S NATURAL HISTORY*

GEESE

E V-ER-Y child who has the use
Of his sen-ses knows a goose.
See them un-der-neath the tree
Gath-er round the goose-girl's knee,
While she reads them by the hour
From the works of Scho-pen-hau-er.
How pa-tient-ly the geese at-tend!
But do they re-al-ly com-pre-hend
What Scho-pen-hau-er's driving at?
Oh, not at all; but what of that?
Nei-ther do I; nei-ther does she;
And, for that matter, nor does he.

A SEAL

See, children, the Furbearing Seal;
Ob-serve his mis-di-rect-ed zeal;
He dines with most ab-ste-mi-ous care
On Fish, Ice Water and Fresh Air,
A-void-ing cond-i-ments or spice,
For fear his fur should not be nice
And fine and soft and smooth and meet
For Broad-way or for Re-gent Street.

*By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

And yet some-how I often feel
(Though for the kind Fur-bear-ing Sea'
I harbor a Re-spect Pro-found)
He runs Fur-bear-ance in the ground.

THE ANT

My child, ob-serve the use-ful Ant,
How hard she works each day.
She works as hard as ad-a-mant
(That's very hard, they say).
She has no time to gall-i-vant;
She has no time to play.
Let Fido chase his tail all day;
Let Kitty play at tag;
She has no time to throw away,
She has no tail to wag;
She scurries round from morn till night:
She nev-er, nev-er sleeps;
She seiz-es ev-ery-thing in sight,
She drags it home with all her might
And all she takes she keeps.

THE YAK

This is the Yak, so negligée;
His coif-fure's like a stack of hay:
He lives so far from Any-where,
I fear the Yak neglects his hair,
And thinks, since there is none to see,
What matter how un-kempt he be:
How would he feel if he but knew
That in this Picture-book I drew

His Phys-i-og-no-my un-shorn,
For children to de-ride and scorn?

THE HEN

Alas! my Child, where is the Pen
That can do justice to the Hen?
Like Royalty, She goes her way,
Laying foundations every day,
Though not for Public Buildings, yet
For Custard, Cake, and Omelette.
Of if too Old for such a use
They have their Fling at some Abuse,
As when to Censure Plays Unfit
Upon the Stage they make a Hit,
Or at elections Seal the Fate
Of an Obnoxious Candidate.
No wonder, Child, we prize the Hen,
Whose Egg is Mightier than the Pen.

THE COW

The Cow is too well known, I fear,
To need an introduction here.
If she should vanish from earth's face
It would be hard to fill her place;
For with the Cow would disappear
So much that every one holds Dear.
Oh, think of all the Boots and Shoes,
Milk Punches, Gladstone Bags, and Stews,
And Things too numerous to count,
Of which, my Child, she is the Fount,

Let's hope, at least, the Fount may last
Until *our* Generation's past.

OLIVER HERFORD.

THE AHKOOND OF SWAT

"The Ahkoond of Swat is dead."
—London Papers of January 22, 1878.

WHAT, what, what,
What's the news from Swat?
Sad news,
Bad news,
Comes by the cable led
Through the Indian Ocean's bed,
Through the Persian Gulf, the Red
Sea and the Med-
Iterranean—he's dead;
The Ahkoond is dead!

For the Ahkoond I mourn,
Who wouldn't?
He strove to disregard the message stern,
But he ahkoond't.
Dead, dead, dead.
(Sorrow, Swats!)
Swats who hae wi' Ahkoond bled,
Swats whom he hath often led
Onward to a gory bed,
Or to victory,
As the case might be.
Sorrow, Swats!

Tears shed,
  Shed tears like water.
Your great Ahkoond is dead!
  That Swats the matter!

Mourn, city of Swat,
Your great Ahkoond is not,
But laid 'mid worms to rot.
His mortal part alone, his soul was caught
  (Because he was a good Ahkoond)
  Up to the bosom of Mahound.
Though earthly walls his frame surround
(Forever hallowed by the ground!)

And skeptics mock the lowly mound
And say, "He's now of no Ahkoond!"
  His soul is in the skies—
The azure skies that bend above his loved
    Metropolis of Swat.
  He sees with larger, other eyes,
  Athwart all earthly mysteries—
    He knows what's Swat.

Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond
  With a noise of mourning and of lamentation!
Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond
  With the noise of the mourning of the Swattish
      nation!
    Fallen is at length
    Its tower of strength;

Its sun is dimmed ere it had nooned;
Dead lies the great Ahkoond,
The great Ahkoond of Swat
Is not!

GEORGE T. LANIGAN.

STRICTLY GERM-PROOF

THE Antiseptic Baby and the Prophylactic Pup
Were playing in the garden when the Bunny gamboled up;
They looked upon the Creature with a loathing undisguised;—
It wasn't Disinfected and it wasn't Sterilized.

They said it was a Microbe and a Hotbed of Disease;
They steamed it in a vapor of a thousand-odd degrees;
They froze it in a freezer that was cold as Banished Hope
And washed it in permanganate with carbolated soap.

In sulphureted hydrogen they steeped its wiggly ears;
They trimmed its frisky whiskers with a pair of hard-boiled shears;
They donned their rubber mittens and they took it by the hand
And 'lected it a member of the Fumigated Band

There's not a Micrococcus in the garden where
they play;
They bathe in pure iodoform a dozen times a day;
And each imbibes his rations from a Hygienic
Cup—
The Bunny and the Baby and the Prophylactic
Pup.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN.

THE LAZY ROOF

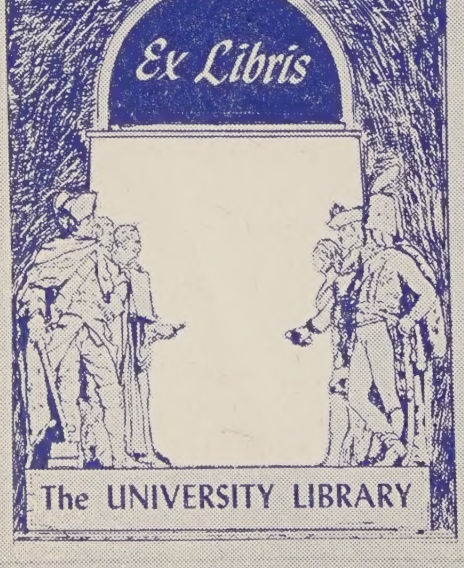
THE Roof it has a Lazy Time
A-lying in the sun;
The Walls they have to Hold Him Up;
They do Not Have Much Fun!

GELETT BURGESS.

THE PURPLE COW

I NEVER saw a Purple Cow,
I never hope to see one;
But I can tell you, anyhow,
I'd rather see than be one.

GELETT BURGESS.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